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CONTENTS.

		PAGE
CHUMMING WITH A SAVAGE	*Charles Warren Stoddard*	7
DOCTOR MARIGOLD	*Charles Dickens*	53
A BRACE OF BOYS	*Fitz Hugh Ludlow*	82
GEORGE THE THIRD	*William M. Thackeray*	124
JULIET	*Anna Jameson*	160
IS LIFE WORTH LIVING	*William Hurrell Mallock*	187

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CHUMMING WITH A SAVAGE.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

I.

THERE was a little brown rain-cloud, that blew over in about three minutes; and Bola-bola's thatched hut was dry as a haystack in less than half that time. Those tropical sprays are not much, anyhow; so I lounged down into the banana-patch, for I thought I saw something white there, something white and fluttering, moving about. I knew pretty well what it was, and did n't go after it on an uncertainty.

The Doctor looked savage. Whenever he slung those saddle-bags over his left shoulder, and swung his right arm clean out from his body, like the regulator of a steam-engine, you might know that his steam was pretty well up. I turned to look back, as he was strapping up his beast of burden till the poor animal's body was positively waspish; then he climbed into his saddle, and sullenly plunged down the trail toward the precipice, and never said "Good-by," or "God bless you," or any of those harmless tags that come in so well when you don't know how to cut off your last words.

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I solemnly declare, and this without malice, the Doctor was perfectly savage.

Now, do you know what demoralized that Doctor? how we came to a misunderstanding? or why we parted company? It was simply because here was a glorious valley, inhabited by a mild, half-civilized people, who seemed to love me at first sight. I don't believe I disliked them, either. Well! they asked me to stop with them, and I felt just like it. I wanted to stop and be natural; but the Doctor thought otherwise of my intentions; and that was the origin of the row.

The next thing I knew, the Doctor had got up the great precipice, and I was quite alone with two hundred dusky fellows, only two of whom could speak a syllable of English, and I the sole representative of the superior white within twenty miles. Alone with cannibals, — perhaps they were cannibals. They had magnificent teeth, at any rate, and could bite through an inch and a half sugar-cane, and not break a jaw.

For the first time that summer I began to moralize a little. Was it best to have kicked against the Doctor's judgment? Perhaps not! But it is best to be careful how you begin to moralize too early; you deprive yourself of a great deal of fun in that way. If you want to do anything particularly, I should advise you to do it, and then be sufficiently sorry to make it all square.

I'm not so sure that I was wrong, after all. Fate, or the Doctor, or something else, brought me first to this loveliest of valleys, so shut out from everything but itself that there were no temptations which might not be satisfied. Well! here, as I was looking about at the singular loveliness of the place, — you know this

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was my first glimpse of its abrupt walls, hung with tapestries of fern and clambering convolvulus; at one end two exquisite waterfalls, rivaling one another in whiteness and airiness, at the other the sea, the real South Sea, breaking and foaming over a genuine reef, and even rippling the placid current of the river that slipped quietly down to its embracing tide from the deep basins at these waterfalls, — right in the midst of all this, before I had been ten minutes in the valley, I saw a straw hat, bound with wreaths of fern and *maile;* under it a snow-white garment, rather short all around, low in the neck, and with no sleeves whatever.

There was no sex to that garment; it was the spontaneous offspring of a scant material and a large necessity. I 'd seen plenty of that sort of thing, but never upon a model like this, so entirely tropical, — almost Oriental. As this singular phenomenon made directly for me, and, having come within reach, there stopped and stayed, I asked its name, using one of my seven stock phrases for the purpose; I found it was called Kána-aná. Down it went into my note-book; for I knew I was to have an experience with this young scion of a race of chiefs. Sure enough, I have had it. He continued to regard me steadily, without embarrassment. He seated himself before me; I felt myself at the mercy of one whose calm analysis was questioning every motive of my soul. This sage inquirer was, perhaps, sixteen years of age. His eye was so earnest and so honest, I could return his look. I saw a round, full, rather girlish face; lips ripe and expressive, not quite so sensual as those of most of his race; not a bad nose, by any means; eyes perfectly

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glorious, — regular almonds, — with the mythical lashes "that sweep," etc., etc. The smile which presently transfigured his face was of the nature that flatters you into submission against your will.

Having weighed me in his balance, — and you may be sure his instincts did n't cheat him; they don't do that sort of thing, — he placed his two hands on my two knees, and declared, "I was his best friend, as he was mine; I must come at once to his house, and there live always with him." What could I do but go? He pointed me to his lodge across the river, saying, "There was his home and mine." By this time, my *native* without a master was quite exhausted. I wonder what would have happened if some one had n't come to my rescue, just at that moment of trial, with a fresh vocabulary? As it was, we settled the matter at once. This was our little plan, — an entirely private arrangement between Kána-aná and myself: I was to leave with the Doctor in an hour; but, at the expiration of a week we should both return hither; then I would stop with him, and the Doctor could go his way.

There was an immense amount of secrecy, and many vows, and I was almost crying, when the Doctor hurried me up that terrible precipice, and we lost sight of the beautiful valley. Kána-aná swore he would watch continually for my return, and I vowed I 'd hurry back; and so we parted. Looking down from the heights, I thought I could distinguish his white garment; at any rate, I knew the little fellow was somewhere about, feeling as miserably as I felt, — and nobody has any business to feel worse. How many times I thought of him through the week! I was always

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wondering if he still thought of me. I had found those natives to be impulsive, demonstrative, and, I feared, inconstant. Yet why should he forget me, having so little to remember in his idle life, while I could still think of him, and put aside a hundred pleasant memories for his sake? The whole island was a delight to me. I often wondered if I should ever again behold such a series of valleys, hills, and highlands in so small a compass. That land is a world in miniature, the dearest spot of which, to me, was that secluded valley; for there was a young soul watching for my return.

That was rather a slow week for me, but it ended finally; and just at sunset, on the day appointed, the Doctor and I found ourselves back on the edge of the valley. I looked all up and down its green expanse, regarding every living creature, in the hope of discovering Kána-aná in the attitude of the watcher. I let the Doctor ride ahead of me on the trail to Bolabola's hut, and it was quite in the twilight when I heard the approach of a swift horseman. I turned, and at that moment there was a collision of two constitutions that were just fitted for one another; and all the doubts and apprehensions of the week just over were indignantly dismissed, for Kána-aná and I were one and inseparable, which was perfectly satisfactory to both parties!

The plot, which had been thickening all the week, culminated then, much to the disgust of the Doctor, who had kept his watchful eye upon me all these days, — to my advantage, as he supposed. There was no disguising our project any longer, so I out with it as mildly as possible." "There was a dear fellow here," I said, "who loved me, and wanted me to live with

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him: all his people wanted me to stop, also; his mother and his grandmother had specially desired it. They did n't care for money; they had much love for me, and therefore implored me to stay a little. Then the valley was most beautiful; I was tired; after our hard riding, I needed rest; his mother and his grandmother assured me that I needed rest. Now, why not let me rest here awhile?"

The Doctor looked very grave. I knew that he misunderstood me, — placed a wrong interpretation upon my motives; the worse for him, I say. He tried to talk me over to the paths of virtue and propriety; but I would n't be talked over. Then the final blast was blown; war was declared at once. The Doctor never spoke again, but to abuse me; and off he rode in high dudgeon, and the sun kept going down on his wrath. Thereupon I renounced all the follies of this world, actually hating civilization, and feeling entirely above the formalities of society. I resolved on the spot to be a barbarian, and, perhaps, dwell for ever and ever in this secluded spot. And here I am back to the beginning of this story, just after the shower at Bolabola's hut, as the Doctor rode off alone and in anger.

That resolution was considerable for me to make. I found, by the time the Doctor was out of sight and I was quite alone, with the natives regarding me so curiously, that I was very tired indeed. So Kána-aná brought up his horse, got me on to it in some way or other, and mounted behind me to pilot the animal and sustain me in my first bareback act. Over the sand we went, and through the river to his hut, where I was taken in, fed, and petted in every possible way, and finally put to bed, where Kána-aná monopolized me,

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growling in true savage fashion if any one came near me. I did n't sleep much, after all. I think I must have been excited. I thought how strangely I was situated, — alone in a wilderness, among barbarians; my bosom friend, who was hugging me like a young bear, not able to speak one syllable of English, and I very shaky on a few bad phrases in his tongue. We two lay upon an enormous old-fashioned bed with high posts, — very high they seemed to me in the dim rush-light. The natives always burn a small light after dark ; some superstition or other prompts it. The bed, well stocked with pillows, or cushions, of various sizes, covered with bright colored chintz, was hung about with numerous shawls, so that I might be dreadfully modest behind them. It was quite a grand affair, gotten up expressly for my benefit. The rest of the house — all in one room, as usual — was covered with mats, on which various recumbent forms and several individual snores betrayed the proximity of Kána-aná's relatives. How queer the whole atmosphere of the place was! The heavy beams of the house were of some rare wood, which, being polished, looked like colossal sticks of peanut candy. Slender canes were bound across this framework, and the soft, dried grass of the meadows was braided over it, — all completing our tenement, and making it as fresh and sweet as new-mown hay.

The natives have a passion for perfumes. Little bunches of sweet-smelling herbs hung in the peak of the roof, and wreaths of fragrant berries were strung in various parts of the house. I found our bedposts festooned with them in the morning. Oh, that bed ! It might have come from England in the Elizabethan era

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and been wrecked off the coast; hence the mystery of its presence. It was big enough for a Mormon. There was a little opening in the room opposite our bed; you might call it a window, I suppose. The sun, shining through it, made our tent of shawls perfectly gorgeous in crimson light, barred and starred with gold. I lifted our bed-curtain, and watched the rocks through this window, the shining rocks, with the sea leaping above them in the sun. There were cocoa-palms so slender they seemed to cast no shadow, while their fringed leaves glistened like frost-work as the sun glanced over them. A bit of cliff, also, remote and misty, running far into the sea, was just visible from my pyramid of pillows. I wondered what more I could ask for to delight the eye. Kána-aná was still asleep, but he never let loose his hold on me, as though he feared his pale-faced friend would fade away from him. He lay close by me. His sleek figure, supple and graceful in repose, was the embodiment of free, untrammeled youth. You who are brought up under cover know nothing of its luxuriousness. How I longed to take him over the sea with me, and show him something of life as we find it. Thinking upon it, I dropped off into one of those delicious morning naps. I awoke again presently; my companion-in-arms was the occasion this time. He had awakened, stolen softly away, resumed his single garment, — said garment and all others he considered superfluous after dark, — and had prepared for me, with his own hands, a breakfast, which he now declared to me, in violent and suggestive pantomime, was all ready to be eaten. It was not a bad bill of fare, fresh fish, taro, poe, and goat's milk. I ate as well as I could, under the circumstances. I

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found that Robinson Crusoe must have had some tedious rehearsals before he acquired that perfect resignation to Providence which delights us in book form. There was a veritable and most unexpected table-cloth for me alone. I do not presume to question the nature of its miraculous appearance. Dishes there were, — dishes, if you 're not particular as to shape or completeness; forks, with a prong or two, — a bent and abbreviated prong or two; knives that had survived their handles; and one solitary spoon. All these were tributes of the too generous people, who, for the first time in their lives, were at the inconvenience of entertaining a distinguished stranger. Hence this reckless display of tableware. I ate as well I could, but surely not enough to satisfy my crony; for, when I had finished eating, he sat about two hours in deep and depressing silence, at the expiration of which time he suddenly darted off on his bareback steed, and was gone till dark, when he returned with a fat mutton slung over his animal. Now, mutton does n't grow wild thereabout, neither were his relatives shepherds; consequently, in eating, I asked no questions for conscience' sake.

The series of entertainments offered me were such as the little valley had not known for years: canoe-rides up and down the winding stream; bathings in the sea and in the river, and in every possible bit of water, at all possible hours; expeditions into the recesses of the mountains, to the waterfalls that plunged into cool basins of fern and cresses, and to the orange grove through acres and acres of guava orchards; some climbings up the precipices; goat hunting, once or twice, as far as a solitary cavern, said to be haunted, — these

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tramps always by daylight; then a new course of bathings and sailings, interspersed with monotonous singing and occasional smokes under the eaves of the hut at evening.

If it is a question how long a man may withstand the seductions of nature, and the consolations and conveniences of the state of nature, I have solved it in one case; for I was as natural as possible in about three days.

I wonder if I was growing to feel more at home, or more hungry, that I found an appetite at last equal to any table that was offered me! Chicken was added to my already bountiful rations, nicely cooked by being swathed in a broad, succulent leaf, and roasted or steeped in hot ashes. I ate it with my fingers, using the leaf for a platter.

Almost every day something new was offered at the door for my edification. Now, a net full of large guavas or mangoes, or a sack of leaves crammed with most delicious oranges from the mountains, that seemed to have absorbed the very dew of heaven, they were so fresh and sweet. Immense lemons perfumed the house, waiting to make me a capital drink. Those superb citrons, with their rough, golden crusts, refreshed me. Cocoanuts were heaped at the door; and yams, grown miles away, were sent for, so that I might be satisfied. All these additions to my table were the result of long and vigorous arguments between the respective heads of the house. I detected trouble and anxiety in their expressive faces. I picked out a word, here and there, which betrayed their secret sorrow. No assertions, no remonstrances, on my part had the slightest effect upon the poor souls, who believed I was starving. Eat I

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must, at all hours and in all places ; and eat, moreover, before they would touch a mouthful. So Nature teaches her children a hospitality which all the arts of the capital cannot affect.

I wonder what it was that finally made me restless and eager to see new faces! Perhaps my unhappy disposition, that urged me thither, and then lured me back to the pride of life and the glory of the world. Certain I am that Kána-aná never wearied me with his attentions, though they were incessant. Day and night he was by me. When he was silent, I knew he was conceiving some surprise in the shape of a new fruit, or a new view to beguile me. I was, indeed, beguiled ; I was growing to like the little heathen altogether too well. What should I do when I was at last compelled to return out of my seclusion, and find no soul so faithful and loving in all the earth beside? Day by day this thought grew upon me, and with it I realized the necessity of a speedy departure.

There were those in the world I could still remember with that exquisitely painful pleasure that is the secret of true love. Those still voices seemed incessantly calling me, and something in my heart answered them of its own accord. How strangely idle the days had grown! We used to lie by the hour — Kána-aná and I — watching a strip of sand on which a wild poppy was nodding in the wind. This poppy seemed to me typical of their life in the quiet valley. Living only to occupy so much space in the universe, it buds, blossoms, goes to seed, dies, and is forgotten.

These natives do not even distinguish the memory of their great dead, if they ever had any. It was the legend of some mythical god that Kána-aná told me,

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and of which I could not understand a twentieth part; a god whose triumphs were achieved in an age beyond the comprehension of the very people who are delivering its story, by word of mouth, from generation to generation. Watching the sea was a great source of amusement with us. I discovered in our long watches that there is a very complicated and magnificent rhythm in its solemn song. This wave that breaks upon the shore is the heaviest of a series that preceded it; and these are greater and less, alternately, every fifteen or twenty minutes. Over this dual impulse the tides prevail, while through the year there is a variation in their rise and fall. What an intricate and wonderful mechanism regulates and repairs all this!

There was an entertainment in watching a particular cliff, in a peculiar light, at a certain hour, and finding soon enough that change visited even that hidden quarter of the globe. The exquisite perfection of this moment, for instance, is not again repeated on to-morrow, or the day after, but in its stead appears some new tint or picture, which perhaps does not satisfy like this. That was the most distressing disappointment that came upon us there. I used to spend half an hour in idly observing the splendid curtains of our bed swing in the light air from the sea; and I have speculated for days upon the probable destiny awaiting one of those superb spiders, with a tremendous stomach and a striped waistcoat, looking a century old, as he clung tenaciously to the fringes of our canopy.

We had fitful spells of conversation upon some trivial theme, after long intervals of intense silence. We began to develop symptoms of imbecility. There was laughter at the least occurrence, though quite barren

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of humor; also, eating and drinking to pass the time; bathing to make one's self cool, after the heat and drowsiness of the day. So life flowed out in an unruffled current, and so the prodigal lived riotously and wasted his substance. There came a day when we promised ourselves an actual occurrence in our Crusoe life. Some one had seen a floating object far out at sea. It might be a boat adrift; and, in truth, it looked very like a boat. Two or three canoes darted off through the surf to the rescue, while we gathered on the rocks, watching and ruminating. It was long before the rescuers returned, and then they came empty-handed. It was only a log after all, drifted, probably, from America. We talked it all over, there by the shore, and went home to renew the subject; it lasted us a week or more, and we kept harping upon it till that log — drifting slowly, oh, how slowly! from the far mainland to our island — seemed almost to overpower me with a sense of the unutterable loneliness of its voyage. I used to lie and think about it, and get very solemn, indeed; then Kána-aná would think of some fresh appetizer or other, and try to make me merry with good feeding. Again and again he would come with a delicious banana to the bed where I was lying, and insist upon my gorging myself, when I had but barely recovered from a late orgie of fruit, flesh, or fowl. He would mesmerize me into a most refreshing sleep with a prolonged and pleasing manipulation. It was a reminiscence of the baths of Stamboul not to be withstood. From this sleep I would presently be wakened by Kána-aná's performance upon a rude sort of harp, that gave out a weird and eccentric music. The mouth being applied to the instrument, words were pronounced in a

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guttural voice, while the fingers twanged the strings in measure. It was a flow of monotones, shaped into legends and lyrics. I liked it amazingly; all the better, perhaps, that it was as good as Greek to me, for I understood it as little as I understood the strange and persuasive silence of that beloved place, which seemed slowly but surely weaving a spell of enchantment about me. I resolved to desert peremptorily, and managed to hire a canoe and a couple of natives, to cross the channel with me. There were other reasons for this prompt action.

Hour by hour I was beginning to realize one of the inevitable results of time. My boots were giving out; their best sides were the uppers, and their soles had about left them. As I walked, I could no longer disguise this pitiful fact. It was getting hard on me, especially in the gravel. Yet, regularly each morning, my pieces of boot were carefully oiled, then rubbed, or petted, or coaxed into some sort of a polish, which was a labor of love. O Kána-aná! how could you wring my soul with those touching offices of friendship! — those kindnesses unfailing, unsurpassed!

Having resolved to sail early in the morning, before the drowsy citizens of the valley had fairly shaken the dew out of their forelocks, all that day — my last with Kána-aná — I breathed about me silent benedictions and farewells. I could not begin to do enough for Kánaaná, who was more than ever devoted to me. He almost seemed to suspect our sudden separation, for he clung to me with a sort of subdued desperation. That was the day he took from his head his hat, — a very neat one, plaited by his mother, — insisting that I should wear it (mine was quite in tatters), while he

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went bareheaded in the sun. That hat hangs in my room now, the only tangible relic of my prodigal days. My plan was to steal off at dawn, while he slept; to awaken my native crew, and escape to sea before my absence was detected. I dared not trust a parting with him, before the eyes of the valley. Well, I managed to wake and rouse my sailor boys. To tell the truth, I did n't sleep a wink that night. We launched the canoe, entered, put off, and had safely mounted the second big roller just as it broke under us with terrific power, when I heard a shrill cry above the roar of the waters. I knew the voice and its import. There was Kána-aná rushing madly toward us; he had discovered all, and could n't even wait for that white garment, but ran after us like one gone daft, and plunged into the cold sea, calling my name, over and over, as he fought the breakers. I urged the natives forward. I knew, if he overtook us, I should never be able to escape again. We fairly flew over the water. I saw him rise and fall with the swell, looking like a seal; for it was his second nature, this surf-swimming. I believe in my heart I wished the paddles would break or the canoe split on the reef, though all the time I was urging the rascals forward; and they, like stupids, took me at my word. They could n't break a paddle, or get on the reef, or have any sort of an accident. Presently we rounded the headland, — the same hazy point I used to watch from the grass house, through the little window, of a sunshiny morning. There we lost sight of the valley and the grass house, and everything that was associated with the past, — but that was nothing. We lost sight of the little sea-god, Kána-aná, shaking the spray from his forehead like a

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porpoise; and this was all in all. I did n't care for anything else after that, or anybody else, either. I went straight home and got civilized again, or partly so, at least. I've never seen the Doctor since, and never want to. He had no business to take me there, or leave me there. I could n't make up my mind to stay; yet I 'm always dying to go back again.

So I grew tired over my husks. I arose and went unto my father. I wanted to finish up the Prodigal business. I ran and fell upon his neck and kissed him, and said unto him, "Father, *if* I have sinned against Heaven and in thy sight, I 'm afraid I don't care much. Don 't kill anything. I don 't want any calf. Take back the ring, I don 't deserve it; for I 'd give more this minute to see that dear little velvet-skinned, coffee-colored Kána-aná than anything else in the wide world, — because he hates business, and so do I. He 's a regular brick, father, moulded of the purest clay, and baked in God's sunshine. He 's about half sunshine himself; and, above all others, and more than any one else ever can, he loved your Prodigal."

II.

When people began asking me queer questions about my chum Kána-aná, some of them even hinting that "he might possibly have been a girl all the time," I resolved to send down for him, and settle the matter at once. I knew he was not a girl, and I thought I should like to show him some American hospitality, and perhaps convert him before I sent him back again.

I could teach him to dress, you know; to say a very

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good thing to your face, and a very bad one at your back; to sleep well in church, and rejoice duly when the preacher got at last to the "Amen." I might do all this for his soul's sake; but I wanted more to see how the little fellow was getting on. I missed him so terribly, — his honest way of showing likes and dislikes; his confidence in his intuitions and fidelity to his friends; and those quaint manners of his, so different from anything in vogue this side of the waters.

That is what I remarked when I got home again, and found myself growing as practical and prosy as ever. I awoke no kindred chord in the family bosom. On the contrary, they all said, "It was no use to think of it: no good could come out of Nazareth." The idea of a heathen and his abominable idolatry being countenanced in the sanctity of a Christian home was too dreadful for anything. But I believed some good might come out of Nazareth, and I believed that, when it did come, it was the genuine article, worth hunting for, surely. I thought it all over soberly, finally resolving to do a little missionary work on my own account. So I wrote to the Colonel of the Royal Guards, who knows everybody and has immense influence everywhere, begging him to catch Kána-aná, when his folks were n't looking, and send him to my address, marked C. O. D., for I was just dying to see him. That was how I trapped my little heathen and began to be a missionary, all by myself.

I informed the Colonel it was a case of life and death, and he seemed to realize it, for he managed to get Kána-aná away from his distressed relatives (their name is legion, and they live all over the island), fit him out in *real* clothing, — the poor little wretch had to

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be dressed, you know; we all do it in this country, — then he packed him up and shipped him, care of the captain of the bark S——. When he arrived, I took him right to my room and began my missionary work. I tried to make all the people love him, but I 'm afraid they found it hard work. He was n't half so interesting up here anyhow! I seemed to have been regarding him through chromatic glasses, which glasses being suddenly removed, I found a little, dark-skinned savage, whose clothes fitted him horribly, and appeared to have no business there. Boots about twice too long, the toes being heavily charged with wadding; in fact, he looked perfectly miserable, and I 've no doubt he felt so. How he had been studying English on the voyage up! He wanted to be a great linguist, and had begun in good earnest. He said "good mornin'" as boldly as possible about seven P. M., and invariably spoke of the women of America as "him." He had an insane desire to spell, and started spelling-matches with everybody, at the most inappropriate hours and inconvenient places. He invariably spelled God d-o-g; when duly corrected, — thus, G-o-d, — he would triumphantly shout, *dog*. He jumped at these irreverent conclusions about twenty times a day.

What an experience I had, educating my little savage! Walking him in the street by the hour; answering questions on all possible topics; spelling up and down the blocks; spelling from the centre of the city to the suburbs and back again, and around it; spelling one another at spelling, — two latter-day peripatetics on dress parade, passing to and fro in high and serene strata of philosophy, alike unconscious of the rudely gazing and insolent citizens, or the tedious calls of

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labor. A spell was over us: we ran into all sorts of people, and trod on many a corn, loafing about in this way. Some of the victims objected in harsh and sinful language. I found Kána-aná had so far advanced in the acquirement of our mellifluous tongue as to be very successful in returning their salutes. I had the greatest difficulty in convincing him of the enormity of his error. The little convert thought it was our mode of greeting strangers, equivalent to their more graceful and poetic password, *Aloha*, "Love to you."

My little cannibal was n't easily accustomed to his new restraints, such as clothes, manners, and forbidden water-privileges. He several times started on his daily pilgrimage without his hat; once or twice, to save time, put his coat on next his skin; and though I finally so far conquered him as to be sure that his shirt would be worn on the inside instead of the outside of his trousers (this he considered a great waste of material), I was in constant terror of his suddenly disrobing in the street and plunging into the first water we came to, — which barbarous act would have insured his immediate arrest, perhaps confinement; and that would have been the next thing to death in his case.

So we perambulated the streets and the suburbs, daily growing into each other's grace; and I was thinking of the propriety of instituting a series of more extended excursions, when I began to realize that my guest was losing interest in our wonderful city and the possible magnitude of her future.

He grew silent and melancholy; he quit spelling entirely, or only indulged in rare and fitful (I am pained to add, fruitless) attempts at spelling God in the orthodox fashion. It seemed almost as though I had

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missed my calling; certainly, I was hardly successful as a missionary.

The circus failed to revive him; the beauty of our young women he regarded without interest. He was less devout than at first, when he used to insist upon entering every church we came to and sitting a few moments, though frequently we were the sole occupants of the building. He would steal away into remote corners of the house, and be gone for hours. Twice or three times I discovered him in a dark closet, *in puris naturalibus*, toying with a singular shell strung upon a feather chain. The feathers of the chain I recognized as those of a strange bird held as sacred among his people. I began to suspect the occasion of his malady: he believed himself bewitched or accursed of some one, — a common superstition with the dark races. This revelation filled me with alarm; for he would think nothing of lying down to die under the impression that it was his fate, and no medicine under the heaven could touch him further.

I began telling him of my discovery, begging his secret from him. In vain I besought him. "It was his trouble; he must go back!" I told him he should go back as soon as possible; that we would look for ourselves, and see when a vessel was to sail again. I took him among the wharves, visiting, in turn, nearly all the shipping moored there. How he lingered about them, letting his eyes wander over the still bay into the mellow hazes that sometimes visit our brown and dusty hills!

His nature seemed to find an affinity in the tranquil tides, the far-sweeping distances, the alluring outlines of the coast, where it was blended with the sea-line in

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the ever-mysterious horizon. After these visitations, he seemed loath to return again among houses and people; they oppressed and suffocated him.

One day, as we were wending our way to the city front, we passed a specimen of grotesque carving, in front of a tobacconist's establishment. Kána aná stood eying the painted model for a moment, and then, to the amazement and amusement of the tobacconist and one or two bystanders, fell upon his knees before it, and was for a few moments lost in prayer. It seemed to do him a deal of good, as he was more cheerful after his invocation, — for that day at least; and we could never start upon any subsequent excursion without first visiting this wooden Indian, which he evidently mistook for a god.

He began presently to bring tributes, in the shape of small cobble-stones, which he surreptitiously deposited at the feet of his new-found deity, and passed on, rejoicing. His small altar grew from day to day, and his spirits were lighter as he beheld it unmolested, thanks to the indifference of the tobacconist and the street contractors.

His greatest trials were within the confines of the bath-tub. He who had been born to the Pacific, and reared among its foam and breakers, now doomed to a seven-by-three zinc box and ten inches of water! He would splash about like a trout in a saucer, bemoaning his fate. Pilgrimages to the beach were his greatest delight; divings into the sea, so far from town that no one could possibly be shocked, even with the assistance of an opera-glass. He used to implore a daily repetition of these cautious and inoffensive recreations, though, once in the chilly current, he soon came out

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of it, shivering and miserable. Where were his warm sea-waves, and the shining beach, with the cocoa-palms quivering in the intense fires of the tropical day? How he missed them and mourned for them, crooning a little chant in their praises, much to the disparagement of our dry hills, cold water, and careful people!

In one of our singular walks, when he had been unusually silent, and I had sought in vain to lift away the gloom that darkened his soul, I was startled by a quick cry of joy from the lips of the young exile, — a cry that was soon turned into a sharp, prolonged, and pitiful wail of sorrow and despair. We had unconsciously approached an art-gallery, the deep-windows of which were beautified with a few choice landscapes in oil. Kána-aná's restless and searching eye, doubtless attracted by the brilliant coloring of one of the pictures, seemed in a moment to comprehend and assume the rich and fervent spirit with which the artist had so successfully imbued his canvas.

It was the subject which had at first delighted Kána-aná, — the splendid charm of its manipulation which so affected him, holding him there wailing in the bitterness of a natural and uncontrollable sorrow. The painting was illuminated with the mellowness of a tropical sunset. A transparent light seemed to transfigure the sea and sky. The artist had wrought a miracle in his inspiration. It was a warm, hazy, silent sunset forever. The outline of a high, projecting cliff was barely visible in the flood of misty glory that spread over the face of it, — a cliff whose delicate tints of green and crimson pictured in the mind a pyramid of leaves and flowers. A valley opened its shadowy depths

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through the sparkling atmosphere, and in the centre of this veiled chasm the pale threads of two waterfalls seemed to appear and disappear, so exquisitely was the distance imitated. Gilded breakers reeled upon a palm-fringed shore; and the whole was hallowed by the perpetual peace of an unbroken solitude.

I at once detected the occasion of Kána-aná's agitation. Here was the valley of his birth, — the cliff, the waterfall, the sea, copied faithfully, at that crowning hour when they are indeed supernaturally lovely. At that moment, the promise to him of a return would have been mockery. He was there in spirit, pacing the beach, and greeting his companions with that liberal exchange of love peculiar to them. Again he sought our old haunt by the river, watching the sun go down. Again he waited listlessly the coming of night.

It was a wonder that the police did not march us both off to the station-house; for the little refugee was howling at the top of his lungs, while I endeavored to quiet him by bursting a sort of vocal tornado about his ears. I then saw my error. I said to myself, "I have transplanted a flower from the hot sand of the Orient to the hard clay of our more material world, — a flower too fragile to be handled, if never so kindly. Day after day it has been fed, watered, and nourished by Nature. Every element of life has ministered to its development in the most natural way. Its attributes are God's and Nature's own. I bring it hither, set it in our tough soil, and endeavor to train its sensitive tendrils in one direction. There is no room for spreading them here, where we are overcrowded already. It finds no succulence in its cramped bed, no warmth in our practical and selfish atmosphere. It withers from

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the root upward; its blossoms are falling; it will die!" I resolved it should not die. Unfortunately, there was no bark announced to sail for his island home within several weeks. I could only devote my energies to keeping life in that famishing soul until it had found rest in the luxurious clime of its nativity.

At last the bark arrived. We went at once to see her; and I could hardly persuade the little homesick soul to come back with me at night. He who was the fire of hospitality and obliging to the uttermost, at home, came very near to mutiny just then.

It was this civilization that had wounded him, till the thought of his easy and pleasurable life among the barbarians stung him to madness. Should he ever see them again, his lovers? ever climb with the goat-hunters among the clouds yonder? or bathe, ride, sport, as he used to, till the day was spent and the night come?

Those little booths near the wharves, where shells, corals, and gold-fish are on sale, were Kána-aná's favorite haunts during the last few days he spent here. I would leave him seated on a box or barrel by one of those epitomes of Oceanica, and return two hours later, to find him seated as I had left him, and singing some weird *méle*, — some legend of his home. These musical diversions were a part of his nature, and a very grave and sweet part of it, too. A few words, chanted on a low note, began the song, when the voice would suddenly soar upward with a single syllable of exceeding sweetness, and there hang trembling in bird-like melody till it died away with the breath of the singer.

Poor, longing soul! I would you had never left the life best suited to you, — that liberty which alone could give expression to your wonderful capacities. Not

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many are so rich in instincts to read Nature, to translate her revelations, to speak of her as an orator endowed with her surpassing eloquence.

It will always be a sad effort, thinking of that last night together. There are hours when the experiences of a lifetime seemed compressed and crowded together. One grows a head taller in his soul at such times, and perhaps gets suddenly gray, as with a fright, also.

Kána-aná talked and talked in his pretty, broken English, telling me of a thousand charming secrets; expressing all the natural graces that at first attracted me to him, and imploring me over and over to return with him and dwell in the antipodes. How near I came to resolving, then and there, that I *would go*, and take the consequences, — how very near I came to it! He passed the night in coaxing, promising, entreating; and was never more interesting or lovable. It took just about all the moral courage allotted me to keep on this side of barbarism on that eventful occasion; and in the morning Kána-aná sailed, with a face all over tears, and agony, and dust.

I begged him to select something for a remembrancer; and of all that ingenuity can invent and art achieve he chose a metallic chain for his neck, — chose it, probably, because it glittered superbly, and was good to string charms upon. He gave me the greater part of his wardrobe, though it can never be of any earthly use to me, save as a memorial of a passing joy in a life where joys seem to have little else to do than be brief and palatable.

He said he "should never want them again;" and he said it as one might say something of the same sort in putting by some instrument of degradation, — con-

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scious of renewed manhood, but remembering his late humiliation, and bowing to that remembrance.

So Kána-aná, and the bark, and all that I ever knew of genuine, spontaneous, and unfettered love sailed into the west, and went down with the sun in a glory of air and sky, trebly glorious that evening. I shall never meet the sea when it is bluest without thinking of one who is its child and master. I shall never see mangoes and bananas without thinking of him who is their brother, born and brought up with them. I shall never smell cassia, or clove, or jessamine, but a thought of Kána-aná will be borne upon their breath. A flying skiff, land in the far distance rising slowly, drifting sea-grasses, a clear voice burdened with melody, — all belong to him, and are a part of him.

I resign my office. I think that, perhaps, instead of my having converted the little cannibal, he may have converted me. I am sure, at least, that if we two should begin a missionary work upon one another, I should be the first to experience the great change. I sent my convert home, feeling he was n't quite so good as when I first got him ; and I truly wish him as he was.

. . . . . .

I can see you, my beloved, — sleeping, naked, in the twilight of the west. The winds kiss you with pure and fragrant lips. The sensuous waves invite you to their embrace. Earth again offers you her varied store. Partake of her offering, and be satisfied. Return, O troubled soul ! to your first and natural joys : they were given you by the Divine hand that can do no ill. In the smoke of the sacrifice ascends the prayer of your race. As the incense fadeth and is scattered

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upon the winds of heaven, so shall your people separate, nevermore to assemble among the nations. So perish your superstitions, your necromancies, your ancient arts of war, and the unwritten epics of your kings.

Alas, Kána-aná ! As the foam of the sea you love, as the fragrance of the flower you worship, shall your precious body be wasted, and your untrammeled soul pass to the realms of your fathers.

Our day of communion is over. Behold how Night extends her wings to cover you from my sight ! She may, indeed, hide your presence; she may withhold from me the mystery of your future: but she cannot take from me that which I have ; she cannot rob me of the rich influences of your past.

Dear comrade, pardon and absolve your spiritual adviser, for seeking to remould so delicate and original a soul as yours; and, though neither prophet nor priest, I yet give you the kiss of peace at parting, and the benediction of unceasing love.

III.

We had been watching intently the faint, shadowy outline along the horizon, and wondering whether it were really land, or but a cloudy similitude of it; while we bore down upon it all the afternoon in fine style, and the breeze freshened as evening came on. It was all clear sailing, and we were in pretty good spirits, — which is not always the case with landsmen at sea.

Sitting there on the after-deck, I had asked myself,

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more than once, If life were made up of placid days like this, how long would life be sweet? I gave it up every time; for one is not inclined to consider so curiously as to press any problem to a solution in those indolent latitudes.

Perhaps it was Captain Kidd who told me he had sailed out of a twelve-knot breeze on a sudden, — slipping off the edges of it, as it were, — and found his sails all aback as he slid into a dead calm. There, rocking in still weather, he saw another bark, almost within hail, blown into the west and out of sight, like a bird in a March gale.

I wonder what caused me to think of Kidd's experiences just then? I can't imagine, unless it was some prescient shadow floating in my neighborhood, — the precursor of the little event that followed. Such things do happen, and when we least expect it; though, fortunately, they don't worry us as a general thing. I did n't worry at all, but sat there by myself, while some of my fellow-passengers took a regular "constitutional" up and down the deck, and over and over it, until the nervous woman below in the cabin "blessed her stars," and wished herself ashore.

I preferred sitting and pondering over the cloud that seemed slowly to rise from the sea, assuming definite and undeniable appearances of land.

I knew very well what land it must be: one of a group of islands every inch of which I had traversed with the zeal of youthful enthusiasm; but which of them, was a question I almost feared to have answered. Yet, what difference could it make to me! The land was providentially in our course, but not on our way-bill. If we were within gunshot of its loveliest portion,

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we must needs pass on as frigidly as though it were Charybdis, or something equally dreadful; and I began to think it might be something of the sort, because of its besetting temptations.

There was not the slightest doubt as to the certainty of its being land, when we went down to supper; and at sunset we knew the dark spots were valleys, and the bright ones hills. I fancied a hundred bronze-hued faces were turned toward us, as we seemed to twinkle away off in their sunset sea like a fallen star, or something of that sort. I thought I could almost hear the sea beating upon the crusts of the reef in the twilight; but perhaps I did n't, for the land was miles away, and night hid it presently, while the old solitude of the ocean impressed us all as though we were again in the midst of its unbroken, circular wastes. Then they played whist in the cabin, — all but me. I hung over the ship's side, resolved to watch all night for the lights on shore, — the flickering watch-fires in the mountain camps; for I knew I should see them, as we were bound to pass the island before morning.

The night was intensely dark; clouds muffled the stars, and not a spark of light was visible in any direction over the waters. A shower could easily have quenched the beacons I was seeking, and my vigil soon became tedious; so presently I followed the others and turned in, rather disconsolate and disgusted.

Toward midnight the wind fell rapidly, and within half an hour we found ourselves in a dead calm, when the moan of the breakers was quite audible on our starboard quarter. The Captain was nervous and watchful; the currents in the channel were strong, and he saw, by the variation in the compass, that the ves-

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sel was being whirled in a great circle around a point of the island.

Fortunately it began to get light before the danger grew imminent. At three o'clock we were within soundings, and shortly after we plumped the anchor into the rough coral at the bottom of a pretty little harbor, where, the Captain informed us, we must ride all day and get out with the land-breeze, that would probably come down at night. I rushed up in the gray dawn, and bent my gaze upon the shore. I think I must have turned pale, or trembled a little, or done something sensational and appropriate, though no one observed it; whereat I was rather glad, on the whole, for they could not have understood it if I had done my best to explain, — which I had not the least idea of doing, however, for it was none of their affair.

I knew that place the moment I saw it, — the very spot of all I most desired to see; and I resolved, in my secret soul, to go ashore, there and then; amicably if I might, forcibly if I must.

The Captain was not over-genial that morning, either; he hated detention, and was a trifle nervous about being tied up under the lee of the land for twelve or twenty hours. So he growled if any one approached him all that day, and positively refused to allow the ship's boat to be touched, unless we drifted upon the rocks, broadside, — which, he seemed to think, was not entirely out of the question. I was sure there would be a canoe — perhaps several — alongside by sunrise; so I said nothing, but waited in silence, determined to desert when the time came; and the Captain might whistle me back if he could.

Presently the time came. We were rocking easily

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on the swell, directly to the eastward of a deep valley. The sky was ruddy; the air fresh and invigorating, but soft as the gales of Paradise. We were in the tropics. You would have known it with your eyes shut; the whole wonderful atmosphere confessed it. But, with your eyes open, those white birds, sailing like snow-flakes through the immaculate blue heavens, with tail-feathers like our pennant; the floating gardens of the sea, through which we had been ruthlessly ploughing for a couple of days back; the gorgeous sunrises and sunsets, — all were proofs positive of our latitude.

What a sunrise it was on that morning! Yet I stood with my back to it, looking west; for there I saw, firstly, the foam on the reef — as crimson as blood — falling over the wine-stained waves; then it changed as the sun ascended, like clouds of golden powder, indescribably magnificent, shaken and scattered upon the silver snow-drifts of the coral reef, dazzling to behold, and continually changing.

Beyond it, in the still water, was reflected a long, narrow strip of beach; above it green pastures and umbrageous groves, with native huts, like great bird's nests, half hidden among them; and the weird, slender cocoa-palms were there, — those exclamation-points in the poetry of tropic landscape. All this lay slumbering securely between high walls of verdure; while at the upper end, where the valley was like a niche set in the green and glorious mountains, two waterfalls floated downward like smoke-columns on a heavy morning. Angels and ministers of grace! do you, in your airy perambulations, visit haunts more lovely than this? — as lovely as that undiscovered country from whose bourn the traveler would rather not look back, prem-

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ing that the traveler were as singularly constituted as I am; which is, peradventure, not probable.

They knew it was morning almost as soon as we did, though they lived a few furlongs farther west, and had no notion of the immediate proximity of a strange craft, — by no means rakish in her rig, however; only a simple merchantman, bound for Auckland from San Francisco, but the victim of circumstances, and, in consequence, tied to the bottom of the sea when half-way over.

They knew it was morning. I saw them swarming out of their grassy nests, brown, sleek-limbed, and naked. They regarded with amazement our floating home. The news spread, and the groves were suddenly peopled with my dear barbarians, who hate civilization almost as much as I do, and are certainly quite as idolatrous and indolent as I ever aspire to be.

I turned my palms outward toward them; I lifted up my voice, and cried, "Hail, my brothers! We hasten with the morning; we follow after the sun. Greetings to you, dwellers in the West!"

Nobody heard me. I looked again. Down they came upon the shore, wading into the sea. Then such a carnival as they celebrated in the shallow water was a novelty for some of my cabin friends; but I knew all about it. I 'd done the same thing often enough myself, when I was young, and free, and innocent, and savage. I knew they were asking themselves a thousand questions as to our sudden appearance in their seas, and would rather like to know who we were, and where we were going, but scorned to ask us. They had once or twice been visited by the same sort of whitish-looking people, and they had found those color-

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less faces uncivil, and the bleached-out skins by no means to be trusted with those whom they considered their inferiors. They did n't know that it is one of the Thirty-Nine Articles of Civilization to bully one's way through the world. Then I prayed that they might be moved to send out a canoe, so that I could debark and go inland for the day. I prayed very earnestly, and out she came, — one of their tiny, fragile canoes, looking like a deserted chrysalis, with the invisible wings of the spiritual, tutelary butterfly wafting it over the waves. In this chrysalis dug-out sat a tough little body, with a curly head, which I recognized in a minute as belonging to a once friend and comrade in my delightful exile, when I was a successful prodigal, and wasted my substance in the most startling and effectual manner, and enjoyed it a great deal better than if I had kept it in the bank, as they advised me to do. On he came, beating the sea with his broad paddle, alternately by either side of the canoe, and regarding us with a commendable degree of suspicion. I greeted him in his peculiar dialect. The gift of tongues seemed suddenly to have descended upon me, for I found little difficulty in saying everything I wanted to say in a remarkably brief space of time.

"Hail, little friend!" said I. "Great love to you. How is it on shore now?"

He replied that it was decidedly nice on shore now, and that his love for me was as much as mine for him, and more too, and that consequently he was prepared to conduct me thither, regardless of expense.

I went with that lovely boy on shore. The capta could not resist my persuasive appeals for a short lea

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of absence, and so I went. Perhaps it would not have been advisable for him to have suppressed me; and he made a courteous virtue of necessity.

I had leave to stop till evening, unless I heard a signal-gun, upon hearing which I was to return immediately on board, or suffer the consequences.

Now, I am free to confess that the consequences did n't appall me as we swung off from the vessel, where I had been an uneasy prisoner for many days; and I fell to chatting with Niga, my dusky friend, in a sort of desperate joy.

Niga was a regular trump. He had more than once piled on horseback behind me, in the sweet days when we used to ride double, — yea, and even treble, if necessary. There was usually a great deal more boy than horse on the premises; hence this questionable economy in our cavalry regulations. Niga told me many things as we drew near the reef: he talked of nearly everybody and everything; but of all that he told me, he said nothing of the one I most longed to hear about. Yet, somehow or other, I could not quite bring myself to ask him, out and out, this question. You know, sometimes it is hard to shape words just as you want them shaped, and the question is never asked, in consequence.

The reef was growling tremendously. We were drawing nearer to it every moment. I thought the chances were against us; but Niga was self-possessed, and, as he had crossed it once that morning, — and in the more dangerous direction of the two, that is, against the grain of the waves, — I concluded there was no special need of my making a scene; and in the next moment we were poised on a terrific cataract of

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glittering and rushing breakers, snatched up and held trembling in mid-air, with the canoe half filled with water, and I perfectly blind with spray.

It was a memorable moment in a very short voyage; and the general verdict on board ship, where they were watching us with some interest, was that it served me right.

When my eyes were once more free of the water, I found myself in the midst of the natives, who had been waiting just inside of the reef to receive us; and, as they recognized me, they laid a hand on the canoe, as many as could crowd about it, fairly lifting it out of the water, all the while wailng at the top of their voices their mournful and desolate wail.

It was impossible for me to decide whether that chant of theirs was an expression of joy or sorrow: the nature of it is precisely the same, in either case.

So we went on shore in our little triumphal procession, and there I was embraced in a very emphatic manner by savages of every conceivable sex, age, and color. Having mutely submitted to their genuine expressions of love, I was conducted — a willing and bewildered captive — along the beach, around the little point that separates the river from the sea, and thence by the river-bank to the house I knew so well. I believe I looked at every dusky face in that assemblage two or three times over, but saw not the one I sought.

What could it mean? Was he hunting in the mountains, or fishing beyond the headland, or sick, or in prison, that he came not to greet me? Surely, something had befallen him, — something serious and unusual, — or he would have been the first to welcome me home to barbarism!

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A strange dread clouded my mind: it increased and multiplied as we passed on toward the house that had been home to me. Then, having led me to the outer door, the people all sat there upon the ground, and began wailing piteously.

I hastily crossed the narrow outer room, lifted the plaited curtain, and entered the inner chamber, where I had spent my strange, wild holiday long months before. I looked earnestly about me, while my eyes gradually became familiar with the dull light. Nothing seemed changed. I could point at once to almost every article in the room. It seemed but yesterday that I had stolen away from them in the gray dawn, and repented my desertion too late.

I soon grew accustomed to the sombre light of the room. I saw sitting about me, in the corners, bowed figures, with their faces hidden in grief. There was no longer any doubt as to the nature of their emotion. It was grief that had stricken the household, and the grief that death alone occasions. I counted every figure in the room; I recognized each, the same that I had known when I dwelt among them; he alone was absent.

I don't know what possessed me at that moment. I felt an uncontrollable desire to laugh, as though it were some *masque* gotten up for my amusement. Then I wished they would cease their masking, for I felt too miserable to laugh. Then I was utterly at a loss to know what to do; so I walked to the old-fashioned bed — our old-fashioned bed — in the corner, looking just as it used to. I think the same old spider was there, still clinging to the canopy; the very same old fellow, in his harlequin tights, that we used to watch and talk

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about, and wonder what he was thinking of, to stop so still, day after day and week after week, up there on the canopy. I threw myself upon the edge of the bed, my feet resting upon the floor; and there I tried to think of everything but that one dreadful reality that would assert itself, in spite of my efforts to deny it.

Where was my friend? Where could he be, that these, his friends, were so bowed with sorrow? The question involved a revelation, already anticipated in my mind. That revelation I dreaded as I would dread my own death-sentence. But it came at last. A woman who had been humbling herself in the dust moved toward me from the shadow that half concealed her. She did not rise to her feet; she was half reclining on the mats of the floor, her features veiled in the long, black hair of her race. One hand was extended toward me, then the other; the body followed; and so she moved, slowly and painfully, toward the bedside.

It was his mother. I knew her intuitively. Close to the bed she came, and crouched by me, upon the floor. There, with one hand clasped close over mine, the other flooded with her copious tears, and her forehead bowed almost to the floor, she poured forth the measure of her woe. The moment her voice was heard, those out of the house ceased wailing, and seemed to be listening to the elegy of the bereaved.

Her voice was husky with grief; broken again and again with sobs. I seemed to understand perfectly the nature of her story, though my knowledge of the dialect was very deficient.

The mother's soul was quickened with her pathetic theme. The frenzy of the poet inspired her lips. It was an epic she was chanting, celebrating the career

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of her boy-hero. She told of his birth, and wonderful childhood; of his beautiful strength; of his sublime affection, and the friend it had brought him from over the water.

She referred frequently to our former associations, and seemed to delight in dwelling upon them. Then came the story of his death, — the saddest canto of the melancholy whole.

How shall I ever forgive myself the selfish pleasure I took in striving to remodel an immortal soul? What business had I to touch so sensitive an organism; susceptible of infinite impressions, but incapable, in its prodigality, of separating and dismissing the evil, and retaining only the good, — therefore fit only to increase and develop in the suitable atmosphere with which the Creator had surrounded it?

Why did I not foresee the climax?

I might have known that one reared in the nursery of Nature, as free to speak and act as the very winds of heaven to blow whither they list, could ill support the manacles of our modern proprieties. Of what use to him could be a knowledge of the artifices of society? Simply a temptation and a snare!

What was the story of his fate? That he came safely home, rejoicing in his natural freedom; that he could not express his delight at finding home so pleasant; that his days were spent in telling of the wonderful things he had seen, more sects than the gods of the South Seas, more doubters than believers, contradictions and insults and suspicions everywhere. They laughed again when they thought of us, and pitied us all the while.

But his exhilaration wore off, after a time. Then

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came the reaction, — a restlessness, an undefined, unsatisfied longing. Life became a burden. The seed of dissension had fallen in fresh and fallow soil: it was a souvenir of his sojourn among us. He, the child of Nature, must now follow out the artificial and hollow life of the world, or die unsatisfied; for he could not return to his original sphere of trust and contentment. He had learned to doubt all things, as naturally as any of us.

For days he moaned in spirit, and was troubled; nothing consoled him; his soul was broken of its rest; he grew desperate and melancholy.

I believe he was distracted with the problem of society, and I cannot wonder at it. One day, when his condition had become no longer endurable, he stole off to sea in his canoe, thinking, perhaps, that he could reach this continent, or some other; possibly hoping never again to meet human faces, for he could not trust them.

It was his heroic exit from a life that no longer interested him. Great was the astonishment of the Islanders, who looked upon him as one possessed of the Evil Spirit, and special sacrifices were offered in his behalf; but the gods were inexorable; and, after several days upon the solitary sea, a shadow, a mote, drifted toward the valley, — a canoe, with a famishing and delirious voyager, that was presently tossed and broken in the surges; then, a dark body glistened for a moment, wet with spray, and sank forever, while the shining coral reef was stained with the blood of the first-born.

I heard it all in the desolate wail of the mother, yet could not weep; my eyes burned like fire.

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Little Niga came for me presently, and led me into the great grove of *kamane*-trees, up the valley. He insisted upon holding me by the hand; it was all he could do to comfort me, and he did that with his whole soul.

In silence we passed on to one of the largest of the trees. I recognized it at once. Niga and I, one day, went thither, and I cut a name upon the soft bark of the tree.

When we reached it we paused. Niga pointed with his finger; I looked. It was there yet, — a simple name, carved in the rudest fashion. I read the letters, which had since become an epitaph. They were these: —

"KÁNA-ANÁ, *Æt.* 16 *yrs.*"

Under them there were three initials, — my own, — cut by the hand of Kána-aná, after his return from America.

We sat down in the gloomy grove. "Tell me," I said, — "tell me, Niga, where has his spirit gone?"

"He is here, now," said Niga; "he can see us. Perhaps, some day, we shall see him."

"You have more faith than our philosophers, for they have reasoned themselves out of everything. Would you like to be a philosopher, Niga?" I asked.

Niga thought, if they were going to die, body and soul, that he would n't like to be anything of the sort, and that he had rather be a first-class savage than a fourth-rate Christian, any day.

I interrupted him at this alarming assertion. "The philosophers would call your faith a superstition, Niga; they do not realize that there is no true faith unmixed with superstition, since faith implies a belief in some-

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thing unseen, and is therefore itself a superstition. Blessed is the man who believes blindly, — call it what you please, — for peace shall dwell in his soul. But, Niga," I continued, "where is God?"

"Here, and here, and here," said Niga, pointing me to a grotesque carving in the sacred grove, to a monument upon the distant precipice, and to a heap of rocks in the sea; and the smile of recognition with which the little votary greeted his idols was a solemn proof of his sincerity.

"Niga," I said, "we call you and your kind heathens. It is a harmless anathema, which cannot, in the least, affect you personally. Ask us if we love God! Of course we do. Do we love Him above all things, animate or inanimate? Undoubtedly! Undoubtedly is easily said, and let us give ourselves credit for some honesty. We believe that we do love God, above all; that we have no other gods before Him; yet, who of us will give up wealth, home, friends, and follow Him? Not one! The God we love is a very vague, invisible, forbearing essence. He can afford to be lenient with us while we are debating whether our neighbor is serving him in the right fashion, or not. We 'd rather not have other gods before Him: one is as many as we find it convenient to serve. The lover kisses passionately a miniature. It is not, however, an image of his Creator, nor any memorial of his Redeemer's passion, but only a portrait of his mistress. Do you blame us, Niga? It is the strongest instinct of our nature to worship something. Man is a born idolater, and not one of us is exempted by reason of any scruples under the sun. You see it daily and hourly: each one has his idols."

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Little Niga, who sympathized deeply with me, seemed to have gotten some knowledge of our peculiarly mixed theories concerning God and the future state from conversations overheard after the return of Kána-aná. He tried to console me with the assurance that Kána-aná died a devoted and unshaken adherent to the faith of his fathers.

I could n't but feel that his blood was off my hands when I learned this; and I believe I gave Niga a regular hug in that moment of joy.

Then we walked here and there, through the valley, and visited the old haunts, made memorable by many incidents in that romantic and chivalrous life of the South. Every one we met had some word to add concerning the Pride of the Valley, dead in his glorious youth.

Over and over they assured me of his fidelity to me, his white brother, adding that Kána-aná had, more than once, expressed the deepest regret at not having brought me back with him.

He even meditated sending for me, in the same manner that I had sent for him; and, if he had done so, it was his purpose to see that I was at once made familiar with their Articles of Faith; for he anticipated a willing convert in me, and it was the desire of his heart that I should know that perfect trust peculiar to his people, and which is begotten of the brief gospel, so often quoted out of place, namely, that "seeing is believing."

It was a kind thought of his, and I wish he had carried it into execution, for then he might have lived. It was his susceptible nature that had come in contact with the great world, and received its death-wound.

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Had I been there to help him, I would have planned something to divert his mind until he had recovered himself, and was willing to submit to the monotony of life over yonder. Had he not done as much for me? Had he not striven, day after day, to charm me with his barbarism, and come very near to success? I should say he had. Dear little martyr! was he not the only boy I ever truly loved, — dead now in his blossoming prime?

O Kána-aná! Little Niga and I sat talking of you, down by the sea, and we wept for you at last; for the tears came by and by, when I began to realize fully the greatness of my loss. All your youth and beauty and freshness in destruction, and your body swallowed up in the graves of the sea!

The meridian sun blazed overhead, but it made little difference to us. Afternoon passed, and evening was coming on almost unheeded; for our thoughts were buried with him, under the waves, and life was nothing to us, then.

I no longer cared to observe the lights and shadows on the cliffs, nor the poppy nodding in the wind, nor the seaward prospect: that was spoiled by our vessel, — the seclusion was broken in upon. I cared for nothing any longer, for I missed everywhere his step, patient and faithful as a dog's, and his marvelous face, that could look steadily at the sun without winking, and deluge itself with laughter all the while, for there was nothing hidden or corrupting in it.

Presently I returned into the sacred grove, touching the three letters he had carved there, and calling on his spirit to regard me as respecting his dumb idols, which were nothing but the representatives of his jeal-

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ous gods, — dear to him as the Garden of Gethsemane, the Mount of Olives, and the shining summits of Calvary to us. Then down I ran to the bathing-pools, and from place to place I wandered in a hurried and nervous tour, for it was growing dark. I saw the ship's lights flickering over the water, while the first cool whispers of the night-wind came down from the hills, filling me with warnings; in the midst of which there was a flash of flame and a sudden, thunderous report, — enough to awaken the dead of the valley, — and I turned to go. I believe, if dear Kána-aná had been there, as I prayed he might be, I would have laughed at that signal, and hastened inland to avoid discovery; for I was sick of the world. I might have had reason to regret it afterward, because friendship is not elastic, and the best of friends cannot long submit to being bored by the best of fellows. Perhaps it was just as it should be: I had no time to consider the matter there. I hurried to his mother, and she clung to me; others came about me, and laid hold of me; so that I feared I should be held captive until it was too late to board the vessel. Her sails were even then shaking in the wind; and I heard the faint click of the capstan tugging at the anchor-chains.

With a quick impulse I broke away from them, and ran to the beach, where Niga and I entered his canoe, and slid off from the sloping sands. Down we drifted toward the open sea, while the natives renewed their wailing, and I was half crazed with sorrow. It is impossible to resist the persuasive eloquence of their chants. Think, then, with what a troubled spirit I heard them, as we floated on between the calm stars in the heavens and the whirling stars in the sea.

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We went out to the ship's side, and little Niga was as noisy as any of them when I pressed upon him a practical memorial of my visit; and away he drifted into the night, with his boyish babble pitched high and shrill; and the Present speedily became the Past, and grew old in a moment.

Then I looked for the last time upon that faint and cloudy picture, and seemed almost to see the spirit of the departed beckoning to me with waving arms and imploring looks; and I longed for him with the old longing, that will never release me from my willing bondage. I blessed him in his new life, and I rejoiced with exceeding great joy that he was freed at last from the tyranny of life, — released from the unsolvable riddles of the ages. The night-wind was laden with music, and sweet with the odors of ginger and cassia; the spume of the reef was pale as the milk of the cocoa-nuts, and the blazing embers on shore glowed like old sacrificial fires.

Then I heard a voice crying out of the shadow, — an ancient and eloquent voice, — saying: "Behold my fated race! Our days are numbered. Long have we feasted in the rich presence of are vealed deity. We sat in ashes under the mute gods of Baal; we fled before the wrath of Moloch, the destroyer; we were as mighty as the four winds of heaven: but the profane hand of the iconoclast has desecrated our temples, and humbled our majesty in the dust. O impious breakers of idols! Why will ye put your new wines into these old bottles, that were shaped for spring waters only, and not for wine at all! Lo! ye have broken them, and the wine is wasted. Be satisfied, and depart!"

So that spirit of air sang the death-song of his tribe,

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and the sad music of his voice rang over the waters like a lullaby.

Then I heard no more, and I said, "My asylum is the great world; my refuge is in oblivion." And I turned my face seaward, never again to dream fondly of my island home; never again to know it as I have known it; never again to look upon its serene and melancholy beauty: for the soul of the beloved is transmitted to the vales of rest, and his ashes are sown in the watery furrows of the deep sea!

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DOCTOR MARIGOLD.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

I.

I AM a Cheap Jack, and my own father's name was Willum Marigold. It was in his lifetime supposed by some that his name was William, but my own father always consistently said, No, it was Willum. On which point I content myself with looking at the argument this way: If a man is not allowed to know his own name in a free country, how much is he allowed to know in a land of slavery?

I was born on the Queen's highway, but it was the King's at that time. A doctor was fetched to my own mother by my own father, when it took place on a common; and in consequence of his being a very kind gentleman, and accepting no fee but a tea-tray, I was named Doctor, out of gratitude and compliment to him. There you have me. Doctor Marigold.

The doctor having accepted a tea-tray, you 'll guess that my father was a Cheap Jack before me. You are right. He was. And my father was a lovely one in his time at the Cheap Jack work. Now I 'll tell you

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what. I mean to go down into my grave declaring that, of all the callings ill-used in Great Britain, the Cheap Jack calling is the worst used. Why ain't we a profession? Why ain't we endowed with privileges? Why are we forced to take out a hawker's license, when no such thing is expected of the political hawkers? Where 's the difference betwixt us? Except that we are Cheap Jacks and they are Dear Jacks, I don't see any difference but what 's in our favor.

For look here! Say it 's election-time. I am on the foot-board of my cart in the market-place on a Saturday night. I put up a general miscellaneous lot. I say: "Now here, my free and independent woters, I 'm a going to give you such a chance as you never had in all your born days, nor yet the days preceding. Now I 'll show you what I am a going to do with you. Here 's a pair of razors that 'll shave you closer than the Board of Guardians; here 's a flat-iron worth its weight in gold; here 's a frying-pan artificially flavored with essence of beefsteaks to that degree that you 've only got for the rest of your lives to fry bread and dripping in it, and there you are replete with animal food; here 's a genuine chronometer watch in such a solid silver case that you may knock at the door with it when you come home late from a social meeting, and rouse your wife and family and save up your knocker for the postman; and here 's half a dozen dinner plates that you may play the cymbals with to charm the baby when it 's fractious. Stop. I 'll throw you in another article, and I 'll give you that, and it 's a rolling-pin, and if the baby can only get it well into its mouth when its teeth is coming, and rub the gums once with it, they 'll come through double, in a fit of laughter

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equal to being tickled. Stop again! I 'll throw you in another article, because I don't like the looks of you, for you have n't the appearance of buyers unless I lose by you, and because I 'd rather lose than not take money to-night, and that article 's a looking-glass in which you may see how ugly you look when you don't bid. What do you say now? Come! Do you say a pound? Not you, for you have n't got it. Do you say ten shillings? Not you, for you owe more to the tally-man. Well, then, I 'll tell you what I 'll do with you. I 'll heap 'em all on the footboard of the cart, — there they are! razors, flat-iron, frying-pan, chronometer watch, dinner-plates, rolling-pin, and looking-glass, — take 'em all away for four shillings, and I 'll give you sixpence for your trouble!" This is me, the Cheap Jack.

But on the Monday morning, in the same market-place, comes the Dear Jack on the hustings, — *his* cart, — and what does *he* say? "Now, my free and independent woters, I am a going to give you such a chance" (he begins just like me) "as you never had in all your born days, and that 's the chance of sending Myself to Parliament. Now I 'll tell you what I am a going to do for you. Here 's the interests of this magnificent town promoted above all the rest of the civilized and uncivilized earth. Here 's your railways carried, and your neighbors' railways jockeyed. Here 's all your sons in the Post Office. Here 's Britannia smiling on you. Here 's the eyes of Europe on you. Here 's uniwersal prosperity for you, repletion of animal food, golden corn-fields, gladsome homesteads, and rounds of applause from your own hearts, all in one lot, and that 's myself. Will you take me as I stand

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You won't? Well, then, I'll tell you what I'll do with you. Come now! I'll throw you in anything you ask for. There! Church-rates, abolition of church-rates, more malt tax, no malt tax, uniwersal education to the highest mark, or uniwersal ignorance to the lowest, total abolition of flogging in the army, or a dozen for every private once a month all round, Wrongs of Men or Rights of Women, — only say which it shall be, take 'em or leave 'em, and I'm of your opinion altogether, and the lot 's your own on your own terms. There! You won't take it yet? Well, then, I'll tell you what I'll do with you. Come! You *are* such free and independent woters, and I *am* so proud of you, — you *are* such a noble and enlightened constituency, and I *am* so ambitious of the honor and dignity of being your member, which is by far the highest level to which the wings of the human mind can soar, — that I'll tell you what I'll do with you. I'll throw you in all the public-houses in your magnificent town for nothing. Will that content you? It won't? You won't take the lot yet? Well, then, before I put the horse in and drive away, and make the offer to the next most magnificent town that can be discovered, I'll tell you what I'll do. Take the lot, and I'll drop two thousand pound in the streets of your magnificent town for them to pick up that can. Not enough? Now look here. This is the very furthest that I'm a going to. I'll make it two thousand five hundred. And still you won't? Here, missis! Put the horse — No, stop half a moment, I should n't like to turn my back upon you, neither, for a trifle. I'll make it two thousand seven hundred and fifty pound. There! Take the lot on your own terms, and I'll count out

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two thousand seven hundred and fifty pound on the footboard of the cart, to be dropped in the streets of your magnificent town for them to pick up that can. What do you say? Come now! You won't do better, and you may do worse. You take it? Hooray! Sold again, and got the seat!"

I courted my wife from the footboard of the cart. I did indeed. She was a Suffolk young woman, and it was in Ipswich market-place, right opposite the corn-chandler's shop. I had noticed her up at a window last Saturday that was, appreciating highly. I had took to her, and I had said to myself, "If not already disposed of, I'll have that lot." Next Saturday that come, I pitched the cart on the same pitch, and I was in very high feather indeed, keeping 'em laughing the whole of the time, and getting off the goods briskly. At last I took out of my waistcoat-pocket a small lot wrapped in soft paper, and I put it this way (looking up at the window where she was): "Now here, my blooming English maidens, is a article, the last article of the present evening's sale, which I offer to only you, the lovely Suffolk Dumplings biling over with beauty, and I won't take a bid of a thousand pound for, from any man alive. Now what is it? Why, I'll tell you what it is. It 's made of fine gold, and it 's not broke, though there 's a hole in the middle of it, and it 's stronger than any fetter that ever was forged, though it 's smaller than any finger in my set of ten. Why ten? Because when my parents made over my property to me, I tell you true, there was twelve sheets, twelve towels, twelve table-cloths, twelve knives, twelve forks, twelve table-spoons, and twelve tea-spoons, but my set of fingers was two short of a dozen

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and could never since be matched. Now what else is it? Come. I 'll tell you. It 's a hoop of solid gold, wrapped in a silver curl-paper that I myself took off the shining locks of the ever-beautiful old lady in Threadneedle Street, London city. I would n't tell you so if I had n't the paper to show, or you might n't believe it even of me. Now what else is it? It 's a man-trap and a handcuff, the parish stocks and a leg-lock, all in gold and all in one. Now what else is it? It 's a wedding ring. Now I 'll tell you what I 'm a going to do with it. I 'm not a going to offer this lot for money, but I mean to give it to the next of you beauties that laughs, and I 'll pay her a visit to-morrow morning at exactly half after nine o'clock as the chimes go, and I 'll take her out for a walk to put up the banns." *She* laughed, and got the ring handed up to her. When I called in the morning, she says, "O dear! It 's never you, and you never mean it?" "It 's ever me," says I, "and I 'm ever yours, and I ever mean it." So we got married, after being put up three times, — which, by the bye, is quite in the Cheap Jack way again, and shows once more how the Cheap Jack customs pervade society.

She was n't a bad wife, but she had a temper. If she could have parted with that one article at a sacrifice, I would n't have swopped her away in exchange for any other woman in England. Not that I ever did swop her away, for we lived together till she died, and that was thirteen year. Now, my lords and ladies and gentlefolks all, I 'll let you into a secret, though you won't believe it. Thirteen year of temper in a Palace would try the worst of you, but thirteen year of temper in a Cart would try the best of you. You are kept so

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very close to it in a cart, you see. There 's thousands of couples among you, getting on like sweet-ile upon a whetstone, in houses five and six pairs of stairs high, that would go to the Divorce Court in a cart. Whether the jolting makes it worse, I don't undertake to decide, but in a cart it does come home to you and stick to you. Wiolence in a cart is *so* wiolent, and aggrawation in a cart is *so* aggrawating.

We might have had such a pleasant life ! A roomy cart, with the large goods hung outside and the bed slung underneath it when on the road, an iron pot and a kettle, a fireplace for the cold weather, a chimney for the smoke, a hanging shelf and a cupboard, a dog and a horse. What more do you want? You draw off upon a bit of turf in a green lane or by the roadside, you hobble your old horse and turn him grazing, you light your fire upon the ashes of the last visitors, you cook your stew, and you would n't call the Emperor of France your father. But have a temper in the cart, flinging language and the hardest goods in stock at you, and where are you then ? Put a name to your feelings.

My dog knew as well when she was on the turn as I did. Before she broke out, he would give a howl, and bolt. How he knew it was a mystery to me; but the sure and certain knowledge of it would wake him up out of his soundest sleep, and he would give a howl, and bolt. At such times I wished I was him.

The worst of it was, we had a daughter born to us, and I love children with all my heart. When she was in her furies, she beat the child. This got to be so shocking as the child got to be four or five year old, that I have many a time gone on with my whip over my shoulder, at the old horse's head, sobbing and crying

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worse than ever little Sophy did. For how could I prevent it? Such a thing is not to be tried with such a temper — in a cart — without coming to a fight. It 's in the natural size and formation of a cart to bring it to a fight. And then the poor child got worse terrified than before, as well as worse hurt, generally, and her mother made complaints to the next people we lighted on, and the word went round, "Here 's a wretch of a Cheap Jack been a beating his wife."

Little Sophy was such a brave child! She grew to be quite devoted to her poor father, though he could do so little to help her. She had a wonderful quantity of shining dark hair, all curling natural about her. It is quite astonishing to me now that I did n't go tearing mad when I used to see her run from her mother before the cart, and her mother catch her by this hair, and pull her down by it, and beat her.

Yet in other respects her mother took great care of her. Her clothes were always clean and neat, and her mother was never tired of working at 'em. Such is the inconsistency in things. Our being down in the marsh country in unhealthy weather I consider the cause of Sophy's taking bad low fever; but however she took it, once she got it, she turned away from her mother forevermore, and nothing would persuade her to be touched by her mother's hand. She would shiver and say, "No, no, no," when it was offered at, and would hide her face on my shoulder, and hold me tighter round the neck.

The Cheap Jack business had been worse than ever I had known it, what with one thing and what with another (and not least what with railroads, which will cut it all to pieces, I expect, at last), and I was run

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dry of money. For which reason, one night at that period of little Sophy's being so bad, either we must have come to a dead-lock for victuals and drink, or I must have pitched the cart as I did.

I could n't get the dear child to lie down or leave go of me, and indeed I had n't the heart to try, so I stepped out on the footboard with her holding round my neck. They all set up a laugh when they see us, and one chuckle-headed Joskin (that I hated for it) made the bidding, "Tuppence for her!"

"Now, you country boobies," says I, feeling as if my heart was a heavy weight at the end of a broken sash-line, — "now let 's know what you want to-night, and you shall have it. But first of all, shall I tell you why I have got this little girl round my neck? You don't want to know? Then you shall. She belongs to the Fairies. She is a fortune-teller. She can tell me all about you in a whisper, and can put me up to whether you 're a going to buy a lot or leave it. Now do you want a saw? No, she says you don't, because you 're too clumsy to use one. Your well-known awkwardness would make it manslaughter. Now I am a going to ask her what you do want." (Then I whispered, "Your head burns so, that I am afraid it hurts you bad, my pet;" and she answered, without opening her heavy eyes, "Just a little, father.") "Oh! This little fortune-teller says it 's a memorandum-book you want. Then why did n't you mention it? Here it is. Look at it. Two hundred superfine hot-pressed wire-wove pages, ready ruled for your expenses, an everlastingly-pointed pencil to put 'em down with, a double-bladed penknife to scratch 'em out with, a book of printed tables to calculate your income with, and a

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camp-stool to sit down upon while you give your mind to it! Stop! And an umbrella to keep the moon off when you give your mind to it on a pitch-dark night. Now I won't ask you how much for the lot, but how little? How little are you thinking of? Don't be ashamed to mention it, because my fortune-teller knows already." (Then, making believe to whisper, I kissed her, and she kissed me.) "Why, she says you are thinking of as little as three and threepence! I could n't have believed it, even of you, unless she told me. Three and threepence! And a set of printed tables in the lot that 'll calculate your income up to forty thousand a year! With an income of forty thousand a year, you grudge three and sixpence. Well, then, I 'll tell you my opinion. I so despise the threepence that I 'd sooner take three shillings. There. For three shillings, three shillings, three shillings! Gone. Hand 'em over to the lucky man."

As there had been no bid at all, everybody looked about and grinned at everybody, while I touched little Sophy's face and asked her if she felt faint or giddy. "Not very, father. It will soon be over." Then turning from the pretty patient eyes, which were opened now, and seeing nothing but grins across my lighted grease-pot, I went on again in my Cheap Jack style. "Where 's the butcher?" (My sorrowful eye had just caught sight of a fat young butcher on the outside of the crowd.) "She says the good luck is the butcher's. Where is he?" Everybody handed on the blushing butcher to the front, and there was a roar, and the butcher felt himself obliged to put his hand in his pocket and take the lot. The party so picked out in general does feel obliged to take the lot. Then we had

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another lot, the counterpart of that one, and sold it sixpence cheaper, which is always wery much enjoyed. So I went on in my Cheap Jack style till we had the ladies' lot, — the teapot, tea-caddy, glass sugar-basin, half a dozen spoons, and caudle-cup, — and all the time I was making similar excuses to give a look or two and say a word or two to my poor child. It was while the second ladies' lot was holding 'em enchained that I felt her lift herself a little on my shoulder, to look across the dark street. "What troubles you, darling?" "Nothing troubles me, father. I am not at all troubled. But don't I see a pretty churchyard over there?" "Yes, my dear." "Kiss me twice, dear father, and lay me down to rest upon that churchyard grass so soft and green." I staggers back into the cart with her head dropped on my shoulder, and I says to her mother, "Quick. Shut the door! Don't let those laughing people see!" "What 's the matter?" she cries. "O woman, woman," I tells her, "you 'll never catch my little Sophy by her hair again, for she 's dead, and has flown away from you!"

May be those were harder words than I meant 'em, but from that time forth my wife took to brooding, and would sit in the cart or walk beside it, hours at a stretch, with her arms crossed and her eyes looking on the ground. When her furies took her (which was rather seldomer than before) they took her in a new way, and she banged herself about to that extent that I was forced to hold her. She got none the better for a little drink now and then. So sad our lives went on till one summer evening, when, as we were coming into Exeter out of the further West of England, we saw a woman beating a child in a cruel manner, who

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screamed, "Don't beat me! O mother, mother, mother!" Then my wife stopped her ears and ran away like a wild thing, and next day she was found in the river.

Me and my dog was all the company left in the cart now, and the dog learned to give a short bark when they would n't bid, and to give another and a nod of his head when I asked him: "Who said half a crown? Are you the gentleman, sir, that offered half a crown?" He attained to an immense heighth of popularity, and I shall always believe taught himself entirely out of his own head to growl at any person in the crowd that bid as low as sixpence. But he got to be well on in years, and one night when I was conwulsing York with the spectacles, he took a conwulsion on his own account upon the very footboard by me, and it finished him.

Being naturally of a tender turn, I had dreadful lonely feelings on me arter this. I conquered 'em at selling times, having a reputation to keep (not to mention keeping myself), but they got me down in private and rolled upon me.

It was under those circumstances that I come acquainted with a giant. I might have been too high to fall into conversation with him, had it not been for my lonely feelings. For the general rule is, going round the country, to draw the line at dressing up. When a man can't trust his getting a living to his undisguised abilities, you consider him below your sort. And this giant when on view figured as a Roman.

He was a languid young man, which I attribute to the distance betwixt his extremities. He had a little head and less in it; he had weak eyes and weak knees; and altogether you could n't look at him without feel-

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ing that there was greatly too much of him both for his joints and his mind. But he was an amiable though timid young man (his mother let him out, and spent the money), and we come acquainted when he was walking to ease the horse betwixt two fairs. He was called Rinaldo di Velasco, his name being Pickleson.

This giant otherwise Pickleson mentioned to me, under the seal of confidence, that, beyond his being a burden to himself, his life was made a burden to him by the cruelty of his master towards a step-daughter who was deaf and dumb. Her mother was dead, and she had no living soul to take her part, and was used most hard. She traveled with his master's caravan only because there was nowhere to leave her, and this giant otherwise Pickleson did go so far as to believe that his master often tried to lose her. He was such a very languid young man that I don't know how long it did n't take him to get this story out; but it passed through his defective circulation to his top extremity in course of time.

When I heard this account from the giant otherwise Pickleson, and likewise that the poor girl had beautiful long dark hair, and was often pulled down by it and beaten, I could n't see the giant through what stood in my eyes. Having wiped 'em, I give him sixpence (for he was kept as short as he was long), and he laid it out in two threepenn' orths of gin-and-water, which so brisked him up that he sang the Favorite Comic of Shivery Shakey, ain't it cold, — a popular effect which his master had tried every other means to get out of him, as a Roman, wholly in vain.

His master's name was Mim, a wery hoarse man, and I knew him to speak to. I went to that Fair as a

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mere civilian, leaving the cart outside the town, and I looked about the back of the Vans while the performing was going on, and at last, sitting dozing against a muddy cart-wheel, I come upon the poor girl who was deaf and dumb. At the first look I might almost have judged that she had escaped from the Wild-Beast Show, but at the second I thought better of her, and thought that if she was more cared for and more kindly used she would be like my child. She was just the same age that my own daughter would have been, if her pretty head had not fell down upon my shoulder that unfortunate night.

To cut it short, I spoke confidential to Mim while he was beating the gong outside betwixt two lots of Pickleson's publics, and I put it to him, "She lies heavy on your own hands; what'll you take for her?" Mim was a most ferocious swearer. Suppressing that part of his reply which was much the longest part, his reply was, "A pair of braces." "Now I'll tell you," says I, "what I'm a going to do with you. I'm a going to fetch you half a dozen pair of the primest braces in the cart, and then to take her away with me." Says Mim (again ferocious), "I'll believe it when I've got the goods, and no sooner." I made all the haste I could, lest he should think twice of it, and the bargain was completed; which Pickleson, he was thereby so relieved in his mind that he come out at his little back door, long ways like a serpent, and give us Shivery Shakey in a whisper among the wheels at parting.

It was happy days for both of us when Sophy and me began to travel in the cart. I at once give her the name of Sophy, to put her ever towards me in the attitude of my own daughter. We soon made out to be-

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gin to understand one another through the goodness of the Heavens, when she knowed that I meant true and kind by her. In a very little time she was wonderful fond of me. You have no idea what it is to have anybody wonderful fond of you, unless you have been got down and rolled upon by the lonely feelings that I have mentioned as having once got the better of me.

You 'd have laughed — or the rewerse — it 's according to your disposition — if you could have seen me trying to teach Sophy. At first I was helped — you 'd never guess by what — milestones. I got some large alphabets in a box, all the letters separate on bits of bone; and say we was going WINDSOR I give her those letters in that order, and then at every milestone I showed her those same letters in that same order again, and pointed towards the abode of royalty. Another time I give her CART, and then chalked the same upon the cart. Another time I give her DOCTOR MARIGOLD, and hung a corresponding inscription outside my waistcoat. People that met us might stare a bit, and laugh, but what did *I* care, if she caught the idea? She caught it after long patience and trouble, and then we did begin to get on swimmingly, I believe you! At first she was a little given to consider me the cart, and the cart the abode of royalty; but that soon wore off.

We had our signs, too, and they was hundreds in number. Sometimes she would sit looking at me and considering hard how to communicate with me about something fresh, — how to ask me what she wanted explained, — and then she was (or I thought she was; what does it signify?) so like my child with those years added to her, that I half believed it was herself,

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trying to tell me where she had been to up in the skies, and what she had seen since that unhappy night when she flied away. She had a pretty face, and now that there was no one to drag at her bright dark hair, and it was all in order, there was a something touching in her looks that made the cart most peaceful and most quiet, though not at all melancholy.

The way she learnt to understand any look of mine was truly surprising. When I sold of a night, she would sit in the cart unseen by them outside, and would give a eager look into my eyes when I looked in, and would hand me straight the precise article or articles I wanted. And then she would clap her hands and laugh for joy. And as for me, seeing her so bright, and remembering what she was when I first lighted on her, starved and beaten and ragged, leaning asleep against the muddy cart-wheel, it give me such heart that I gained a greater heighth of reputation than ever, and I put Pickleson down (by the name of Mim's Traveling Giant otherwise Pickleson) for a fypunnote in my will.

This happiness went on in the cart till she was sixteen year old. By which time I began to feel not satisfied that I had done my whole duty by her, and to consider that she ought to have better teaching than I could give her. It drew a many tears on both sides when I commenced explaining my views to her; but what 's right is right, and you can't, neither by tears nor laughter, do away with its character.

So I took her hand in mine, and I went with her one day to the Deaf and Dumb Establishment in London, and when the gentleman come to speak to us I says to him: "Now I 'll tell you what I 'll do with you, sir. I

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am nothing but a Cheap Jack, but of late years I have laid by for a rainy day, notwithstanding. This is my only daughter (adopted), and you can't produce a deafer nor yet a dumber. Teach her the most that can be taught her, in the shortest separation that can be named, state the figure for it, and I am game to put the money down. I won't bate you a single farthing, sir, but I 'll put down the money here and now, and I 'll thankfully throw you in a pound to take it. There!" The gentleman smiled, and then, "Well, well," says he, "I must first know what she has learnt already. How do you communicate with her?" Then I showed him, and she wrote, in printed writing, many names of things, and so forth, and we held some sprightly conversation, Sophy and me, about a little story in a book which the gentleman showed her, and which she was able to read. "This is very extraordinary," says the gentleman; "is it possible that you have been her only teacher?" "I have been her only teacher, sir," I says, "besides herself." "Then," says the gentleman, and more acceptable words was never spoke to me, "you 're a clever fellow, and a good fellow." This he makes known to Sophy, who kisses his hands, claps her own, and laughs and cries upon it.

We saw the gentleman four times in all, and when he took down my name, and asked how in the world it ever chanced to be Doctor, it come out that he was own nephew by the sister's side, if you 'll believe me, to the very Doctor that I was called after. This made our footing still easier, and he says to me: —

"Now, Marigold, tell me what more do you want your adopted daughter to know?"

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"I want her, sir, to be cut off from the world as little as can be, considering her deprivations, and therefore to be able to read whatever is wrote, with perfect ease and pleasure."

"My good fellow," urges the gentleman, opening his eyes wide, "why, *I* can't do that myself!"

I took his joke and give him a laugh (knowing by experience how flat you fall without it), and I mended my words accordingly.

"What do you mean to do with her afterwards?" asks the gentleman, with a sort of a doubtful eye. "To take her about the country?"

"In the cart, sir, but only in the cart. She will live a private life, you understand, in the cart. I should never think of bringing her infirmities before the public. I would n't make a show of her for any money."

The gentleman nodded and seemed to approve.

"Well," says he, "can you part with her for two years?"

"To do her that good, — yes, sir."

"There 's another question," says the gentleman, looking towards her: "can she part with you for two years?"

I don't know that it was a harder matter of itself (for the other was hard enough to me), but it was harder to get over. However, she was pacified to it at last, and the separation betwixt us was settled. How it cut up both of us when it took place, and when I left her at the door in the dark of an evening, I don't tell. But I know this: remembering that night, I shall never pass that same establishment without a heartache and a swelling in the throat; and I could n't put you

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up the best of lots in sight of it with my usual spirit, — no, not for five hundred pound reward from the Secretary of State for the Home Department, and throw in the honor of putting my legs under his mahogany afterwards.

Still, the loneliness that followed in the cart was not the old loneliness, because there was a term put to it, however long to look forward to, and because I could think, when I was anyways down, that she belonged to me and I belonged to her. Always planning for her coming back, I bought in a few months' time another cart, and what do you think I planned to do with it? I 'll tell you. I planned to fit it up with shelves, and books for her reading, and to have a seat in it where I could sit and see her read, and think that I had been her first teacher. Not hurrying over the job, I had the fittings knocked together in contriving ways under my own inspection, and here was her bed in a berth with curtains, and there was her reading-table, and here was her writing-desk, and elsewhere was her books in rows upon rows, picters and no picters, bindings and no bindings, gilt-edged and plain, just as I could pick 'em up for her in lots up and down the country, North and South and West and East, Winds liked best and winds liked least, Here and there and gone astray, Over the hills and far away. And when I had got together pretty well as many books as the cart would neatly hold, a new scheme come into my head, which helped me over the two years' stile.

Without being of an awaricious temper, I like to be the owner of things. I should n't wish, for instance, to go partners with yourself in the Cheap Jack car

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It 's not that I mistrust you, but that I 'd rather know it was mine. Similarly, very likely, you 'd rather know it was yours. Well! A kind of jealousy began to creep into my mind when I reflected that all those books would have been read by other people long before they was read by her. It seemed to take away from her being the owner of 'em like. In this way the question got into my head, could n't I have a book new-made express for her, which she should be the first to read?

It pleased me, that thought did; and having formed the resolution, then come the question of a name. How did I hammer that hot iron into shape? This way. The most difficult explanation I had ever had with her was, how I came to be called Doctor, and yet was no Doctor. We had first discovered the mistake we had dropped into through her having asked me to prescribe for her when she had supposed me to be a Doctor in a medical point of view. So thinks I, "Now, if I give this book the name of my Prescriptions, and if she catches the idea that my only Prescriptions are for her amusement and interest, — to make her laugh in a pleasant way, or to make her cry in a pleasant way, — it will be a delightful proof to both of us that we have got over our difficulty." It fell out to absolute perfection.

But let me not anticipate. (I take that expression out of a lot of romances I bought for her. I never opened a single one of 'em, — and I have opened many, — but I found the romancer saying "let me not anticipate." Which being so, I wonder why he did anticipate, or who asked him to it.) Let me not, I say, anticipate. This same book took up all my spare time.

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At last it was done, and the two years' time was gone after all the other time before it, and where it's all gone to, who knows? The new cart was finished, — yellow outside, relieved with wermilion and brass fittings, — the old horse was put in it, a new un and a boy being laid on for the Cheap Jack cart, — and I cleaned myself up to go and fetch her.

"Marigold," says the gentleman, giving his hand hearty, "I am very glad to see you."

"Yet I have my doubts, sir," says I, "if you can be half as glad to see me as I am to see you."

"The time has appeared so long; has it, Marigold?"

"I won't say that, sir, considering its real length; but" —

"What a start, my good fellow!"

Ah! I should think it was! Grown such a woman, so pretty, so intelligent, so expressive! I knew then that she must be really like my child, or I could never have known her, standing quiet by the door.

"You are affected," says the gentleman, in a kindly manner.

"I feel, sir," says I, "that I am but a rough chap in a sleeved waistcoat."

"*I* feel," says the gentleman, "that it was you who raised her from misery and degradation, and brought her into communication with her kind. But why do we converse alone together, when we can converse so well with her? Address her in your own way."

"I am such a rough chap in a sleeved waistcoat, sir," says I, "and she is such a graceful woman, and she stands so quiet at the door!"

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"Try if she moves at the old sign," says the gentleman.

They had got it up together o' purpose to please me! For when I give her the old sign, she rushed to my feet, and dropped upon her knees, holding up her hands to me with pouring tears of love and joy; and when I took her hands and lifted her she clasped me round the neck and lay there; and I don't know what a fool I did n't make of myself, until we all three settled down into talking without sound, as if there was a something soft and pleasant spread over the whole world for us.

II.

EVERY item of my plan was crowned with success. Our reunited life was more than all that we had looked forward to. Content and joy went with us as the wheels of the two carts went round, and the same stopped with us when the two carts stopped. I was as pleased and proud as a pug-dog with his muzzle black-leaded for an evening party, and his tail extra curled by machinery.

But I had left something out of my calculations. Now, what had I left out? To help you to a guess, I 'll say, a figure. Come. Make a guess, and guess right. Naught? No. Nine? No. Eight? No. Seven? No. Six? No. Five? No. Four? No. Three? No. Two? No. One? No. Now I 'll tell you what I 'll do with you. I 'll say it 's another sort of a figure altogether. There. Why then, says you, it 's a mortal figure. No, nor yet a mortal figure. By such means you get yourself penned into a corner,

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and you can't help guessing a *im*mortal figure. That's about it. Why did n't you say so sooner?

Yes. It was a immortal figure that I had altogether left out of my calculations. Neither man's, nor woman's, but a child's. Girl's, or boy's? Boy's. "I, says the sparrow, with my bow and arrow." Now you have got it.

We were down at Lancaster, and I had done two nights' more than fair average business in the open square there. Mim's traveling giant otherwise Pickleson happened at the self-same time to be a trying it on in the town. The genteel lay was adopted with him. No hint of a van. Green baize alcove leading up to Pickleson in a Auction Room. Printed poster, "Free list suspended, with the exception of that proud boast of an enlightened country, a free press. Schools admitted by private arrangement. Nothing to raise a blush in the cheek of youth or shock the most fastidious." Mim swearing most horrible and terrific, in a pink calico pay-place, at the slackness of the public. Serious hand-bill in the shops, importing that it was all but impossible to come to a right understanding of the history of David without seeing Pickleson.

I went to the Auction Room in question, and I found it entirely empty of everything but echoes and mouldiness, with the single exception of Pickleson on a piece of red drugget. This suited my purpose, as I wanted a private and confidential word with him, which was: "Pickleson. Owing much happiness to you, I did put you in my will for a fypunnote; but, to save trouble, here's fourpunten down, which may equally suit your views, and let us so conclude the

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transaction." Pickleson, who up to that remark had had the dejected appearance of a long Roman rush-light that could n't anyhow get lighted, brightened up at his top extremity, and made his acknowledgments in a way which for him was parliamentary eloquence.

But what was to the present point in the remarks of the traveling giant, otherwise Pickleson, was this: "Doctor Marigold," — I give his words without a hope of conweying their feebleness, — "who is the strange young man that hangs about your carts?" "The strange young *man?*" I gives him back, thinking he meant her, and his languid circulation had dropped a syllable. "Doctor," he returns, with a pathos calculated to draw a tear from even a manly eye, "I am weak, but not so weak yet as that I don't know my words. I repeat them, Doctor. The strange young man." It then appeared that Pickleson, being forced to stretch his legs (not that they wanted it) only at times when he could n't be seen for nothing, to wit, in the dead of the night and towards daybreak, had twice seen, hanging about my carts, in that same town of Lancaster where I had been only two nights, this same unknown young man.

It put me rather out of sorts. Howsoever, I made light of it to Pickleson, and I took leave of Pickleson. Towards morning I kept a lookout for the strange young man, and, what was more, I saw the strange young man. He was well dressed and well looking. He loitered very nigh my carts, watching them like, as if he was taking care of them, and soon after daybreak turned and went away. I sent a hail after him; but he never started nor looked round, nor took the smallest notice.

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We left Lancaster within an hour or two, on our way towards Carlisle. Next morning at daybreak I looked out again for the strange young man. I did not see him. But next morning I looked out again, and there he was once more. I sent another hail after him, but as before he gave not the slightest sign of being anyways disturbed. This put a thought into my head. Acting on it, I watched him in different manners and at different times not necessary to enter into, till I found this strange young man was deaf and dumb.

The discovery turned me over, because I knew that a part of that establishment where she had been was allotted to young men (some of them well off), and I thought to myself, "If she favors him, where am I, and where is all that I have worked and planned for?" — hoping — I must confess to the selfishness — that she might *not* favor him. I set myself to find out. At last I was by accident present at a meeting between them in the open air, looking on, leaning behind a fir-tree, without their knowing of it. It was a moving meeting for all the three parties concerned. I knew every syllable that passed between them as well as they did. I listened with my eyes, which had come to be as quick and true with deaf and dumb conversation as my ears with the talk of people that can speak. He was a going out to China as clerk in a merchant's house, which his father had been before him. He was in circumstances to keep a wife, and he wanted her to marry him and go along with him. She persisted, no. He asked if she did n't love him? Yes, she loved him dearly, dearly, but she could never disappoint her beloved, good, noble, generous, and I-don't-know-what-all father (meaning me, the Cheap Jack in the sleeved

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waistcoat), and she would stay with him, Heaven bless him, though it was to break her heart! Then she cried most bitterly, and that made up my mind.

While my mind had been in an unsettled state about her favoring this young man, I had felt that unreasonable towards Pickleson that it was well for him he had got his legacy down. For I often thought, "If it had n't been for this same weak-minded giant, I might never have come to trouble my head and wex my soul about the young man." But once that I knew she loved him, — once that I had seen her weep for him, — it was a different thing. I made it right in my mind with Pickleson on the spot, and I shook myself together to do what was right by all.

She had left the young man by that time (for it took a few minutes to get me thoroughly well shook together), and the young man was leaning against another of the fir-trees, — of which there was a cluster, — with his face upon his arm. I touched him on the back. Looking up and seeing me, he says, in our deaf and dumb talk, "Do not be angry."

"I am not angry, good boy. I am your friend. Come with me."

I left him at the foot of the steps of the Library Cart, and I went up alone. She was drying her eyes.

"You have been crying, my dear."

"Yes, father."

"Why?"

"A headache."

"Not a heartache?"

"I said a headache, father."

"Doctor Marigold must prescribe for that headache."

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She took up the book of my Prescriptions, and held it up with a forced smile; but seeing me keep still and look earnest, she softly laid it down again, and her eyes were very attentive.

"The Prescription is not there, Sophy."

"Where is it?"

"Here, my dear."

I brought her young husband in, and I put her hand in his, and my only further words to both of them were these: "Doctor Marigold's last prescription. To be taken for life." After which I bolted.

When the wedding come off, I mounted a coat (blue, and bright buttons), for the first and last time in all my days, and I give Sophy away with my own hand. There were only us three and the gentleman who had had charge of her for those two years. I give the wedding dinner of four in the Library Cart: pigeon-pie, a leg of pickled pork, a pair of fowls, and suitable garden stuff. The best of drinks. I give them a speech, and the gentleman give us a speech, and all our jokes told, and the whole went off like a sky-rocket. In the course of the entertainment I explained to Sophy that I should keep the Library Cart as my living-cart when not upon the road, and that I should keep all her books for her just as they stood, till she come back to claim them. So she went to China with her young husband, and it was a parting sorrowful and heavy, and I got the boy I had another service, and so as of old, when my child and wife were gone, I went plodding along alone, with my whip over my shoulder, at the old horse's head.

Sophy wrote me many letters, and I wrote her many letters. About the end of the first year she sent me

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one in an unsteady hand: "Dearest father, not a week ago I had a darling little daughter, but I am so well that they let me write these words to you. Dearest and best father, I hope my child may not be deaf and dumb, but I do not yet know." When I wrote back, I hinted the question; but as Sophy never answered that question, I felt it to be a sad one, and I never repeated it. For a long time our letters were regular, but then they got irregular through Sophy's husband being moved to another station, and through my being always on the move. But we were in one another's thoughts, I was sure, letters or no letters.

Five years, odd months, had gone since Sophy went away. I was at a greater heighth of popularity than ever. I had had a first-rate autumn of it, and on the twenty-third of December, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four, I found myself at Uxbridge, Middlesex, clean sold out. So I jogged up to London with the old horse, light and easy, to have my Christmas eve and Christmas day alone by the fire in the Library Cart, and then to buy a regular new stock of goods all round, to sell 'em again and get the money.

I am a neat hand at cookery, and I 'll tell you what I knocked up for my Christmas-eve dinner in the Library Cart. I knocked up a beefsteak pudding for one, with two kidneys, a dozen oysters, and a couple of mushrooms, thrown in. It 's a pudding to put a man in good-humor with everything except the two bottom buttons of his waistcoat. Having relished that pudding and cleared away, I turned the lamp low, and sat down by the light of the fire, watching it as it shone upon the backs of Sophy's books.

Sophy's books so brought up Sophy's self that I

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saw her touching face quite plainly, before I dropped off dozing by the fire. This may be a reason why Sophy, with her deaf and dumb child in her arms, seemed to stand silent by me all through my nap. Even when I woke with a start, she seemed to vanish, as if she had stood by me in that very place only a single instant before.

I had started at a real sound, and the sound was on the steps of the cart. It was the light, hurried tread of a child, coming clambering up. That tread of a child had once been so familiar to me that for half a moment I believed I was a going to see a little ghost.

But the touch of a real child was laid upon the outer handle of the door, and the handle turned and the door opened a little way, and a real child peeped in, —a bright little comely girl, with large dark eyes.

Looking full at me, the tiny creature took off her mite of a straw hat, and a quantity of dark curls fell all about her face. Then she opened her lips, and said in a pretty voice: —

"Grandfather!"

"Ah my God!" I cries out. "She can speak!"

In a moment Sophy was round my neck as well as the child, and her husband was a wringing my hand with his face hid, and we all had to shake ourselves together before we could get over it. And when we did begin to get over it, and I saw the pretty child a talking, pleased and quick and eager and busy, to her mother, in the signs I had first taught her mother, the happy yet pitying tears fell rolling down my face.

NOTE. The shorter version of DOCTOR MARIGOLD, condensed by Dickens himself for his public readings, has been chosen for use here.

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A BRACE OF BOYS.

BY FITZ HUGH LUDLOW.

I AM a bachelor uncle. That, as a mere fact, might happen to anybody; but I am a bachelor uncle by internal fitness. I am one essentially, just as I am an individual of the Caucasian division of the human race; and if, through untoward circumstances, — which Heaven forbid! — I should lose my present position, I should n't be surprised if you saw me out in the "Herald" under "Situations Wanted — Males." Thanks to a marrying tendency in the rest of my family, I have now little need to advertise, all the business being thrown into my way which a single member of my profession can attend to.

I suppose you won't agree with me; but do you know, sometimes I think it 's better than having children of one's own? People tell me that I 'd feel very differently if I did have any. Perhaps so; but then, too, I might be unwise with them. I might bother them into mischief by trying to keep them out. I might be avaricious of them, — might be tempted to lock them up in my own stingy old nursery-chest instead of paying them out to meet the bills of humanity and keep the Lord's business moving. I might forget, when I

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had spent my life in fining their gold and polishing their graven-work, that they were still vessels for the Master's use, — I only the butler, — the sweetness and the spirit with which they brimmed all belonging to His lips who tasted bitterness for me. Then, if, seeking to drain another's wine, I raised the chalice to my lips and found it gall, or felt it steal into my old veins to poison the heart and paralyze the hand which had kept it from the Master, what further good would there be for me in the world? Who does n't know in some friend's house a closet containing that worst of skeletons, — the skeleton which, in becoming naked, grim, and ghastly, tears its way through our own flesh and blood?

To be an uncle is a different kind of thing. There you have nothing of the excitement of responsibility to shake your judgment. That 's what makes us bachelor uncles so much better judges of what 's good for children than their fathers and mothers. We know that nobody will blame us if our nephews unjoint their knuckles or cut their fingers off; so we give them five-bladed knives and boxing-gloves. This involves getting thanked at the time, which is pleasant; and if no catastrophe occurs, when they have grown stout and ingenious, with what calm satisfaction we hear people say, "See what a pretty wind-mill the child 's whittled out with Uncle Ned's birthday present!" or, "That boy 's grown an 'nch round the chest since you set him sparring!" Uncles never get stale. They don't come every day, like parents and plain pudding; they 're a sort of holiday relative, with a plummy, Christmas flavor about them. Everybody has n't got them; they 're not so rare as the meteoric showers, but as occasional as a partic-

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ularly fine day, and whenever they come to a house they 're in the nature of a pleasant surprise.

I meander, like a desultory, placid river of an old bachelor as I am, through the flowery mead of several nurseries. I am detained by all the little roots that run down into me to drink happiness, but I linger longest among the children of my sister Lu.

Lu married Mr. Lovegrove. He is a merchant, retired with a fortune amassed by the old-fashioned, slow processes of trade, and regards the mercantile life of the present day only as so much greed and gambling christianly baptized. For the ten years elapsing since he sold out of Lovegrove, Cashdown & Co., he has devoted himself to his family and a revival of letters, taking up again the Latin and Greek which he had not looked at since his college days until he dismissed teas and silks to adorn a suburban villa with the spectacle of a prime Christian parent and Pagan scholar. Lu is my favorite sister; Lovegrove an unusually good article of brother-in-law; and I cannot say that any of my nieces and nephews interest me more than their two children, Daniel and Billy, who are more unlike than words can paint them. They are far apart in point of years; Daniel is twenty-two, Billy eleven. I was reminded of this fact the other day by Billy, as he stood between my legs, scowling at his book of sums.

"'A boy has eighty-five turnips, and gives his sister thirty,' — pretty present for a girl, is n't it?" said Billy, with an air of supreme contempt. "Could *you* stand such stuff? Say!"

I put on my instructive face, and answered, —

"Well, my dear Billy, you know that arithmetic is necessary to you if you mean to be an industrious man

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and succeed in business. Suppose your parents were to lose all their property; what would become of them without a little son who could make money and keep accounts?"

"Oh!" said Billy, with surprise. "Has n't father got enough stamps to see him through?"

"He has now, I hope; but people don't always keep them. Suppose they should go by some accident, when your father was too old to make any more stamps for himself?" —

"You have n't thought of brother Daniel" —

True; for nobody ever had, in connection with the active employments of life.

"No, Billy," I replied, "I forgot him; but then, you know, Daniel is more of a student than a business man, and" —

"O Uncle Teddy! you don't think I mean he 'd support them? I meant I 'd have to take care of father and mother, and him too, when they 'd all got to be old people together. Just think! I 'm eleven, and he 's twenty-two; so he is just twice as old as I am. How old are you?"

"Forty, Billy, last August."

"Well, you are n't so awful old, and when I get to be as old as you Daniel will be eighty. Seth Kendall's grandfather is n't more than that, and he has to be fed with a spoon, and a nurse puts him to bed, and wheels him round in a chair, like a baby. That takes the stamps, *I* bet! Well, I 'll tell you how I 'll keep my accounts: I 'll have a stick, like Robinson Crusoe, and every time I make a toadskin I 'll gouge a piece out of one side of the stick, and every time I spend one I 'll gouge a piece out of the other."

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"Spend a *what?*" said the gentle and astonished voice of my sister Lu, who, unperceived, had slipped into the room.

"A toadskin, ma," replied Billy, shutting up Colburn with a farewell glance of contempt.

"Dear, dear! Where does the boy learn such horrid words?"

"Why, ma! Don't you know what a toadskin is? Here's one," said Billy, drawing a dingy five-cent stamp from his pocket. "And don't I wish I had lots of 'em!"

"Oh!" sighed his mother. "To think I should have a child so addicted to slang! How I wish he were like Daniel!"

"Well, mother," replied Billy, "if you wanted two boys just alike you'd oughter had twins. There ain't any use of my trying to be like Daniel now, when he's got eleven years the start. Whoop! There's a dog-fight; hear 'em! It's Joe Casey's dog, — I know his bark!"

With these words my nephew snatched his Glengarry bonnet from the table, and bolted down-stairs to see the fun.

"What will become of him?" said Lu, hopelessly. "He has no taste for anything but rough play; and then such language as he uses! Why *isn't* he like Daniel?"

"I suppose because his Maker never repeats Himself. Even twins often possess strongly marked individualities. Don't you think it would be a good plan to learn Billy better before you try to teach him? If you do, you'll make something as good of him as Daniel, though it will be rather different from that model."

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"Remember, Ned, that you never did like Daniel as well as you do Billy. But we all know the proverb about old maids' daughters and old bachelors' sons. I wish you had Billy for a month, — then you 'd see."

"I 'm not sure that I 'd do any better than you. I might err as much in other directions. But I 'd try to start right by acknowledging that he was a new problem, not to be worked without finding out the value of x in his particular instance. The formula which solves one boy will no more solve the next one than the rule of three will solve a question in calculus, — or, to rise into your sphere, than the receipt for one-two-three-four cake will conduct you to a successful issue through plum-pudding" —

I excel in metaphysical discussion, and was about giving further elaboration to my favorite idea, when the door burst open. Master Billy came tumbling in, with a torn jacket, a bloody nose, the trace of a few tears in his eyes, and the mangiest of cur dogs in his hands.

"Oh my! my!! my!!!" exclaimed his mother.

"Don't you get scared, ma!" cried Billy, smiling a stern smile of triumph. "I smashed the nose off him! He won't sass me again for nothing *this* while! Uncle Teddy, d' ye know, it was n't a dog-fight, after all? There was that nasty, good-for-nothing Joe Casey, 'n Patsy Grogan, and a lot of bad boys from Mackerelville; and they 'd caught this poor little ki-oodle and tied a tin pot to his tail, and were trying to set Joe's dog on him, though he 's ten times littler" —

"You naughty, naughty boy! How did you suppose your mother 'd feel to see you playing with those ragamuffins?"

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"Yes, I *played* 'em! I polished 'em, — that 's the play I did! Says I, 'Put down that poor little pup; ain't you ashamed of yourself, Patsy Grogan?' 'I guess you don't know who I am,' says he. That 's the way they always say, Uncle Teddy, to make a fellow think they 're some awful great fighters. So says I again, 'Well, you put down that dog, or I'll show you who *I* am; and when he held on I let him have. Then he dropped the pup, and as I stooped to pick it up he gave me one on the bugle."

"*Bugle!* Oh! oh! oh!"

"The rest pitched in to help him; but I grabbed the pup, and while I was trying to give as good as I got — only a fellow can't do it very well with only one hand, Uncle Teddy — up came a policeman, and the whole crowd ran away. So I got the dog safe, and here he is!"

With that Billy set down his "ki-oodle," bid farewell to every fear, and wiped his bleeding nose. The unhappy beast slunk back between the legs of his preserver and followed him out of the room, as Lu, with an expression of maternal despair, bore him away for the correction of his dilapidated raiment and depraved associations. I felt such sincere pride in this young Mazzini of the dog-nation that I was vexed at Lu for bestowing on him reproof instead of congratulation; but she was not the only conservative who fails to see a good cause and a heroic heart under a bloody nose and torn jacket. I resolved that if Billy was punished he should have his recompense before long in an extra holiday at Barnum's or the Hippotheatron.

You already have some idea of my other nephew, if you have noticed that none of us, not even that habit-

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ual disrespector of dignities, Billy, ever called him Dan. It would have seemed as incongruous as to call Billy William. He was one of those youths who never gave their parents a moment's uneasiness; who never had to have their wills broken, and never forgot to put on their rubbers or take an umbrella. In boyhood he was intended for a missionary. Had it been possible for him to go to Greenland's icy mountains without catching cold, or India's coral strand without getting bilious, his parents would have carried out their pleasing dream of contributing him to the world's evangelization. Lu and Mr. Lovegrove had no doubt that he would have been greatly blessed if he could have stood it. They brought him up in the most careful manner, and I cannot recollect the time when he was not president, secretary, or something in some society of small yet good children. He was not only an exemplar to whom all Lu's friends pointed their own nursery as the little boy who could say most hymns and sit stillest in church, but he was a reproof even unto his elders. One Sunday afternoon, in the Connecticut village where my brother-in-law used to spend his summers, when half the congregation were slumbering under the combined effect of the heat, a lunch of cheese and apples, and the sermon, my nephew, then aged five, sat bolt upright in the pew, winkless as a deacon hearing a new candidate suspected of shakiness on "a card'nal p'int," and mortified almost to death poor old Mrs. Pringle, who, compassionating his years, had handed him a sprig of her "meetin' seed" over the back of the seat, by saying, in a loud and stern voice, —

"I don't eat things in church."

I should have spanked the boy when I got home, but

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Lu, with tears in her eyes, quoted something about the mouths of babes and sucklings.

Both she and his father always encouraged old manners in him. I think they took such pride in raising a peculiarly pale boy as a gardener does in getting a nice blanch on his celery, and so long as he was not absolutely sick the graver he was the better. He was a sensitive plant, a violet by a mossy stone, and all that sort of thing. But when in his tenth year he had the measles, and was narrowly carried through, Lu got a scare about him. During his convalescence, reading aloud a life of Henry Martyn to amuse him, she found in it a picture of that young apostle preaching to a crowd of Hindoos without any boots on. An American mother's association of such behavior with croup and ipecac was too strong to be counteracted by known climatic facts; and from that hour, as she never had before, Lu realized that being a missionary might involve going to carry the gospel to the heathen in your stocking-feet.

When they had decided that such a life would not do for him, his training had almost entirely unfitted him for any other active calling. The strict propriety with which he had been brought up had resulted in weak lungs, poor digestion, sluggish circulation, and torpid liver. Moreover, he was troubled with the painfulest bashfulness which ever made a mother think her child too ethereal, or a dispassionate outsider regard him too flimsy, for this world. These were weights enough to carry, even if he had not labored under that heaviest of all, a well-stored mind.

No misnomer that last to any one who has ever frequented the Atlantic Docks, or seen storage in any

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large port of entry. How does a store-house look? It's a vast, dark, cold chamber, — dust an inch deep on the floor, cobwebs festooning the girders, — and piled from floor to ceiling, on the principle of getting the largest bulk into the least room, with barrels, boxes, bales, baskets, chests, crates, and carboys, — merchandise of all description, from the roughest raw material to the most exquisite *choses de luxe*. The inmost layers are inextricable without pulling down the outer ones. If you want a particular case of broadcloth you must clear yourself an alley-way through a hundred tierces of hams, and last week's entry of clayed sugars is inaccessible without tumbling on your head a mountain of Yankee notions.

In my nephew's unfortunate youth such storage as this had minds. As long as the crown of his brain's arch was not crushed in by some intellectual Furman-street disaster, those stevedores of learning, the schoolmasters, kept on unloading the Rome and Athens lighters into a boy's crowded skull, and breaking out of the hold of that colossal old junk, The Pure Mathematics, all the formulas which could be crowded into the interstices between his Latin and Greek.

At the time I introduce Billy both Lu and her husband were much changed. They had gained a great deal in width of view and liberality of judgment. They read Dickens and Thackeray with avidity; went now and then to the opera; proposed to let Billy take a quarter at Dodworth's; had statues in their parlor without any thought of shame at their lack of petticoats, and did multitudes of things which, in their early married life, they would have considered shocking. Part of this change was due to the great increase of travel,

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the wonderful progress in art and refinement which has enlarged this generation's thought and corrected its ignorant opinions; infusing cosmopolitanism into our manners by a revolution so gradual that its subjects were a new people before their combativeness became alarmed, yet so rapid that a man of thirty can scarcely believe his birthday, and questions whether he has not added his life up wrong by a century or so when he compares his own boyhood with that of the present day. But a good deal of the transformation resulted from the means of gratifying elegant tastes, the comfort, luxury, and culture which came with Lovegrove's retirement on a fortune. They had mellowed on the sunny shelves of prosperity like every good thing which has an astringent skin when it is green. They would greatly have liked to see Daniel shine in society. Of his erudition they were proud even to worship. The young man never had any business, and his father never seemed to think of giving him any, knowing, as Billy would say, that he had stamps enough to "see him through." If Daniel liked, his father would have endowed a professorship in some college and given him the chair; but that would have taken him away from his own room and the family physician.

Daniel knew how much his parents wished him to make a figure in the world, and only blamed himself for his failure, magnanimously forgetting that they had crushed out the faculties which enable a man to mint the small change of every-day society, in the exclusive cultivation of such as fit him for smelting its ponderous ingots. With that merciful blindness which alone prevents all our lives from becoming a horror of nerveless self-reproach, his parents were equally unaware of their

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share in the harm done him, when they ascribed to delicate organization the fact that, at an age when love runs riot in all healthy blood, he could not see a Balmoral without his cheeks rivaling the most vivid stripe in it. They flattered themselves that he would outgrow his bashfulness; but Daniel had no such hope, and frequently confided in me that he thought he should never marry at all.

About two hours after Billy's disappearance under his mother's convoy, the defender of the oppressed returned to my room, bearing the dog under his arm. His cheeks shone with washing like a pair of waxy spitzenbergs, and other indignities had been offered him to the extent of the brush and comb. He also had a whole jacket on.

"Well, Billy," said I, "what are you going to do with your dog?"

"I don't know what I am a-going to do. I've a great mind to be a bad, disobedient boy with him, and *not* have my days long in the land which the Lord my God giveth me."

"O Billy!"

"I can't help it. They won't be long if I don't mind ma, she says; and she wants me to be mean, and put Crab out in the street to have Patsy catch him and tie coffee-pots to his tail. I—I—I"—

Here my small nephew dug his fist into his eye and looked down.

I told Billy to stop where he was, and went to intercede with Lu. She was persuaded to entertain the angels of magnanimity and heroism in the disguise of a young fighting character, and accept my surety for the behavior of his dog. Billy and I also obtained permis-

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sion to go out together and be gone the entire afternoon. We put Crab on a comfortable bed of rags in an old shoe-box, and then strolled hand in hand across that most delightful of New York breathing-places, Stuyvesant Square.

"Uncle Teddy!" exclaimed Billy, with ardor, "I wish I could do something to show you how much I think of you for being so good to me. I don't know how. Would it make you happy if I was to learn a hymn for you, — a smashing big hymn, — six verses, long metre, and no grumbling?"

"No, Billy; you make me happy enough just by being a good boy."

"Oh, Uncle Teddy!" replied Billy, decidedly, "I 'm afraid I can't do it. I've tried so often, and I always make such an awful mess of it."

"Perhaps you get discouraged too easily" —

"Well, if a savings-bank won't do it there ain't any chance for a boy. I got father to get me a savings-bank once, and began being good just as hard as ever I could for three cents a day. Every night I got 'em I put 'em in reg'lar, and sometimes I 'd keep being good three whole days running. That made a sight of money, I tell you. Then I 'd do something, ma said, to kick my pail of milk over, and those nights I did n't get anything. I used to put in most of my marble and candy money, too."

"What were you going to do with it?"

"It was for an Objeck, Uncle Teddy. That 's a kind of Indian, you know, that eats people and wants the gospel. That 's what pa says, any way; I did n't ever see one."

"Well, did n't that make you happy, — to help the poor little heathen children?"

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"That 's just it, Uncle Teddy; they never got a cent of it. One time I was good so long I got scared. I was afraid I 'd never want to fly my kite on the roof again, or go anywhere where I ought n't, or have any fun. I could n't see any use of going and saving all my money to send out to the Objecks, if it was going to make good boys of 'em. It was awful hard for me to have to be a good boy, and it must be worse for them, 'cause they ain't used to it. So when there was n't anybody upstairs I went and shook a lot of pennies out of my chimney, and bought ever so much taffy, and marbles, and pop-corn. Was that awful mean, Uncle Teddy ?"

The question involved such complications that I hesitated. Before I could decide what to answer, Billy continued :—

"Ma said it was robbing the heathen, and did n't I I get it ! I thought if it was robbing, I 'd have a cop after me."

"What 's a 'cop' ?"

"That 's what the boys call a policeman, Uncle Teddy ; and then I should be taken away and put in an awful black place under ground, like Johnny Wilson, when he broke Mrs. Perkins's window. I was scared, I tell you ! But I did n't get anything worse than a whipping and having my savings-bank taken away from me with all that was left in it. I have n't tried to be good since, much."

We now got into a Broadway stage going down, and, being unable, on account of the noise, to converse further upon those spiritual conflicts of Billy's which so much interested me, amused ourselves with looking out, until just as we reached the Astor House, when he asked me where we were going.

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"Where do you guess?" said I.

He cast a glance through the front window, and his face became irradiated. Oh, there 's nothing like the simple, cheap luxury of pleasing a child, to create sunshine enough for the chasing away of the bluest adult devils!

"We 're going to Barnum's!" said Billy, involuntarily clapping his hands.

So we were; and, much as stuck-up people pretend to look down on the place, I frequently am. Not only so, but I always see that class largely represented there when I do go. To be sure, they always make believe that they only come to amuse the children, or because they 've country cousins visiting them, and never fail to refer to the vulgar set one finds there, and the fact of the animals smelling like anything but Jockey-Club; yet I notice that after they 've been in the hall three minutes they 're as much interested as any of the people they come to poh-poh, and only put on the high-bred air when they fancy some of their own class are looking at them. I boldly acknowledge that I go because I like it. I am especially happy, to be sure, if I have a child along to go into ecstasies, and give me a chance, by asking questions, for the exhibition of that fund of information which is said to be one of my chief charms in the social circle, and on several occasions has led that portion of the public immediately about the Happy Family into the erroneous impression that I was Mr. Barnum explaining his five hundred thousand curiosities.

On the present occasion we found several visitors of the better class in the room devoted to the Aquarium. Among these was a young lady apparently about nine-

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teen, in a tight-fitting basque of black velvet, which showed her elegant figure to fine advantage, a skirt of garnet silk looped up over a pretty Balmoral, and the daintiest imaginable pair of kid walking-boots. Her height was a trifle over the medium; her eyes a soft, expressive brown, shaded by masses of hair which exactly matched their color, and, at that rat-and-miceless day, fell in such graceful abandon as to show at once that nature was the only maid who crimped their waves into them. Her complexion was rosy with health and sympathetic enjoyment; her mouth was faultless, her nose sensitive, her manners full of refinement, and her voice musical as a wood-robin's, when she spoke to the little boy of six at her side, to whom she was revealing the palace of the great show-king. Billy and I were flattening our noses against the abode of the balloon-fish, and determining whether he looked most like a horse-chestnut burr or a ripe cucumber, when his eyes and my own simultaneously fell on the child and lady. In a moment, to Billy, the balloon-fish was as though he had not been.

"That 's a pretty little boy!" said I. And then I asked Billy one of those senseless routine questions which must make children look at us, regarding the scope of our intellects, very much as we look at Bushmen.

"How would you like to play with him?"

"Him!" replied Billy, scornfully. "That 's his first pair of boots; see him pull up his little breeches to show the red tops to 'em! But, crackey! is n't *she* a smasher!"

After that we visited the wax figures and the sleepy snakes, the learned seal and the glass-blowers. When-

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ever we passed from one room into another, Billy could be caught looking anxiously to see if the pretty girl and child were coming, too.

Time fails me to describe how Billy was lost in astonishment at the Lightning Calculator, — wanted me to beg the secret of that prodigy for him to do his sums by, — finally thought he had discóvered it, and resolved to keep his arm whirling all the time he studied his arithmetic lesson the next morning. Equally inadequate is it to relate in full how he became so confused among the wax-works that he pinched the solemnest showman's legs to see if he was real, and perplexed the beautiful Circassian to the verge of idiocy by telling her he had read all about the way they sold girls like her in his geography.

We had reached the stairs to that subterranean chamber in which the Behemoth of Holy Writ was wallowing about without a thought of the dignity which one expects from a canonical character. Billy had always languished upon his memories of this diverting beast, and I stood ready to see him plunge headlong the moment that he read the sign-board at the head of the stairs. When he paused and hesitated there, not seeming at all anxious to go down till he saw the pretty girl and the child following after, a sudden intuition flashed across me. Could it be possible that Billy was caught in that vortex which whirled me down at ten years, — a little boy's first love?

We were lingering about the elliptical basin, and catching occasional glimpses between bubbles of a vivified hair trunk of monstrous compass, whose knobby lid opened at one end and showed a red morocco lining, when the pretty girl, in leaning over to point out

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the rising monster, dropped into the water one of her little gloves, and the swash made by the hippopotamus drifted it close under Billy's hand. Either in play or as a mere coincidence the animal followed it. The other children about the tank screamed and started back as he bumped his nose against the side; but Billy manfully bent down and grabbed the glove not an inch from one of his big tusks, then marched round the tank and presented it to the lady with a chivalry of manner in one of his years quite surprising.

"That 's a real nice boy, — you said so, did n't you, Lottie? — and I wish he 'd come and play with me," said the little fellow by the young lady's side, as Billy turned away, gracefully thanked, to come back to me with his cheeks roseate with blushes.

As he heard this, Billy idled along the edge of the tank for a moment; then faced about and said, —

"P'raps I will some day. Where do you live?"

"I live on East Seventeenth Street, with papa, — and Lottie stays there, too, now, — she 's my cousin. Where d 'you live?"

"Oh, I live close by, — right on that big green square, where I guess the nurse takes you once in a while," said Billy, patronizingly. Then looking up pluckily at the young lady, he added, "I never saw you out there."

"No; Jimmy's papa has only been in his new house a little while, and I 've just come to visit him."

"Say, will you come and play with me some time?" chimed in the inextinguishable Jimmy. "I 've got a cooking-stove — for real fire — and blocks and a ball with a string."

Billy, who belonged to a club for the practice of the

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great American game, and was what A. Ward would call the most superior battist among the I. G. B. B. C., or "Infant Giants," smiled from that altitude upon Jimmy, but promised to go and play with him the next Saturday afternoon.

Late that evening, after we had got home and dined, as I sat in my room over Pickwick with a sedative cigar, a gentle knock at the door told of Daniel. I called, "Come in!" and entering with a slow, dejected air, he sat down by my fire. For ten minutes he remained silent, though occasionally looking up as if about to speak, then dropping his head again to ponder on the coals. Finally I laid down Dickens, and spoke myself.

"You don't seem well to-night, Daniel?"

"I don't feel very well, uncle."

"What's the matter, my boy?"

"Oh — ah — I don't know. That is, I wish I knew how to tell you."

I studied him for a few moments with kindly curiosity, then answered, —

"Perhaps I can save you the trouble by cross-examining it out of you. Let's try the method of elimination. I know that you're not harassed by any economical considerations, for you've all the money you want; and I know that ambition doesn't trouble you, for your tastes are scholarly. This narrows down the investigation of your symptoms — listlessness, general dejection, and all — to three causes, — Dyspepsia, Religious Conflicts, Love. Now, is your digestion awry?"

"No, sir, good as usual. I'm not melancholy on religion, and" —

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"You don't tell me you 're in love?"

"Well — yes — I suppose that 's about it, Uncle Teddy."

I took a long breath to recover from my astonishment at this unimaginable revelation, then said, —

"Is your feeling returned?"

"I really don't know, uncle. I don't believe it is. I don't see how it can be. I never did anything to make her love me. What is there in me to love! I've borne nothing for her, — that is, nothing that could do her any good, — though I 've endured on her account, I may say, anguish. So, look at it any way you please, I neither am, do, nor suffer anything that can get a woman's love."

"Oh, you man of learning! Even in love you tote your grammar along with you, and arrange a divine passion under the active, passive, and neuter!"

Daniel smiled faintly.

"You 've no idea, Uncle Teddy, that you are twitting on facts; but you hit the truth there; indeed, you do. If she were a Greek or Latin woman I could talk Anacreon or Horace to her. If women only understood the philosophy of the flowers as well as they do the poetry" —

"Thank God they don't, Daniel!" sighed I devoutly.

"Never mind; in that case I could entrance her for hours, talking about the grounds of difference between Linnæus and Jussieu. Women like the star business, they say, and I could tell her where all the constellations are; but sure as I tried to get off any sentiment about them, I 'd break down and make myself ridiculous. But what earthly chance would the

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greatest philosopher that ever lived have with the woman he loved, if he depended for her favor on his ability to analyze her bouquet, or tell her when she might look out for the next occultation of Orion? I can't talk bread-and-butter talk. I can't do anything that makes a man even tolerable to a woman!"

"I hope you don't mean that nothing but bread-and-butter talk is tolerable to a woman!"

"No; but it 's necessary to some extent, — at any rate, the ability is, — in order to succeed in society; and it 's in society men first meet and strike women. And O Uncle Teddy! I 'm such a fish out of water in society! — such a dreadful floundering fish! When I see her dancing gracefully as a swan swims, and feel that fellows, like little Jack Mankyn, who 'don't know twelve times,' can dance to her perfect admiration; when I see that she likes ease of manners, — and all sorts of men without an idea in their heads have that, — while I turn all colors when I speak to her, and am clumsy, and abrupt, and abstracted, and bad at repartee, Uncle Teddy! sometimes though, — it seems so ungrateful to father and mother, who have spent such pains for me, — sometimes, do you know, it seems to me as if I 'd exchange all I 've ever learned for the power to make a good appearance before her!"

"Daniel, my boy, it 's too much a matter of reflection with you! A woman is not to be taken by laying plans. If you love the lady (whose name I don't ask you, because I know you 'll tell me as soon as you think best), you must seek her companionship until you 're well enough acquainted with her to have her regard you as something different from the men whom she meets merely in society, and judge your qualities by

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another standard than that she applies to them. If she 's a sensible girl (and God forbid you should marry her otherwise!), she knows that people can't always be dancing, or holding fans, or running after orange-ice. If she 's a girl capable of appreciating your best points (and woe to you if you marry a girl who can't!), she 'll find them out upon closer intimacy, and, once found, they 'll a hundred times outweigh all brilliant advantages kept in the show-case of fellows who have nothing on the shelves. When this comes about, you will pop the question unconsciously, and, to adapt Milton, she 'll drop into your lap 'gathered, — not harshly plucked.' "

"I know that 's sensible, Uncle Teddy, and I 'll try. Let me tell you the sacredest of secrets: regularly every day of my life I send her a little poem fastened round the prettiest bouquet I can get at Hanft's."

"Does she know who sends them?"

"She can't have any idea. The German boy that takes them knows not a word of English except her name and address. You 'll forgive me, uncle, for not mentioning her name yet? You see she may despise or hate me some day when she knows who it is that has paid her these attentions; and then I 'd like to be able to feel that at least I 've never hurt her by any absurd connection with myself."

"Forgive you? Nonsense! The feeling does your heart infinite credit, though a little counsel with your head would show you that your only absurdity is self-depreciation."

Daniel bid me good-night. As I put out my cigar and went to bed, my mind reverted to the dauntless

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little Hotspur who had spent the afternoon with me, and reversed his mother's wish, thinking, —

"Oh, if Daniel were more like Billy!"

It was always Billy's habit to come and sit with me while I smoked my after-breakfast cigar, but the next morning did not see him enter my room till St. George's hands pointed to a quarter of nine.

"Well, Billy Boy Blue, come blow your horn; what haystack have you been under till this time of day? We shan't have a minute to look over our spelling together, and I know a boy who 's going in for promotion next week. Have you had your breakfast, and taken care of Crab?"

"Yes, sir; but I did n't feel like getting up this morning."

"Are you sick?"

"No-o-o — it is n't that; but you 'll laugh at me if I tell you."

"Indeed I won't, Billy!"

"Well," — his voice dropped to a whisper, and he stole close to my side, — "I had such a nice dream about *her* just the last thing before the bell rang; and when I woke up I felt so queer, — so kinder good and kinder bad, — and I wanted to see her so much that if I had n't been a big boy I believe I should have blubbered. I tried ever so much to go to sleep and see her again; but the more I tried the more I could n't. After all, I had to get up without it, though I did n't want any breakfast, and only ate two buckwheat cakes, when I always eat six, you know, Uncle Teddy. Can you keep a secret?"

"Yes, dear, so you could n't get it out of me if you were to shake me upside-down like a savings-bank."

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"Oh, ain't you mean! That was when I was small I did that. I'll tell you the secret, though, — that girl and I are going to get married. I mean to ask her the first chance I get. Oh, is n't she a smasher!"

"My dear Billy, shan't you wait a little while to see if you always like her as well as you do now? Then, too, you 'll be older."

"I 'm old enough, Uncle Teddy, and I love her dearly! I 'm as old as the kings of France used to be when they got married, — I read it in Abbott's histories. But there 's the clock striking nine! I must run, or I shall get a tardy mark, and perhaps she 'll want to see my certificate some time."

So saying, he kissed me on the cheek, and set off for school as fast as his legs could carry him. O Love, omnivorous Love, that sparest neither the dotard leaning on his staff nor the boy with pantaloons buttoning on his jacket; omnipotent Love, that, after parents and teachers have failed, in one instant can make Billy try to become a good boy!

With both of my nephews hopelessly enamored, and myself the confidant of both, I had my hands full. Daniel was generally dejected and distrustful; Billy buoyant and jolly. Daniel found it impossible to overcome his bashfulness; was spontaneous only in sonnets, brilliant only in bouquets. Billy was always coming to me with pleasant news, told in his slangy New York boy vernacular. One day he would exclaim, "Oh, I 'm getting on prime! I got such a smile off her this morning as I went by the window!" Another day he wanted counsel how to get a valentine to her, because it was too big to shove in a lamp-post, and she might catch him if he left it on the steps, rang the bell,

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and ran away. Daniel wrote his own valentine; but, despite its originality, that document gave him no such comfort as Billy got from twenty-five cents' worth of embossed paper, pink Cupids, and doggerel. Finally, Billy announced to me that he had been to play with Jimmy, and got introduced to his girl.

Shortly after this Lu gave what they call "a little company," — not a party, but a reunion of forty or fifty people with whom the family were well acquainted, several of them living in our immediate neighborhood. There was a goodly proportion of young folk, and there was to be dancing; but the music was limited to a single piano played by the German exile usual on such occasions, and the refreshments did not rise to the splendor of a costly supper. This kind of compromise with fashionable gayety was wisely deemed by Lu the best method of introducing Daniel to the *beau monde*, — a push given the timid eaglet by the maternal bird, with a soft tree-top between him and the vast expanse of society. How simple was the entertainment may be inferred from the fact that Lu felt somewhat discomposed when she got a note from one of her guests asking leave to bring along her niece, who was making her a few weeks' visit. As a matter of course, however, she returned answer to bring the young lady, and welcome.

Daniel's dressing-room having been given up to the gentlemen, I invited him to make his toilet in mine, and, indeed, wanting him to create a favorable impression, became his valet *pro tem.*, tying his cravat, and teasing the divinity-student look out of his side-hair. My little dandy Billy came in for another share of attention, and when I managed to button his jacket for

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him so that it showed his shirt-studs "like a man's," Count d'Orsay could not have felt a more pleasing sense of his sufficiency for all the demands of the gay world.

When we reached the parlor we found Pa and Ma Lovegrove already receiving. About a score of guests had arrived. Most of them were old married couples, which, after paying their devoirs, fell in two like unriveted scissors, — the gentlemen finding a new pivot in pa and the ladies in ma, where they mildly opened and shut upon such questions as severally concerned them, such as "the way gold closed," and "how the children were."

Besides the old married people, there were several old young men of distinctly hopeless and unmarried aspect, who, having nothing in common with the other class, nor sufficient energy of character to band themselves for mutual protection, hovered dejectedly about the arch pillars, or appeared to be considering whether, on the whole, it would not be feasible and best to sit down on the centre-table. These subsisted upon such crumbs of comfort as Lu could get an occasional chance to throw them by rapid sorties of conversation, — became galvanically active the moment they were punched up, and fell flat the moment the punching was remitted. I did all I could for them, but, having Daniel in tow, dared not sail too near the edge of the Doldrums, lest he should drop into sympathetic stagnation and be taken preternaturally bashful, with his sails all aback, just as I wanted to carry him gallantly into action with some clipper-built cruiser of a nice young lady. Finally, Lu bethought herself of that last plank for drowning conversationists, the photograph album.

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the dejected young men made for it at once, some reaching it just as they were about to sink for the last time, but all getting a grip on it somehow, and staying there in company with other people's babies whom they didn't know, and celebrities whom they knew to death, until, one by one, they either stranded upon a motherly dowager by the Fire-place Shoals, or were rescued from the Sofa Reef by some gallant wrecker of a strong-minded young lady, with a view to taking salvage out of them in the German.

Besides these were already arrived a dozen nice little boys and girls, who had been invited to make it pleasant for Billy. I had to remind him of the fact that they were his guests, for, in comparison with the queen of his affections, they were in danger of being despised by him as small fry.

The younger ladies and gentlemen — those who had fascinations to disport, or were in the habit of disporting what they considered such — were probably still at home consulting the looking-glass, until that oracle should announce the auspicious moment for their setting forth.

Daniel was in conversation with a perfect godsend of a girl, who understood Latin and had begun Greek. Billy was taking a moment's vacation from his boys and girls, busy with "Old Maid" in the extension-room, and whispering, with his hand in mine, "Oh, don't I wish *she* were here!" when a fresh invoice of ladies, just unpacked from the dressing-room in all the airy elegance of evening costume, floated through the door. I heard Lu say, —

"Ah, Mrs. Rumbullion! Happy to see your niece, too. How d'ye do, Miss Pilgrim?"

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At this last word Billy jumped as if he had been shot, and the bevy of ladies opening about sister Lu disclosed the charming face and figure of the pretty girl we had met at Barnum's.

Billy's countenance rapidly changed from astonishment to joy.

"Is n't that splendid, Uncle Teddy? Just as I was wishing it! It 's just like the fairy books!" and rushing up to the party of new-comers, "My dear Lottie!" cried he, "if I 'd only known you were coming, I 'd have gone after you!"

As he caught her by the hand I was pleased to see her soft eyes brighten with gratification at his enthusiasm, but my sister Lu looked on, naturally, with astonishment in every feature.

"Why, Billy!" said she, "you ought not to call a strange young lady '*Lottie*'! Miss Pilgrim, you must excuse my wild boy" —

"And you must excuse my mother, Lottie," said Billy, affectionately patting Miss Pilgrim's rose kid, "for calling you a strange young lady. You are not strange at all, — you 're just as nice a girl as there is."

"There are no excuses necessary," said Miss Pilgrim, with a bewitching little laugh. "Billy and I know each other intimately well, Mrs. Lovegrove; and I confess that when I heard the lady aunt had been invited to visit was his mother I felt all the more willing to infringe etiquette this evening by coming where I had no previous introduction."

"Don't you care!" said Billy, encouragingly. "I 'll introduce you to every one of our family; I know 'em, if you don't."

At this moment I came up as Billy's reinforcement,

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and fearing lest in his enthusiasm he might forget the canon of society which introduces a gentleman to a lady, not the lady to him, I ventured to suggest it delicately by saying, —

"Billy, will you grant me the favor of a presentation to Miss Pilgrim?"

"In a minute, Uncle Teddy," answered Billy, considerably lowering his voice. "The older people first;" and after this reproof I was left to wait in the cold until he had gone through the ceremony of introducing to the young lady his father and his mother.

Billy, who had now assumed entire guardianship of Miss Pilgrim, with an air of great dignity intrusted her to my care, and left us promenading while he went in search of Daniel. I myself looked in vain for that youth, whom I had not seen since the entrance of the last comers. Miss Pilgrim and I found a congenial common ground in Billy, whom she spoke of as one of the most delightfully original boys she had ever met; in fact, altogether the most fascinating young gentleman she had seen in New York society. You may be sure it was n't Billy's left ear which burned when I made my responses.

In five minutes he reappeared to announce, in a tone of disappointment, that he could find Daniel nowhere. He could see a light through his key-hole, but the door was locked, and he could get no admittance. Just then Lu came up to present a certain — no, an uncertain — young man of the fleet stranded on parlor furniture earlier in the evening. To Lu's great astonishment Miss Pilgrim asked Billy's permission to leave him. It was granted with all the courtesy of a *preux chevalier*, on the condition, readily assented to by the lady, that

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she should dance one Lancers with him during the evening.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Lu, after Billy had gone back, like a superior being, to assist at the childish amusement of his contemporaries. "Would anybody ever suppose that was our Billy?"

"I should, my dear sister," said I, with proud satisfaction; "but you remember I always was just to Billy."

Left free, I went myself to hunt up Daniel. I found his door locked and a light showing through the key-hole, as Billy had stated. I made no attempt to enter by knocking; but going to my room and opening the window next his, leaned out as far as I could, shoved up his sash with my cane, and pushed aside his curtain. Such an unusual method of communication could not fail to bring him to the window with a rush. When he saw me he trembled like a guilty thing, his countenance fell, and, no longer able to feign absence, he unlocked his door and let me enter by the normal mode.

"Why, Daniel Lovegrove, my nephew, what does this mean? Are you sick?"

"Uncle Edward, I am not sick, — and this means that I am a fool. Even a little boy like Billy puts me to shame. I feel humbled to the very dust. I wish I'd been a missionary and got massacred by savages. Oh, that I'd been permitted to wear damp stockings in childhood, or that my mother had n't carried me through the measles! If it were n't wrong to take my life into my own hands, I'd open that window, and — and — sit in a draught this very evening! Oh, yes! I'm just that bitter! Oh, oh, oh!"

And Daniel paced the floor with strides of frenzy.

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"Well, my dear fellow, let 's look at the matter calmly a minute. What brought on this sudden attack? You seemed doing well enough the first ten minutes after we came down. I was only out of your sight long enough to speak to the Rumbullion party, who had just come in, and when I turned around you were gone. Now you are in this fearful condition. What is there in the Rumbullions to start you off on such a bender of bashfulness as this which I here behold?"

"Rumbullion, indeed!" said Daniel. "A hundred Rumbullions could not make me feel as I do. But *she* can shake me into a whirlwind with her little finger; and *she* came with the Rumbullions!"

"What! D' you — Miss Pilgrim?"

"Miss Pilgrim!"

I labored with Daniel for ten minutes, using every encouragement and argument I could think of, and finally threatened him that I would bring up the whole Rumbullion party, Miss Pilgrim included, telling them that he had invited them to look at his conchological cabinet, unless he instantly shook the ice out of his manner and accompanied me down-stairs. This dreadful menace had the desired effect. He knew that I would not scruple to fulfill it; and at the same time that it made him surrender it also provoked him with me to a degree which gave his eyes and cheeks as fine a glow as I could have wished for the purpose of a favorable impression. The stimulus of wrath was good for him, and there was little tremor in his knees when he descended the stairs. Well-a-day! So Daniel and Billy were rivals!

The latter gentleman met us at the foot of the staircase.

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"Oh, there you are, Daniel!" said he, cheerily. "I was just going to look after you and Uncle Teddy. We 've wanted you for the dances. We 've had the Lancers twice and three round dances; and I danced the second Lancers with Lottie. Now we 're going to play some games, — to amuse the children, you know," he added, loftily, with the adult gesture of pointing his thumb over his shoulder at the extension-room. Lottie 's going to play, too; so will you and Daniel, won't you, uncle? Oh, here comes Lottie now! This is my brother, Miss Pilgrim, — let me introduce him to you. I 'm sure you 'll like him. There 's nothing he don't know."

Miss Pilgrim had just come to the newel-post of the staircase, and, when she looked into Daniel's face, blushed like the red, red rose, losing her self-possession perceptibly more than Daniel.

The courage of weak warriors and timid gallants mounts as the opposite party's falls, and Daniel made out to say, in a firm tone, that it was long since he had enjoyed the pleasure of meeting Miss Pilgrim.

"Not since Mrs. Cramcroud's last sociable, I think," replied Miss Pilgrim, her cheeks and eyes still playing the tell-tale.

"Oho! so you don't want any introduction!" exclaimed Master Billy. "I did n't know you knew each other, Lottie?"

"I have met Mr. Lovegrove in society. Shall we go and join in the plays?"

"To be sure we shall!" cried Billy. "You need n't mind, — all the grown people are going to."

On entering the parlor we found it as he had said. The guests being almost all well acquainted with each

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other, at the solicitation of jolly little Mrs. Bloomingal, sister Lu had consented to make a pleasant Christmas kind of time of it, in which everybody was permitted to be young again, and romp with the rompiest. We played blindman's-buff till we were tired of that, — Daniel, to Lu's great delight, coming out splendidly as blindman, and evincing such "cheek" in the style he hunted down and caught the ladies as satisfied me that nothing but his eyesight stood in the way of his making an audacious figure in the world. Then a pretty little girl, Tilly Turtelle, who seemed quite a premature flirt, proposed "door-keeper," a suggestion accepted with great *éclat* by all the children, several grown people assenting.

To Billy — quite as much on account of his shining prominence in the executive faculties as of his character as host — was committed the duty of counting out the first person to be sent into the hall. There were so many of us that "Aina-maina-mona-mike" would not go quite round; but with that promptness of expedient which belongs to genius, Billy instantly added on, "Intery-mintery-cutery-corn," and the last word of the cabalistic formula fell upon me, — Edward Balbus. I disappeared into the entry amidst peals of happy laughter from both old and young, calling, when the door opened again to ask me whom I wanted, for the pretty lisping flirt who had proposed the game. After giving me a coquettish little chirrup of a kiss, and telling me my beard scratched, she bade me, on my return, send out to her "Mithter Billy Lovegrove." I obeyed her; my youngest nephew retired; and after a couple of seconds, during which Tilly undoubtedly got what she proposed the game for, Billy being a great favorite

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with the little girls, she came back, pouting and blushing, to announce that he wanted Miss Pilgrim. That young lady showed no mock modesty, but arose at once, and laughingly went out to her youthful admirer, who, as I afterward learned, embraced her ardently, and told her he loved her better than any girl in the world. As he turned to go back, she told him that he might send to her one of her juvenile cousins, Reginald Rumbullion. Now, whether because on this youthful Rumbullion's account Billy had suffered the pangs of that most terrible passion, jealousy, or from his natural enjoyment of playing practical jokes destructive of all dignity in his elders, Billy marched into the room, and, having shut the door behind him, paralyzed the crowded parlor by an announcement that Mr. Daniel Lovegrove was wanted.

I was standing at his side, and could feel him tremble, — see him turn pale.

"Dear me!" he whispered, in a choking voice; "can she mean me?"

"Of course she does," said I. "Who else? Do you hesitate? Surely you can't refuse such an invitation from a lady."

"No, I suppose not," said he, mechanically. And amidst much laughter from the disinterested, while the faces of Mrs. Rumbullion and his mother were spectacles of crimson astonishment, he made his exit from the room. Never in my life did I so much long for that instrument described by Mr. Samuel Weller, — a pair of patent double-million-magnifying microscopes of hextry power, to see through a deal door. Instead of this, I had to learn what happened only by report.

Lottie Pilgrim was standing under the hall burners

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with her elbow on the newel-post, looking more vividly charming than he had ever seen her before at Mrs. Cramcroud's sociable or elsewhere. When startled by the apparition of Mr. Daniel Lovegrove instead of the little Rumbullion whom she was expecting, she had no time to exclaim or hide her mounting color, none at all to explain to her own mind the mistake that had occurred, before his arm was clasped around her waist, and his lips so closely pressed to hers that through her soft, thick hair she could feel the throbbing of his temples. As for Daniel, he seemed in a walking dream, from which he waked to see Miss Pilgrim looking into his eyes with utter though not incensed stupefaction, — to stammer, —

"Forgive me! Do forgive me! I thought you were in earnest."

"So I was," she said, tremulously, as soon as she could catch her voice, "in sending for my cousin Reginald."

"Oh, dear, what shall I do! Believe me, I was told you wanted me, — let me go and explain it to mother, — she 'll tell the rest, — I could n't do it, — I 'd die of mortification. Oh, that wretched boy Billy!"

On the principle already mentioned, his agitation reassured her.

"Don't try to explain it now, — it may get Billy a scolding. Are there any but intimate family friends here this evening?"

"No — I believe — no — I 'm sure," replied Daniel, collecting his faculties.

"Then I don't mind what they think. Perhaps they 'll suppose we 've known each other long; but we 'll arrange it by and by. They 'll think the more

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of it the longer we stay out here, — hear them laugh! I must run back now. I 'll send you somebody."

A round of juvenile applause greeted her as she hurried into the parlor, and a number of grown people smiled quite musically. Her quick woman-wit showed her how to retaliate and divide the embarrassment of the occasion. As she passed me, she said in an undertone, —

"Answer quick! Who 's that fat lady on the sofa that laughs so loud?"

"Mrs. Cromwell Craggs," said I, as quietly.

Miss Pilgrim made a satirically low courtesy, and spoke in a modest but distinct voice, —

"I really must be excused for asking. I 'm a stranger, you know; but is there such a lady here as Mrs. Craggs, — Mrs. *Cromwell* Craggs? For, if so, the present door-keeper would like to see Mrs. Cromwell Craggs."

Then came the turn of the fat lady to be laughed at; but out she had to go and get kissed like the rest of us.

Before the close of the evening, Billy was made as jealous as his parents and I were surprised to see Daniel in close conversation with Miss Pilgrim among the geraniums and fuchsias of the conservatory. "A regular flirtation," said Billy, somewhat indignantly. The conclusion which they arrived at was that after all no great harm had been done, and that the dear little fellow ought not to be peached on for his fun. If I had known at the time how easily they forgave him, I should have suspected that the offense Billy had led Daniel into committing was not unlikely to be repeated on the offender's own account; but so much as I could see showed me that the ice was broken.

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Billy's jealousy did not outlast the party. He became more and more interested in "his girl," and often went in the afternoon, after getting out of school, ostensibly to play with Jimmy. Daniel's calls, according to adult etiquette made in the evening, did not interfere with my younger nephew's, and as neither knew that the other, after his fashion, was his most uncompromising rival my position as the confidant of both was one of extreme delicacy. But the matter was more speedily settled than I expected.

Billy came to me one day and told me that he intended to get married immediately; that he was going to speak to his Lottie that very afternoon. He was prepared to meet every objection. He had asked his father if he might, and his father said yes, if he had money enough to support a wife, — and Billy thought he had. He 'd saved up all the money his Uncle Tom and Aunt Jane had sent him for Christmas; and besides, if he were once married, his father would n't see him want for stamps, he knew. Then, too, he was going to leave school and be a merchant next year, — and I 'd help him now and then, if he got hard up, would n't I? If he were driven to it, he could be a good boy again, and save up the money to buy Lottie dresses instead of giving it to nasty old "Objecks." He was so much older than when he had the savings-bank that he ought to have at least ten cents a day now for being good: did n't I think that was fair? As to his age, if Lottie loved him he did n't care, — any way he 'd be lots bigger than she was before long, — and he 'd often heard his ma say she approved of early marriages; hers and pa's was one. So he ran off up Livingston Place, the most undaunted lover that ever

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put extra shine on his proposal boots, or spent half an hour on the bow of his popping neck-tie.

Shortly after Daniel went into the street. Not meaning to call upon his *inamorata*, but drawn by the irresistible fascination of passing her house, he strolled in the direction that Billy had gone. As he came to the Rumbullions', something suddenly bade him enter, — a whim he called it, but not his own, — one of the whims of Destiny, which are always gratified.

"Yes, sir," said the servant, "Miss Pilgrim is in. I will call her."

His step was always light. He passed noiselessly into the front-parlor, and sat down among the heavy brocatelle curtains which shadowed a recess of one of the windows. He supposed Miss Pilgrim to be up-stairs, and while his heart fluttered, expecting her foot-fall at the parlor door, he heard an earnest, boyish voice in the extension-room. Looking from his concealment, he beheld Miss Pilgrim on a sofa in the pier, and sitting by her side, with her hand clasped in his, his brother Billy. Before he could avoid it, he became aware that Billy was unconsciously but eagerly forstalling him.

"Now, Lottie, my dear Lottie! I wish you would! I'll do everything I can to make you happy. If you 'll only marry me, I 'll be good all the time! Come, now! Say yes! Father 's got a real nice place over the stable, — they only use it for a tool-room now; we could clear it out and have it scrubbed, and go to housekeeping right away. Ma 'd let us have all her old set of china; I 've got a silver mug Uncle Teddy gave me, and a napkin-ring and four spoons. As soon as I make my money I 'll buy you a nice carriage and

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horses, any color you want 'em. Oh, my darling, darling Lottie, I do love you so much, and we could have such a splendid time! Do say yes, Lottie, — please, *do* please!"

Miss Pilgrim looked at the earnest little suitor with a face in which tender interest and compassion quite overrode any sense of the whimsicality of the situation which might lurk there. Daniel's astonishment at the sight was so great that he realized the entire state of the case before he could recover himself sufficiently to rise and go into the back-room.

Billy jumped up, and looked defiantly at the intruder. Miss Pilgrim blushed violently, but turned away her head to avoid the exhibition of the still more convulsing emotion than embarrassment.

"I must beg your pardon, Miss Pilgrim, — and yours too, Billy," began Daniel in a hesitating way, hardly knowing how to treat the posture in which he found things; "but — you see — the fact is — the servant said she 'd go to announce me — and really, when I came in, I had n't any idea you were here, or Billy either."

"Then," said Billy, moderating the defiant attitude, "you truly were n't dodging around and trying to find out what Lottie and I were about on the sly? Well, I 'll believe you. I 'm sure you could n't be as mean as that, when I 'm the only brother you 've got, that always brings you oranges when you 're sick, and never plays ball on the stairs when you 've got a headache. Now, then, I 'll trust you. I 've been asking Lottie to marry me, and I want you to help me. Ask her if she won't, Daniel, — see if she won't do it for you!"

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Miss Pilgrim had been trying to find words; but her face was too much for her, and she was obliged to seek retirement in her handkerchief. As she drew it from her pocket a well-worn piece of paper followed it and fell upon the floor. Billy picked it up before she noticed it, and was about to hand it to her, when his jealous eye fell upon a withered rosebud sewed to its margin. As he looked at it, with his little brows knit into a precocious sternness, he recognized his brother's handwriting immediately beneath the flower. It was one of the daily anonymous sonnets of which Daniel had told me, and the bud a relic of the bouquet accompanying it. Still Daniel was silent. What else could he be?

"Very well, very well, Master Daniel!" exclaimed Billy, in a voice trembling with grief and indignation. "There 's good enough reason why you won't speak a word for me! You want her yourself, — here it is in your own writing. No wonder you won't tell Lottie to be my wife when you 're trying to take her away from me. O Lottie, dear Lottie! I love you just as much as he does, though I don't know everything, and can't write you poetry like it was out of the Fifth Reader! Daniel, how could you go and write to my Lottie this way: 'My churner,' — no, it is n't churner, it 's 'charmer,' — 'let me call thee mine'?"

Forgetting the sacredness of private manuscript in that of private grief, he would have gone on, with a pause here and there for certainty of spelling, to the conclusion of the poem, had not Lottie sprung up, with her imploring face suffused by her discovery, for the first time, of the identity of her secret lover and the escape of his sonnet from her pocket. It was too late!

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There he stood before her unmistakably proved, and himself unmistakably proving in what estimation she held his verses and bouquets.

"O Billy, dear Billy! if you do love me don't do so!" So exclaiming, she held out her hand, and Billy put the manuscript into it with all the dignity of a wounded spirit.

"Mr. Lovegrove," said Miss Pilgrim, "I don't know what to say."

"I feel very much that way myself," said Daniel.

"*I* don't!" said Billy, now in command of his voice. "I 'll tell you what it is: perhaps Daniel did n't know how much I wanted you, Lottie, — and perhaps he wants you 'most as bad as I do. But whatever way it is, I want you to choose between us fair and square, and no dodging. Come, now! You can take just whichever one of us you please, and the other won't lay up any grudge, though I know if that 's me or like me he 'll feel awful. You can have till to-morrow morning to make up your mind between me and Daniel; and if he won't say anything about it to pa and ma till then, *I* won't. Good-by, *dear* Lottie!"

He drew her face down to his, kissed her most affectionately, and then marched out of the door, feeling, as he afterwards told me, as if he 'd blacked his boots all for nothing. Ah me! my dear Billy, how many times we do that in this world! Of what followed when Daniel and Miss Pilgrim were left alone I have never had full details.

But I do know that the young lady obeyed Billy and made her choice. Six months after that, both my nephews stood up in Mrs. Rumbullion's parlor to take

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their several shares in a ceremony of which Miss Pilgrim was the central figure when it began, and Mrs. Daniel Lovegrove when it concluded. Time and the elasticity of boyhood had so closed the sharp but evanescent wound in Billy's heart that he could stand the trial of being groomsman where he had wanted to be groom, — more especially since he was supported through the emergency by a little sister of Lottie's, who promises to be wondrously like her by the time Billy can stand up in the more enviable capacity. Neither Daniel nor Lottie would listen to any objection to such a groomsman on the score of his extreme youth ; for, as they said, Billy had been quite as instrumental in bringing them together as any agent save the Divinity shaping all the ends and tying all the knots in which there are heart-strings concerned as well as white ribbon.

Since then Lu has stopped wishing that Billy were like Daniel, for she sees that if he had been there would never have been any Mrs. Daniel Lovegrove in the world.

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GEORGE THE THIRD.

BY WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

WE have to glance over sixty years in as many minutes. To read the mere catalogue of characters who figured during that long period would occupy our allotted time, and we should have all text and no sermon. England has to undergo the revolt of the American colonies; to submit to defeat and separation; to shake under the volcano of the French Revolution; to grapple and fight for the life with her gigantic enemy Napoleon; to gasp and rally after that tremendous struggle. The old society, with its courtly splendors, has to pass away; generations of statesmen to rise and disappear; Pitt to follow Chatham to the tomb; the memory of Rodney and Wolfe to be superseded by Nelson's and Wellington's glory; the old poets who unite us to Queen Anne's time to sink into their graves; Johnson to die, and Scott and Byron to arise; Garrick to delight the world with his dazzling dramatic genius, and Kean to leap on the stage and take possession of the astonished theatre. Steam has to be invented; kings to be beheaded, banished, deposed, restored; Napoleon to be but an episode; and George III. is to be alive through all these varied changes, to accompany his people

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through all these revolutions of thought, government, society, — to survive out of the old world into ours.

When I first saw England she was in mourning for the young Princess Charlotte, the hope of the empire. I came from India as a child, and our ship touched at an island on the way home, where my black servant took me a long walk over rocks and hills until we reached a garden where we saw a man walking. "That is he," said the black man, — "that is Bonaparte. He eats three sheep every day, and all the little children he can lay hands on!" There were people in the British dominions besides that poor Calcutta serving-man with an equal horror of the Corsican ogre.

With the same childish attendant I remember peeping through the colonnade at Carlton House, and seeing the abode of the great Prince Regent. I can see yet the Guards pacing before the gates of the place. The place? What place? The palace exists no more than the palace of Nebuchadnezzar. It is but a name now. Where be the sentries who used to salute as the royal chariots drove in and out? The chariots, with the kings inside, have driven to the realms of Pluto; the tall Guards have marched into darkness, and the echoes of their drums are rolling in Hades. Where the palace once stood a hundred little children are paddling up and down the steps to St. James's Park. A score of grave gentlemen are taking their tea at the Athenæum Club; as many grisly warriors are garrisoning the United Service Club opposite. Pall Mall is the great social Exchange of London now, — the mart of news, of politics, of scandal, of rumor, — the English forum, so to speak, where men discuss the last dispatch from the Crimea, the last speech of Lord

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Derby, the next move of Lord John. And, now and then, to a few antiquarians, whose thoughts are with the past rather than with the present, it is a memorial of old times and old people, and Pall Mall is our Palmyra. Look! About this spot Tom of Ten Thousand was killed by Königsmarck's gang. In that great red house Gainsborough lived, and Culloden Cumberland, George III.'s uncle. Yonder is Sarah Marlborough's palace, just as it stood when that termagant occupied it. At 25 Walter Scott used to live; at the house now No. 79, and occupied by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, resided Mrs. Eleanor Gwynn, comedian. How often has Queen Caroline's chair issued from under yonder arch! All the men of the Georges have passed up and down the street. It has seen Walpole's chariot and Chatham's sedan; and Fox, Gibbon, Sheridan, on their way to Brookes's; and stately William Pitt stalking on the arm of Dundas; and Hanger and Tom Sheridan reeling out of Raggett's; and Byron limping into Wattier's; and Swift striding out of Bury Street; and Mr. Addison and Dick Steele both, perhaps, a little the better for liquor; and the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York clattering over the pavement; and Johnson counting the posts along the streets, after dawdling before Dodsley's window; and Horry Walpole hobbling into his carriage, with a gimcrack just bought out at Christie's; and George Selwyn sauntering into White's.

In the published letters to George Selwyn we get a mass of correspondence by no means so brilliant and witty as Walpole's, or so bitter and bright as Hervey's, but as interesting, and even more descriptive of the time, because the letters are the work of many hands.

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You hear more voices speaking, as it were, and more natural than Horace's dandified treble and Sporus's malignant whisper. As one reads the Selwyn letters, — as one looks at Reynolds's noble pictures illustrative of those magnificent times and voluptuous people, — one almost hears the voice of the dead past; the laughter and the chorus; the toast called over the brimming cups; the shout at the race-course or the gaming-table; the merry joke frankly spoken to the laughing fine lady. How fine those ladies were, — those ladies who heard and spoke such coarse jokes! How grand those gentlemen!

I fancy that peculiar product of the past, the fine gentleman, has almost vanished off the face of the earth, and is disappearing like the beaver or the Red Indian. We can't have fine gentlemen any more, because we can't have the society in which they lived. The people will not obey; the parasites will not be as obsequious as formerly; children do not go down on their knees to beg their parents' blessing; chaplains do not say grace and retire before the pudding; servants do not say your honor and your worship at every moment; tradesmen do not stand hat in hand as the gentleman passes; authors do not wait for hours in gentlemen's anterooms with a fulsome dedication, for which they hope to get five guineas from his lordship. In the days when there were fine gentlemen, Mr. Secretary Pitt's under-secretaries did not dare to sit down before him; but Mr. Pitt, in his turn, went down on his gouty knees to George II.; and when George III. spoke a few kind words to him Lord Chatham burst into tears of reverential joy and gratitude; so awful was the idea of the monarch, and so great the distinctions of rank.

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Fancy Lord John Russel or Lord Palmerston on their knees while the sovereign was reading a dispatch, or beginning to cry because Prince Albert said something civil!

At the accession of George III. the patricians were yet at the height of their good fortune. Society recognized their superiority, which they themselves pretty calmly took for granted. They inherited not only titles and estates and seats in the House of Peers, but seats in the House of Commons. There were a multitude of government places, and not merely these, but bribes of actual five-hundred-pound notes, which members of the House took not much shame in assuming. Fox went into Parliament at twenty; Pitt was just of age; his father not much older. It was the good time for patricians. Small blame to them if they took and enjoyed, and over-enjoyed, the prizes of politics, the pleasures of social life.

In these letters to Selwyn we are made acquainted with a whole society of these defunct fine gentlemen, and can watch with a curious interest a life which the novel-writers of that time, I think, have scarce touched upon. To Smollett, to Fielding even, a lord was a lord: a gorgeous being with a blue ribbon, a coroneted chair, and an immense star on his bosom, to whom commoners paid reverence. Richardson, a man of humbler birth than either of the above two, owned that he was ignorant regarding the manners of the aristocracy, and besought Mrs. Donnellan, a lady who had lived in the great world, to examine a volume of Sir Charles Grandison, and point out any errors which she might see in this particular. Mrs. Donnellan found so many faults that Richardson changed color,

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shut up the book, and muttered that it were best to throw it in the fire. Here, in Selwyn, we have the real original men and women of fashion of the early time of George III. We can follow them to the new club at Almack's; we can travel over Europe with them; we can accompany them not only to the public places, but to their country-houses and private society. Here is a whole company of them: wits and prodigals; some persevering in their bad ways; some repentant, but relapsing; beautiful ladies, parasites, humble chaplains, led captains. Those fair creatures whom we love in Reynolds's portraits, and who still look out on us from his canvases with their sweet, calm faces and gracious smiles; those fine gentlemen who did us the honor to govern us, who inherited their boroughs, took their ease in their patent places, and slipped Lord North's bribes so elegantly under their ruffles,— we make acquaintance with a hundred of these fine folks; hear their talk and laughter; read of their loves, quarrels, intrigues, debts, duels, divorces; can fancy them alive if we read the book long enough. We can attend at Duke Hamilton's wedding, and behold him marry his bride with the curtain-ring; we can peep into her poor sister's death-bed; we can see Charles Fox cursing over the cards, or March bawling out the odds at Newmarket; we can imagine Burgoyne tripping off from St. James's Street to conquer the Americans, and slinking back into the club somewhat crest-fallen after his beating; we can see the young king dressing himself for the drawing-room, and asking ten thousand questions regarding all the gentlemen; we can have high life or low, — the struggle at the Opera to behold the Violetta or the Zamperini, the Macaronies and

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fine ladies in their chairs trooping to the masquerade or Madame Cornelys's, the crowd at Drury Lane to look at the body of Miss Ray, whom Parson Hackman has just pistoled, — or we can peep into Newgate, where poor Mr. Rice, the forger, is waiting his fate and his supper. "You need not be particular about the sauce for his fowl," says one turnkey to another: "for you know he is to be hanged in the morning." "Yes," replies the second janitor, "but the chaplain sups with him, and he is a terrible fellow for melted butter!"

Selwyn has a chaplain and parasite, one Dr. Warner, than whom Plautus, or Ben Jonson, or Hogarth never painted a better character. In letter after letter he adds fresh strokes to the portrait of himself, and completes a portrait not a little curious to look at now that the man has passed away: all the foul pleasures and gambols in which he reveled played out; all the rouged faces into which he leered worms and skulls; all the fine gentlemen whose shoe-buckles he kissed laid in their coffins. This worthy clergyman takes care to tell us that he does not believe in his religion, though, thank Heaven, he is not so great a rogue as a lawyer. He goes on Mr. Selwyn's errands, any errands, and is proud, he says, to be that gentleman's proveditor. He waits upon the Duke of Queensberry, — old Q., — and exchanges pretty stories with that aristocrat. He comes home "after a hard day's christening," as he says, and writes to his patron before sitting down to whist and partridges for supper. He revels in the thoughts of ox-cheek and Burgundy; he is a boisterous, uproarious parasite; licks his master's shoes with explosions of laughter and cunning smack and gusto, and likes the taste of that blacking as much

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as the best claret in old Q.'s cellar. He has Rabelais and Horace at his greasy fingers' ends. He is inexpressibly mean, curiously jolly, kindly and good-natured in secret, — a tender-hearted knave, not a venomous lick-spittle. Jesse says that at his chapel in Long Acre "he attained a considerable popularity by the pleasing, manly, and eloquent style of his delivery." Was infidelity endemic, and corruption in the air? Around a young king, himself of the most exemplary life and undoubted piety, lived a court society as dissolute as our country ever knew. George II.'s bad morals bore their fruit in George III.'s early years; as I believe that a knowledge of that good man's example, his moderation, his frugal simplicity and God-fearing life, tended infinitely to improve the morals of the country and purify the whole nation.

After Warner, the most interesting of Selwyn's correspondents is the Earl of Carlisle, grandfather of the amiable nobleman at present Viceroy in Ireland. The grandfather, too, was Irish Viceroy, having previously been treasurer of the king's household; and, in 1778, the principal commissioner for treating, consulting, and agreeing upon the means of quieting the divisions subsisting in his majesty's colonies, plantations, and possessions in North America. You may read his lordship's manifestoes in the "Royal New York Gazette." He returned to England, having by no means quieted the colonies; and speedily afterward the "Royal New York Gazette" somehow ceased to be published.

This good, clever, kind, highly-bred Lord Carlisle was one of the English fine gentlemen who was wellnigh ruined by the awful debauchery and extravagance which prevailed in the great English society of those

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days. Its dissoluteness was awful; it had swarmed over Europe after the Peace; it had danced, and raced, and gambled in all the courts. It had made its bow at Versailles; it had run its horses on the plain of Sablons, near Paris, and created the Anglo-mania there; it had exported vast quantities of pictures and marbles from Rome and Florence; it had ruined itself by building great galleries and palaces for the reception of the statues and pictures; it had brought over singing-women and dancing-women from all the operas of Europe, on whom my lords lavished their thousands, while they left their honest wives and honest children languishing in the lonely, deserted splendors of the castle and park at home.

Besides the great London society of those days, there was another unacknowledged world, extravagant beyond measure, tearing about in the pursuit of pleasure; dancing, gambling, drinking, singing; meeting the real society in the public places (at Ranelaghs, Vauxhalls, and Ridottos, about which our old novelists talk so constantly), and outvying the real leaders of fashion in luxury, and splendor, and beauty. For instance, when the famous Miss Gunning visited Paris as Lady Coventry, where she expected that her beauty would meet with the applause which had followed her and her sister through England, it appears she was put to flight by an English lady still more lovely in the eyes of the Parisians. A certain Mrs. Pitt took a box at the opera opposite the countess, and was so much handsomer than her ladyship, that the parterre cried out that this was the real English angel; whereupon Lady Coventry quitted Paris in a huff. The poor thing died presently of consumption, accelerated, it was said, by the red and

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white paint with which she plastered those luckless charms of hers. (We must represent to ourselves all fashionable female Europe, at that time, as plastered with white and raddled with red.) She left two daughters behind her, whom George Selwyn loved (he was curiously fond of little children), and who are described very drolly and pathetically in these letters, in their little nursery, where passionate little Lady Fanny, if she had not good cards, flung hers into Lady Mary's face ; and where they sat conspiring how they should receive a new mother-in-law whom their papa presently brought home. They got on very well with their mother-in-law, who was very kind to them ; and they grew up, and they were married, and they were both divorced afterward, — poor little souls ! Poor painted mother, poor society, ghastly in its pleasures, its loves, its revelries !

As for my lord commissioner, we can afford to speak about him, because, though he was a wild and weak commissioner at one time ; though he hurt his estate ; though he gambled and lost ten thousand pounds at a sitting, — "five times more," says the unlucky gentleman, "than I ever lost before;" though he swore he never would touch a card again, and yet, strange to say, went back to the table and lost still more, yet he repented of his errors, sobered down, and became a worthy peer and a good country gentleman, and returned to the good wife and the good children whom he had always loved with the best part of his heart. He had married at one-and-twenty. He found himself, in the midst of a dissolute society, at the head of a great fortune. Forced into luxury, and obliged to be a great lord and a great idler, he yielded to some temptations,

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and paid for them a bitter penalty of manly remorse; from some others he fled wisely, and ended by conquering them nobly. But he always had the good wife and children in his mind, and they saved him. "I am very glad you did not come to me the morning I left London," he writes to G. Selwyn, as he is embarking for America. "I can only say, I never knew till that moment of parting what grief was." There is no parting now where they are. The faithful wife, the kind, generous gentleman, have left a noble race behind them: an inheritor of his name and titles, who is beloved as widely as he is known,— a man most kind, accomplished, gentle, friendly, and pure; and female descendants occupying high stations and embellishing great names, — some renowned for beauty, and all for spotless lives and pious, matronly virtues.

Another of Selwyn's correspondents is the Earl of March, afterward Duke of Queensberry, whose life lasted into this century; and who certainly, as earl or duke, young man or graybeard, was not an ornament to any possible society. The legends about old Q. are awful. In Selwyn, in Wraxall, and contemporary chroniclers, the observer of human nature may follow him, drinking, gambling, intriguing, to the end of his career, when the wrinkled, palsied, toothless old Don Juan died, as wicked and unrepentant as he had been at the hottest season of youth and passion. There is a house in Piccadilly where they used to show a certain low window at which old Q. sat to his very last days, ogling through his senile glasses the women as they passed by.

There must have been a great deal of good about this lazy, sleepy George Selwyn, which, no doubt, is

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set to his present credit. "Your friendship," writes Carlisle to him, "is so different from anything I have ever met with or seen in the world that when I recollect the extraordinary proofs of your kindness it seems to mè like a dream." "I have lost my oldest friend and acquaintance, G. Selwyn," writes Walpole to Miss Berry. "I really loved him, not only for his infinite wit, but for a thousand good qualities." I am glad, for my part, that such a lover of cakes and ale should have had a thousand good qualities, — that he should have been friendly, generous, warm-hearted, trustworthy. "I rise at six," writes Carlisle to him; from Spa (a great resort of fashionable people in our ancestors' days), "play at cricket till dinner, and dance in the evening till I can scarcely crawl to bed at eleven. There is a life for you! You get up at nine; play with Raton your dog till twelve, in your dressing-gown; then creep down to White's; are five hours at table; sleep till supper-time; and then make two wretches carry you in a sédan-chair, with three pints of claret in you, three miles for a shilling." Occasionally, instead of sleeping at White's, George went down and snoozed in the House of Commons by the side of Lord North. He represented Gloucester for many years, and had a borough of his own, Ludgershall, for which, when he was too lazy to contest Gloucester, he sat himself. "I have given directions for the election of Ludgershall to be of Lord Melbourne and myself," he writes to the Premier, whose friend he was, and who was himself as sleepy, as witty, and as good-natured as George.

If, in looking at the lives of princes, courtiers, men of rank and fashion, we must perforce depict them as idle, profligate, and criminal, we must make allow-

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ances for the rich men's failings, and recollect that we, too, were very likely indolent and voluptuous, had we no motive for work, a mortal's natural taste for pleasure, and the daily temptation of a large income. What could a great peer, with a great castle and park and a great fortune, do but be splendid and idle? In these letters of Lord Carlisle's from which I have been quoting, there is many a just complaint made by the kind-hearted young nobleman of the state which he is obliged to keep; the magnificence in which he must live; the idleness to which his position as a peer of England bound him. Better for him had he been a lawyer at his desk, or a clerk in his office; a thousand times better chance for happiness, education, employment, security from temptation. A few years since the profession of arms was the only one which our nobles could follow. The church, the bar, medicine, literature, the arts, commerce, were below them. It is to the middle class we must look for the safety of England: the working educated men, away from Lord North's bribery in the senate; the good clergy not corrupted into parasites by hopes of preferment; the tradesmen rising into manly opulence; the painters pursuing their gentle calling; the men of letters in their quiet studies, — these are the men whom we love and like to read of in the last age. How small the grandees and the men of pleasure look beside them! How contemptible the story of the George III. court squabbles are beside the recorded talk of dear old Johnson! What is the grandest entertainment at Windsor, compared to a night at the club over its modest cups with Percy, and Langton, and Goldsmith, and poor Bozzy at the table? I declare, I think, of all

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the polite men of that age, Joshua Reynolds was the finest gentleman. And they were good, as well as witty and wise, those dear old friends of the past. Their minds were not debauched by excess, or effeminate with luxury. They toiled their noble day's labor; they rested, and took their kindly pleasure; they cheered their holiday meetings with generous wit and hearty interchange of thought; they were no prudes, but no blush need follow their conversation; they were merry, but no riot came out of their cups. Ah! I would have liked a night at the Turk's Head, even though bad news had arrived from the colonies, and Dr. Johnson was growling against the rebels; to have sat with him and Goldy; and to have heard Burke, the finest talker in the world; and to have had Garrick flashing in with a story from his theatre! — I like, I say, to think of that society; and not merely how pleasant and how wise, but how *good* they were. I think it was on going home one night from the club that Edmund Burke — his noble soul full of great thoughts, be sure, for they never left him, his heart full of gentleness — was accosted by a poor wandering woman, to whom he spoke words of kindness; and, moved by the tears of this Magdalen, perhaps having caused them by the good words he spoke to her, he took her home to the house of his wife and children, and never left her until he had found the means of restoring her to honesty and labor. Oh, you fine gentlemen, — you Marches, and Selwyns, and Chesterfields,— how small you look by the side of these great men! Good-natured Carlisle plays at cricket all day, and dances in the evening "till he can scarcely crawl," gayly contrasting his superior virtue with George Selwyn's "carried to bed by two

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wretches at midnight with three pints of claret in him." Do you remember the verses — the sacred verses — which Johnson wrote on the death of his humble friend, Levett? —

"Well tried through many a varying year,
See Levett to the grave descend;
Officious, innocent, sincere,
Of every friendless name the friend.

"In misery's darkest cavern known,
His useful care was ever nigh,
Where hopeless anguish poured the groan,
And lonely want retired to die.

"No summons mocked by chill delay,
No petty gain disdained by pride,
The modest wants of every day
The toil of every day supplied.

"His virtues walked their narrow round,
Nor made a pause, nor left a void:
And sure the Eternal Master found
His single talent well employed."

Whose name looks the brightest now, — that of Queensberry, the wealthy duke, or Selwyn, the wit, or Levett, the poor physician?

I hold old Johnson (and shall we not pardon James Boswell some errors for embalming him for us?) to be the great supporter of the British monarchy and church during the last age, — better than whole benches of bishops, better than Pitts, Norths, and the great Burke himself. Johnson had the ear of the nation: his immense authority reconciled it to loyalty, and shamed it out of irreligion. When George III. talked with him, and the people heard the great author's good opinion of

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the sovereign, whole generation, rallied to the king. Johnson was revered as a sort of oracle; and the oracle declared for church and king. What a humanity the old man had! He was a kindly partaker of all honest pleasures; a fierce foe to all sin, but a gentle enemy to all sinners. "What, boys, are you for a frolic?" he cries, when Topham Beauclerc comes and wakes him up at midnight. "I'm with you." And away he goes, tumbles on his homely old clothes, and trundles through Covent Garden with the young fellows. When he used to frequent Garrick's theatre, and had "the liberty of the scenes," he says, "All the actresses knew me, and dropped me a courtesy as they passed to the stage." That would make a pretty picture: it is a pretty picture in my mind, of youth, folly, gayety, tenderly surveyed by wisdom's merciful, pure eyes.

George III. and his queen lived in a very unpretending but elegant-looking house, on the site of the hideous pile under which his granddaughter at present reposes. The king's mother inhabited Carlton House, which contemporary prints represent with a perfect paradise of a garden, with trim lawns, green arcades, and vistas of classic statues. She admired these in company with my Lord Bute, who had a fine classic taste, and sometimes counsel took, and sometimes tea, in the pleasant green arbors, along with that polite nobleman. Bute was hated with a rage of which there have been few examples in English history. He was the butt for everybody's abuse; for Wilkes's devilish mischief; for Churchill's slashing satire; for the hooting of the mob that roasted the boot, his emblem, in a thousand bonfires; that hated him because he was a favorite and a

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Scotchman, calling him "Mortimer," "Lothario," I know not what names, and accusing his royal mistress of all sorts of crimes, — the grave, lean, demure, elderly woman, who, I dare say, was quite as good as her neighbors. Chatham lent the aid of his great malice to influence the popular sentiment against her. He assailed, in the House of Lords, "the secret influence, more mighty than the throne itself, which betrayed and clogged every administration." The most furious pamphlets echoed the cry. "Impeach the king's mother" was scribbled over every wall at the court end of the town, Walpole tells us. What had she done? What had Frederick, Prince of Wales, George's father, done, that he was so loathed by George II., and never mentioned by George III.? Let us not seek for stones to batter that forgotten grave, but acquiesce in the contemporary epitaph over him: —

"Here lies Fred,
Who was alive, and is dead.
Had it been his father,
I had much rather.
Had it been his brother,
Still better than another.
Had it been his sister,
No one would have missed her.
Had it been the whole generation,
Still better for the nation.
But since 't is only Fred,
Who was alive, and is dead,
There 's no more to be said."

The widow, with eight children round her, prudently reconciled herself with the king, and won the old man's confidence and good-will. A shrewd, hard, domineering, narrow-minded woman, she educated her children

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according to her lights, and spoke of the eldest as a dull, good boy. She kept him very close; she held the tightest rein over him; she had curious prejudices and bigotries. His uncle, the burly Cumberland, taking down a sabre once, and drawing it to amuse the child, the boy started back and turned pale. The prince felt a generous shock. "What must they have told him about me?" he asked.

His mother's bigotry and hatred he inherited, with the courageous obstinacy of his own race; but he was a firm believer where his fathers had been freethinkers, and a true and fond supporter of the Church of which he was the titular defender. Like other dull men, the king was all his life suspicious of superior people. He did not like Fox; he did not like Reynolds; he did not like Nelson, Chatham, Burke; he was testy at the idea of all innovations, and suspicious of all innovators. He loved mediocrities; Benjamin West was his favorite painter; Beattie was his poet. The king lamented, not without pathos, in his after-life, that his education had been neglected. He was a dull lad, brought up by narrow-minded people. The cleverest tutors in the world could have done little, probably, to expand that small intellect, though they might have improved his tastes, and taught his perceptions some generosity.

But he admired as well as he could. There is little doubt that a letter, written by the little Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg Strelitz, — a letter containing the most feeble commonplaces about the horrors of war, and the most trivial remarks on the blessings of peace, — struck the young monarch greatly, and decided him upon selecting the young princess as the sharer of his throne. I pass over the stories of his juvenile love

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of Hannah Lightfoot, the Quaker, to whom they say he was actually married (though I don't know who has ever seen the register) ; of lovely black-haired Sarah Lennox, about whose beauty Walpole has written in raptures, and who used to lie in wait for the young prince, and make hay at him on the lawn of Holland House. He sighed and he longed, but he rode away from her. Her picture still hangs in Holland House, a magnificent masterpiece of Reynolds, a canvas worthy of Titian. She looks from the castle-window, holding a bird in her hand, at black-eyed young Charles Fox, her nephew. The royal bird flew away from lovely Sarah. She had to figure as bridemaid at her little Mecklenburg rival's wedding, and died in our own time, a quiet old lady, who had become the mother of the heroic Napiers.

They say the little princess who had written the fine letter about the horrors of war — a beautiful letter, without a single blot, for which she was to be rewarded, like the heroine of the old spelling-book story — was at play one day with some of her young companions in the gardens of Strelitz, and that the young ladies' conversation was, strange to say, about husbands. "Who will take such a poor little princess as me?" Charlotte said, to her friend, Ida von Bulow, and at that very moment the postman's horn sounded, and Ida said, "Princess ! there is the sweetheart." As she said, so it actually turned out. The postman brought letters from the splendid young King of England, who said, "Princess ! because you have written such a beautiful letter, which does credit to your head and heart, come and be Queen of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, and the true wife of your most obedient servant,

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George !" So she jumped for joy, and went up-stairs and packed all her little trunks ; and set off straightway for her kingdom in a beautiful yacht, with a harpsichord on board for her to play upon, and around her a beautiful fleet, all covered with flags and beautiful streamers; and the distinguished Madame Auerbach complimented her with an ode, a translation of which may be read in the "Gentleman's Magazine" to the present day :—

"Her gallant navy through the main
Now cleaves its liquid way.
There to their queen a chosen train
Of nymphs due reverence pay.

"Europa, when conveyed by Jove
To Crete's distinguished shore,
Greater attention scarce could prove,
Or be respected more."

They met, and they were married, and for years they led the happiest, simplest lives sure ever led by married couple. It is said the king winced when he first saw his homely little bride ; but, however that may be, he was a true and faithful husband to her, as she was a faithful and loving wife. They had the simplest pleasures, — the very mildest and simplest: little country dances, to which a dozen couple were invited, and where the honest king would stand up and dance for three hours at a time to one tune ; after which delicious excitement they would go to bed without any supper (the court people grumbling sadly at that absence of supper), and get up quite early the next morning, and perhaps the next night have another dance; or the queen would play on the spinet — she played pretty well, Haydn said, — or the king would read to her a paper out of the "Spectator,"

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or perhaps one of Ogden's sermons. O Arcadia! what a life it must have been! There used to be Sunday drawing-rooms at court; but the young king stopped these, as he stopped all that godless gambling whereof we have made mention. Not that George was averse to any innocent pleasures, or pleasures which he thought innocent. He was a patron of the arts, after his fashion; kind and gracious to the artists whom he favored, and respectful to their calling. He wanted once to establish an Order of Minerva for literary and scientific characters; the knights were to take rank after the knights of the Bath, and to sport a straw-colored ribbon and a star of sixteen points. But there was such a row among the *literati* as to the persons who should be appointed that the plan was given up, and Minerva and her star never came down among us.

He objected to painting St. Paul's, as Popish practice; accordingly, the most clumsy heathen sculptures decorate that edifice at present. It is fortunate that the paintings, too, were spared, for painting and drawing were woefully unsound at the close of the last century; and it is far better for our eyes to contemplate whitewash (when we turn them away from the clergyman) than to look at Opie's pitchy canvases, or Fuseli's livid monsters. And yet there is one day in the year — a day when old George loved with all his heart to attend it — when I think St. Paul's presented the noblest sight in the whole world: when five thousand charity children, with cheeks like nosegays, and sweet, fresh voices, sing the hymn which makes every heart thrill with praise and happiness. I have seen a hundred grand sights in the world, — coronations, Parisian splendors, Crystal Palace openings, Pope's chapels,

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with their processions of long-tailed cardinals and quavering choirs of fat soprani, — but think in all Christendom there is no such sight as Charity Children's Day. *Non Angli, sed angeli.* As one looks at that beautiful multitude of innocents, as the first note strikes indeed, one may almost fancy that cherubs are singing.

Of church music the king was always very fond, showing skill in it both as a critic and a performer. Many stories, mirthful and affecting, are told of his behavior at the concerts which he ordered. When he was blind and ill he chose the music for the Ancient Concerts once, and the music and words which he selected were from "Samson Agonistes," and all had reference to his blindness, his captivity, and his affliction. He would beat time with his music-roll as they sang the anthem in the Chapel Royal. If the page below was talkative or inattentive, down would come the music-roll on young scapegrace's powdered head. The theatre was always his delight. His bishops and clergy used to attend it, thinking it no shame to appear where that good man was seen. He is said not to have cared for Shakespeare or tragedy much; farces and pantomime were his joy; and especially when the clown swallowed a carrot or a string of sausages he would laugh so outrageously that the lovely princess by his side would have to say, "My gracious monarch, do compose yourself." But he continued to laugh, and at the very smallest farces, as long as his poor wits were left him.

There is something to me exceedingly touching in that simple early life of the king's. As long as his mother lived — a dozen years after his marriage with

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the little spinet-player — he was a great, shy, awkward boy, under the tutelage of that hard parent. She must have been a clever, domineering, cruel woman. She kept her household lonely and in gloom, mistrusting almost all people who came about her children. Seeing the young Duke of Gloucester silent and unhappy once, she sharply asked him the cause of his silence. "I am thinking," said the poor child. "Thinking, sir! and of what?" "I am thinking, if ever I have a son, I will not make him so unhappy as you make me." The other sons were all wild, except George. Dutifully every evening George and Charlotte paid their visit to the king's mother at Carlton House. She had a throat complaint, of which she died; but to the last persisted in driving about the streets to show she was alive. The night before her death the resolute woman talked with her son and daughter-in-law as usual, went to bed, and was found dead there in the morning. "George, be a king!" were the words which she was forever croaking in the ears of her son: and a king the simple, stubborn, affectionate, bigoted man tried to be.

He did his best; he worked according to his lights; what virtue he knew he tried to practice; what knowledge he could master he strove to acquire. He was forever drawing maps, for example, and learned geography with no small care and industry. He knew all about the family histories and genealogies of his gentry, and pretty histories he must have known. He knew the whole *Army List;* and all the facings, and the exact number of the buttons, and all the tags and laces, and the cut of all the cocked hats, pigtails, and gaiters in his army. He knew the *personnel* of the

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universities, — what doctors were inclined to Socinianism, and who were sound Churchmen; he knew the etiquettes of his own and his grandfather's courts to a nicety, and the smallest particulars regarding the routine of ministers, secretaries, embassies, audiences, the humblest page in the anteroom, or the meanest helper in the stables or kitchen. These parts of the royal business he was capable of learning, and he learned. But, as one thinks of an office, almost divine, performed by any mortal man, — of any single being pretending to control the thoughts, to direct the faith, to order the implicit obedience, of brother millions; to compel them into war at his offense or quarrel; to command, "In this way you shall trade, in this way you shall think; these neighbors shall be your allies whom you shall help, these others your enemies whom ye shall slay at my orders; in this way you shall worship God," — who can wonder that, when such a man as George took such an office on himself, punishment and humiliation should fall upon people and chief?

Yet there is something grand about his courage. The battle of the king with his aristocracy remains yet to be told by the historian who shall view the reign of George more justly than the trumpery panegyrists who wrote immediately after his decease. It was he, with the people to back him, who made the war with America; it was he and the other people who refused justice to the Roman Catholics; and on both questions he beat the patricians. He bribed; he bullied; he darkly dissembled on occasion; he exercised a slippery perseverance, and a vindictive resolution, which one almost admires, as one thinks his character over. His courage was never to be beat. It trampled North un-

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der foot; it bent the stiff neck of the younger Pitt; even his illness never conquered that indomitable spirit. As soon as his brain was clear it resumed the scheme, only laid aside when his reason left him; as soon as his hands were out of the strait-waistcoat they took up the pen and plan which had engaged him up to the moment of his malady. I believe it is by persons believing themselves in the right that nine tenths of the tyranny of this world has been perpetrated. Arguing on that convenient premise, the Dey of Algiers would cut off twenty heads of a morning; Father Dominic would burn a score of Jews in the presence of the Most Catholic King, and the Archbishops of Toledo and Salamanca sing Amen. Protestants were roasted, Jesuits hung and quartered at Smithfield, and witches burned at Salem; and all by worthy people, who believed they had the best authority for their actions. And so, with respect to old George, even Americans, whom he hated and who conquered him, may give him credit for having quite honest reasons for oppressing them. Appended to Lord Brougham's biographical sketch of Lord North are some autograph notes of the king, which let us most curiously into the state of his mind. "The times certainly require," says he, "the concurrence of all who wish to prevent anarchy. I have no wish but the prosperity of my own dominions; therefore I must look upon all who would not heartily assist me as bad men, as well as bad subjects." That is the way he reasoned. "I wish nothing but good; therefore every man who does not agree with me is a traitor and a scoundrel." Remember that he believed himself anointed by a Divine commission; remember that he was a man of slow parts and imperfect educa-

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tion, — that the same awful will of Heaven which placed a crown upon his head, which made him tender to his family, pure in his life, courageous and honest, made him dull of comprehension, obstinate of will, and at many times deprived him of reason. He was the father of his people; his rebellious children must be flogged into obedience. He was the defender of the Protestant faith; he would rather lay that stout head upon the block than that Catholics should have a share in the government of England. And you do not suppose that there are not honest bigots enough in all countries to back kings in this kind of statesmanship? Without doubt the American war was popular in England. In 1775 the address in favor of coercing the colonies was carried by three hundred and four to one hundred and five in the Commons, by one hundred and four to twenty-nine in the House of Lords. Popular? So was the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes popular in France; so was the massacre of St. Bartholomew; so was the Inquisition exceedingly popular in Spain.

Wars and revolutions are, however, the politician's province. The great events of this long reign, the statesmen and orators who illustrated it, I do not pretend to make the subjects of an hour's light talk. Let us return to our humbler duty of court gossip. Yonder sits our little queen, surrounded by many stout sons and fair daughters whom she bore to her faithful George. The history of the daughters, as little Miss Burney has painted them to us, is delightful. They were handsome, — she calls them beautiful; they were most kind, loving, and lady-like; they were gracious to every person, high and low, who served them. They had many little accomplishments of their own

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This one drew ; that one played the piano; they all worked most prodigiously, and fitted up whole suites of rooms — pretty, smiling Penelopes — with their busy little needles. As we picture to ourselves the society of eighty years ago, we must imagine hundreds of thousands of groups of women, in great high caps, tight bodies, and full skirts, needling away, while one of the number, or perhaps a favored gentleman in a pigtail, reads out a novel to the company. Peep into the cottage at Olney, for example, and see there Mrs. Unwin and Lady Hesketh, those high-bred ladies, those sweet, pious women, and William Cowper, that delicate wit, that trembling pietist, that refined gentleman. Absolutely reading out Jonathan Wild to the ladies! What a change in our manners, in our amusements, since then!

King George's household was a model of an English gentleman's household. It was early; it was kindly; it was charitable; it was frugal; it was orderly; it must have been stupid to a degree which I shudder now to contemplate. No wonder all the princes ran away from the lap of that dreary domestic virtue. It always rose, rode, dined, at stated intervals. Day after day was the same. At the same hour at night the king kissed his daughters' jolly cheeks; the princesses kissed their mother's hand; and Madame Thielke brought the royal night-cap. At the same hour the equerries and women in waiting had their little dinner, and cackled over their tea. The king had his backgammon or his evening concert; the equerries yawned themselves to death in the anteroom; or the king and his family walked on Windsor slopes, the king holding his darling little Princess Amelia by the hand; and the people

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crowded round quite good-naturedly; and the Eton boys thrust their chubby cheeks under the crowd's elbows; and, the concert over, the king never failed to take his enormous cocked hat off and salute his band, and say, "Thank you, gentlemen."

A quieter household, a more prosaic life, than this of Kew or Windsor cannot be imagined. Rain or shine, the king rode every day for hours; poked his red face into hundreds of cottages round about, and showed that shovel hat and Windsor uniform to farmers, to pig-boys, to old women making apple-dumplings, — to all sorts of people, gentle and simple, about whom countless stories are told. Nothing can be more undignified than these stories. When Haroun Alraschid visits a subject incog., the latter is sure to be very much the better for the caliph's magnificence. Old George showed no such royal splendor. He used to give a guinea sometimes: sometimes feel in his pockets and find he had no money; often ask a man a hundred questions, about the number of his family, about his oats and beans, about the rent he paid for his house, and ride on. On one occasion he played the part of King Alfred, and turned a piece of meat with a string at a cottager's house. When the old woman came home, she found a paper with an inclosure of money, and a note written by the royal pencil: "Five guineas to buy a jack." It was not splendid, but it was kind and worthy of Farmer George. One day, when the king and queen were walking together, they met a little boy, — they were always fond of children, the good folks, — and patted the little white head. "Whose little boy are you?" asks the Windsor uniform. "I am king's beef-eater's little boy," replied the child.

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which the king said, "Then kneel down and kiss the queen's hand." But the innocent offspring of the beef-eater declined this treat. "No," said he, "I won't kneel, for if I do I shall spoil my new breeches." The thrifty king ought to have hugged him and knighted him on the spot. George's admirers wrote pages and pages of such stories about him. One morning, before anybody else was up, the king walked about Gloucester town; pushed over Molly the housemaid, who was scrubbing the door-steps with her pail; ran up-stairs and woke all the equerries in their bed-roms; and then trotted down to the bridge, where, by this time, a dozen of louts were assembled. "What! is this Gloucester New Bridge?" asked our gracious monarch; and the people answered him, "Yes, your Majesty." "Why, then, my boys," said he, "let us have a huzza!" After giving them which intellectual gratification, he went home to breakfast. Our fathers read these simple tales with fond pleasure; laughed at these very small jokes; liked the old man who poked his nose into every cottage, who lived on plain wholesome roast and boiled, who despised your French kickshaws, who was a true, hearty old English gentleman. You may have seen Gillray's famous print of him — in the old wig, in the stout old hideous Windsor uniform — as the King of Brobdignag, peering at a little Gulliver, whom he holds up in one hand, while in the other he has an opera-glass, through which he surveys the pigmy. Our fathers chose to set up George as the type of a great king; and the little Gulliver was the great Napoleon. We prided ourselves on our prejudices; we blustered and bragged with absurd vainglory; we dealt to our enemy a monstrous injustice of contempt and scorn; we fought him

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with all weapons, mean as well as heroic. There was no lie we would not believe; no charge of crime which our furious prejudice would not credit. I thought at one time of making a collection of the lies which the French had written against us, and we had published against them during the war: it would be a strange memorial of popular falsehood.

Their majesties were very sociable potentates; and the court chronicler tells of numerous visits which they paid to their subjects, gentle and simple; with whom they dined; at whose great country-houses they stopped, or at whose poorer lodgings they affably partook of tea and bread and butter. Some of the great folks spent enormous sums in entertaining their sovereigns. As marks of special favor the king and queen sometimes stood as sponsors for the children of the nobility. We find Lady Salisbury was so honored in the year 1786; and in the year 1802 Lady Chesterfield. The "Court News" relates how her ladyship received their majesties on a state bed "dressed with white satin and a profusion of lace; the counterpane of white satin embroidered with gold, and the bed of crimson satin lined with white." The child was first brought by the nurse to the Marchioness of Bath, who presided as chief nurse. Then the marchioness handed baby to the queen. Then the queen handed the little darling to the Bishop of Norwich, the officiating clergyman; and, the ceremony over, a cup of caudle was presented by the earl to his majesty on one knee, on a large gold waiter, placed on a crimson velvet cushion. Misfortunes would occur in these interesting genuflectory ceremonies of royal worship. Bubb Dodington, Lord Melcombe, a very fat, puffy man, in a most gor-

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geous court suit, had to kneel, Cumberland says, and was so fat and so tight that he could not get up again. "Kneel, sir, kneel!" cried my lord in waiting to a country mayor who had to read an address, but who went on with his compliment standing. "Kneel, sir, kneel!" cries my lord, in dreadful alarm. "I can't!" cries the mayor, turning round. "Don't you see I have got a wooden leg?"

In the capital "Burney Diary and Letters" the home and court life of good old King George and good old Queen Charlotte are presented at portentous length. The king rose every morning at six, and had two hours to himself. He thought it effeminate to have a carpet in his bedroom. Shortly before eight the queen and the royal family were always ready for him, and they proceeded to the king's chapel in the castle. There were no fires in the passages; the chapel was scarcely alight; princesses, governesses, equerries, grumbled and caught cold; but cold or hot, it was their duty to go; and wet or dry, light or dark, the stout old George was always in his place to say Amen to the chaplain.

The queen's character is represented in "Burney" at full length. She was a sensible, most decorous woman; a very grand lady on state occasions, simple enough in ordinary life; well read as times went, and giving shrewd opinions about books; stingy, but not unjust; not generally unkind to her dependents, but invincible in her notions of etiquette, and quite angry if her people suffered ill health in her service. She gave Miss Burney a shabby pittance, and led the poor young woman a life which well-nigh killed her. She never thought but that she was doing Burney the greatest favor in taking her from freedom, fame, and compe-

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tence, and killing her off with languor in that dreary court. It was not dreary to her. Had she been servant instead of mistress, her spirit would never have broken down; she never would have put a pin out of place, or been a moment from her duty. *She* was not weak, and she could not pardon those who were. She was perfectly correct in life, and she hated poor sinners with a rancor such as virtue sometimes has. She must have had awful private trials of her own, not merely with her children, but with her husband, in those long days about which nobody will ever know anything now: when he was not quite insane; when his incessant tongue was babbling folly, rage, persecution; and she had to smile and be respectful and attentive under this intolerable *ennui*. The queen bore all her duties stoutly, as she expected others to bear them. At a state christening the lady who held the infant was tired and looked unwell, and the Princess of Wales asked permission for her to sit down. "Let her stand," said the queen, flicking the snuff off her sleeve. *She* would have stood, the resolute old woman, if she had had to hold the child till his beard was grown. "I am seventy years of age," the queen said, facing a mob of ruffians who stopped her sedan. "I have been fifty years queen of England, and I never was insulted before." Fearless, rigid, unforgiving little queen! I don't wonder that her sons revolted from her.

Of all the figures in that large family group which surrounds George and his queen, the prettiest, I think, is the father's darling, the Princess Amelia; pathetic for her beauty, her sweetness, her early death, and for the extreme passionate tenderness with which her father loved her. This was his favorite among all the

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children; of his sons, he loved the Duke of York best. Burney tells a sad story of the poor old man at Weymouth, and how eager he was to have this darling son with him. The king's house was not big enough to hold the prince; and his father had a portable house erected close to his own, and at huge pains, so that his dear Frederick should be near him. He clung on his arm all the time of his visit; talked to no one else; had talked of no one else for some time before. The prince, so long expected, stayed but a single night. He had business in London the next day, he said. The dullness of the old king's court stupefied York and the other big sons of George III. They scared equerries and ladies, frightened the modest little circle, with their coarse spirits and loud talk. Of little comfort, indeed, were the king's sons to the king.

But the pretty Amelia was his darling; and the little maiden, prattling and smiling in the fond arms of that old father, is a sweet image to look on. There is a family picture in "Burney," which a man must be very hard-hearted not to like. She describes an after-dinner walk of the royal family at Windsor: "It was really a mighty pretty procession," she says. "The little princess, just turned of three years old, in a robe-coat covered with fine muslin, a dressed close cap, white gloves, and fan, walked on alone and first, highly delighted with the parade, and turning from side to side to see everybody as she passed; for all the terracers stand up against the walls, to make a clear passage for the royal family, the moment they come in sight. Then followed the king and queen, no less delighted with the joy of their little darling. The Princess Royal leaning on Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave, the Princess

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Augusta holding by the Duchess of Ancaster, the Princess Elizabeth led by Lady Charlotte Bertie, followed. Office here takes place of rank," says Burney, to explain how it was that Lady E. Waldegrave, as lady of the bed-chamber, walked before a duchess. "General Bude, and the Duke of Montague, and Major Price as equerry, brought up the rear of the procession." One sees it: the band playing its old music; the sun shining on the happy, loyal crowd, and lighting the ancient battlements, the rich elms, and purple landscape, and bright greensward; the royal standard drooping from the great tower yonder, as old George passes, followed by his race, preceded by the charming infant, who caresses the crowd with her innocent smiles.

"On sight of Mrs. Delany, the king instantly stopped to speak to her; the queen, of course, and the little princess, and all the rest, stood still. They talked a good while with the sweet old lady, during which time the king once or twice addressed himself to me. I caught the queen's eye, and saw in it a little surprise, but by no means any displeasure, to see me of the party. The little princess went up to Mrs. Delany, of whom she is very fond, and behaved like a little angel to her. She then, with a look of inquiry and recollection, came behind Mrs. Delany, to look at me. 'I am afraid,' said I, in a whisper, and stooping down, 'your Royal Highness does not remember me?' Her answer was an arch little smile and a nearer approach, with her lips pouted out to kiss me."

The princess wrote verses herself, and there are some pretty plaintive lines attributed to her, which are more touching than better poetry: —

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"Unthinking, idle, wild, and young,
I laughed, and danced, and talked, and sung;
And, proud of health, of freedom vain,
Dreamed not of sorrow, care, or pain;
Concluding, in those hours of glee,
That all the world was made for me.

"But when the hour of trial came,
When sickness shook this trembling frame,
When folly's gay pursuits were o'er,
And I could sing and dance no more,
It then occurred how sad 't would be
Were this world only made for me."

The poor soul quitted it, and ere yet she was dead the agonized father was in such a state that the officers round about him were obliged to set watchers over him, and from November, 1810, George III. ceased to reign. All the world knows the story of his malady: all history presents no sadder figure than that of the old man, blind and deprived of reason, wandering through the rooms of his palace, addressing imaginary Parliaments, reviewing fancied troops, holding ghostly courts. I have seen his picture as it was taken at this time hanging in the apartment of his daughter, the Landgravine of Hesse Hombourg, — amidst books and Windsor furniture, and a hundred fond reminiscences of her English home. The poor old father is represented in a purple gown, his snowy beard falling over his breast — the star of his famous Order still idly shining on it. He was not only sightless; he became utterly deaf. All light, all reason, all sound of human voices, all the pleasures of this world of God, were taken from him. Some slight lucid moments he had; in one of which the queen, desiring to see him, entered the room,

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and found him singing a hymn, and accompanying himself at the harpsichord. When he had finished, he knelt down and prayed aloud for her, and then for his family, and then for the nation, concluding with a prayer for himself, that it might please God to avert his heavy calamity from him, but if not, to give him resignation to submit. He then burst into tears, and his reason again fled.

What preacher need moralize on this story? What words save the simplest are requisite to tell it? It is too terrible for tears. The thought of such a misery smites me down in submission before the Ruler of kings and men, the Monarch Supreme over empires and republics, the inscrutable Dispenser of life, death, happiness, victory. "O brothers," I said to those who heard me first in America, — "O brothers, speaking the same dear mother tongue; O comrades, enemies no more, let us take a mournful hand together as we stand by this royal corpse, and call a truce to battle! Low he lies to whom the proudest used to kneel once, and who was cast lower than the poorest: dead, whom millions prayed for in vain. Driven off his throne; buffeted by rude hands; with his children in revolt; the darling of his old age killed before him untimely; our Lear hangs over her breathless lips, and cries, 'Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little!'

"'Vex not his ghost: oh, let him pass! He hates him
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer!'

Hush, Strife and Quarrel, over the solemn grave! Sound, Trumpets, a mournful march! Fall, Dark Curtain, upon his pageant, his pride, his grief, his awful tragedy!"

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JULIET.

BY ANNA JAMESON.

O LOVE, thou teacher! O Grief, thou tamer! and Time, thou healer of human hearts! Bring hither all your deep and serious revelations! And ye too, rich fancies of unbruised, unbowed youth, — ye visions of long-perished hopes, shadows of unborn joys, gay colorings of the dawn of existence! whatever memory hath treasured up of bright and beautiful in nature or in art, — all soft and delicate images, all lovely forms, divinest voices and entrancing melodies, gleams of sunnier skies and fairer climes, Italian moonlights and airs that "breathe of the sweet South," — now, if it be possible, revive to my imagination, live once more to my heart! Come, thronging around me, all inspirations that wait on passion, on power, on beauty; give me to tread, not bold, and yet unblamed, within the inmost sanctuary of Shakespeare's genius, in Juliet's moonlight bower and Miranda's enchanted isle!

. . . . . .

It is not without emotion that I attempt to touch on the character of Juliet. Such beautiful things have already been said of her — only to be exceeded in beauty by the subject that inspired them! — it is im-

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possible to say anything better; but it is possible to say something more. Such, in fact, is the simplicity, the truth, and the loveliness of Juliet's character that we are not at first aware of its complexity, its depth, and its variety. There is in it an intensity of passion, a singleness of purpose, an entireness, a completeness of effect, which we feel as a whole ; and to attempt to analyze the impression thus conveyed at once to soul and sense is as if, while hanging over a half-blown rose, and reveling in its intoxicating perfume, we should pull it asunder, leaflet by leaflet, the better to display its bloom and fragrance. Yet how otherwise should we disclose the wonders of its formation, or do justice to the skill of the divine hand that hath thus fashioned it in its beauty ?

Love, as a passion, forms the ground-work of the drama. Now, admitting the axiom of Rochefoucauld, that there is but one love, though a thousand different copies, yet the true sentiment itself has as many different aspects as the human soul of which it forms a part. It is not only modified by the individual character and temperament, but it is under the influence of climate and circumstance. The love that is calm in one moment shall show itself vehement and tumultuous at another. The love that is wild and passionate in the South is deep and contemplative in the North ; as the Spanish or Roman girl perhaps poisons a rival, or stabs herself for the sake of a living lover, and the German or Russian girl pines into the grave for love of the false, the absent, or the dead. Love is ardent or deep, bold or timid, jealous or confiding, impatient or humble, hopeful or desponding, — and yet there are r many loves, but one love.

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All Shakespeare's women, being essentially women, either love, or have loved, or are capable of loving; but Juliet is love itself. The passion is her state of being, and out of it she has no existence. It is the soul within her soul; the pulse within her heart; the life-blood along her veins, "blending with every atom of her frame." The love that is so chaste and dignified in Portia, so airy delicate and fearless in Miranda, so sweetly confiding in Perdita, so playfully fond in Rosalind, so constant in Imogen, so devoted in Desdemona, so fervent in Helen, so tender in Viola, is each and all of these in Juliet. All these remind us of her; but she reminds us of nothing but her own sweet self; or, if she does, it is of the Gismunda, or the Lisetta, or the Fiammetta of Boccaccio, to whom she is allied, not in the character or circumstances, but in the truly Italian spirit, the glowing, national complexion of the portrait.

There was an Italian painter who said that the secret of all effect in color consisted in white upon black, and black upon white. How perfectly did Shakespeare understand this secret of effect, and how beautifully he has exemplified it in Juliet!—

> "So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
> As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows!"

Thus she and her lover are in contrast with all around them. They are all love, surrounded with all hate; all harmony, surrounded with all discord; all pure nature, in the midst of polished and artificial life. Juliet, like Portia, is the foster-child of opulence and splendor: she dwells in a fair city; she has been nurtured in a palace; she clasps her robe with jewels;

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she braids her hair with rainbow-tinted pearls; but in herself she has no more connection with the trappings around her than the lovely exotic, transplanted from some Eden-like climate, has with the carved and gilded conservatory which has reared and sheltered its luxuriant beauty.

But in this vivid impression of contrast there is nothing abrupt or harsh. A tissue of beautiful poetry weaves together the principal figures and the subordinate personages. The consistent truth of the costume and the exquisite gradations of relief with which the most opposite hues are approximated blend all into harmony. Romeo and Juliet are not poetical beings placed on a prosaic background; nor are they, like Thekla and Max in the Wallenstein, two angels of light amid the darkest and harshest, the most debased and revolting aspects of humanity; but every circumstance and every personage and every shade of character in each tends to the development of the sentiment which is the subject of the drama. The poetry, too, the richest that can possibly be conceived, is interfused through all the characters; the splendid imagery lavished upon all with the careless prodigality of genius; and the whole is lighted up into such a sunny brilliance of effect as though Shakespeare had really transported himself into Italy, and had drunk to intoxication of her genial atmosphere. How truly it has been said that "although Romeo and Juliet are in love, they are not love-sick"! What a false idea would anything of the mere whining amoroso give us of Romeo, such as he really is in Shakespeare, — the noble, gallant, ardent, brave, and witty! And Juliet, — with even less truth could the phrase or idea appl

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to her! The picture in "Twelfth Night" of the wan girl dying of love, "who pined in thought, and with a green and yellow melancholy," would never surely occur to us when thinking on the enamored and impassioned Juliet, in whose bosom love keeps a fiery vigil, kindling tenderness into enthusiasm, enthusiasm into passion, passion into heroism! No, the whole sentiment of the play is of a far different cast. It is flushed with the genial spirit of the South: it tastes of youth, and of the essence of youth; of life, and of the very sap of life. We have indeed the struggle of love against evil destinies and a thorny world; the pain, the grief, the anguish, the terror, the despair; the aching adieu; the pang unutterable of parted affection; and rapture, truth, and tenderness trampled into an early grave: but still an Elysian grace lingers round the whole, and the blue sky of Italy bends over all!

In the delineation of that sentiment which forms the ground-work of the drama, nothing, in fact, can equal the power of the picture but its inexpressible sweetness and its perfect grace: the passion which has taken possession of Juliet's whole soul has the force, the rapidity, the resistless violence, of the torrent; but she is herself as "moving delicate," as fair, as soft, as flexible, as the willow that bends over it, whose light leaves tremble even with the motion of the current which hurries beneath them. But at the same time that the pervading sentiment is never lost sight of, and is one and the same throughout, the individual part of the character in all its variety is developed, and marked with the nicest discrimination. For instance, the simplicity of Juliet is very different from the simplicity

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of Miranda; her innocence is not the innocence of a desert island. The energy she displays does not once remind us of the moral grandeur of Isabel, or the intellectual power of Portia; it is founded in the strength of passion, not in the strength of character; it is accidental rather than inherent, rising with the tide of feeling or temper, and with it subsiding. Her romance is not the pastoral romance of Perdita, nor the fanciful romance of Viola; it is the romance of a tender heart and a poetical imagination. Her inexperience is not ignorance; she has heard that there is such a thing as falsehood, though she can scarcely conceive it. Her mother and her nurse have perhaps warned her against flattering vows and man's inconstancy; or she has even

> "Turned the tale by Ariosto told,
> Of fair Olympia, loved and left, of old!"

Hence that bashful doubt, dispelled almost as soon as felt:—

> "Ah, gentle Romeo!
> If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully."

that conscious shrinking from her own confession:—

> "Fain would I dwell on form; fain, fain deny
> What I have spoke!"

the ingenuous simplicity of her avowal:—

> "Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
> I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
> So thou wilt woo — but else, not for the world!
> In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,
> And therefore thou may'st think my 'havior light;
> But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
> Than those who have more cunning to be strange."

and the proud yet timid delicacy with which she

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throws herself for forbearance and pardon upon the tenderness of him she loves, even for the love she bears him: —

> "Therefore pardon me,
> And not impute this yielding to light love,
> Which the dark night hath so discovered."

In the alternative which she afterwards places before her lover with such a charming mixture of conscious delicacy and girlish simplicity, there is that jealousy of female honor which precept and education have infused into her mind, without one real doubt of his truth, or the slightest hesitation in her self-abandonment; for she does not even wait to hear his asseverations: —

> "But if thou mean'st not well, I do beseech thee
> To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief."
>
> "*Romeo.* So thrive my soul ——
> *Juliet.* A thousand times, good night!"

But all these flutterings between native impulses and maiden fears become gradually absorbed, swept away, lost, and swallowed up in the depth and enthusiasm of confiding love.

> "My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
> My love as deep; the more I give to you
> The more I have — for both are *infinite!*"

What a picture of the young heart, that sees no bound to its hopes, no end to its affections! For "what was to hinder the thrilling tide of pleasure which had just gushed from her heart from flowing on without stint or measure but experience, which she was yet without? What was to abate the transport of the first sweet sense of pleasure which her heart had just tasted but indifference, to which she was yet a

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stranger? What was there to check the ardor of hope, of faith, of constancy, just rising in her breast, but disappointment, which she had never yet felt?"

Lord Byron's Haidée is a copy of Juliet in the Oriental costume, but the development is epic, not dramatic.

I remember no dramatic character conveying the same impression of singleness of purpose and devotion of heart and soul, except the Thekla of Schiller's "Wallenstein;" she is the German Juliet; far unequal, indeed, but conceived, nevertheless, in a kindred spirit. I know not if critics have ever compared them, or whether Schiller is supposed to have had the English, or rather the Italian, Juliet in his fancy when he portrayed Thekla; but there are some striking points of coincidence, while the national distinction in the character of the passion leaves to Thekla a strong cast of originality. The *Princess* Thekla is, like Juliet, the heiress of rank and opulence; her first introduction to us, in her full dress and diamonds, does not impair the impression of her softness and simplicity. We do not think of them, nor do we sympathize with the complaint of her lover: —

> "The dazzle of the jewels which played round you
> Hid the beloved from me."

We almost feel the reply of Thekla before she utters it: —

> "Then you saw me
> Not with your heart, but with your eyes!"

The timidity of Thekla in her first scene, her trembling silence in the commencement, and the few words she addresses to her mother remind us of the unobtru-

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sive simplicity of Juliet's first appearance; but the impression is different: the one is the shrinking violet, the other the unexpanded rosebud. Thekla and Max Piccolomini are, like Romeo and Juliet, divided by the hatred of their fathers. The death of Max and the resolute despair of Thekla are also points of resemblance; and Thekla's complete devotion, her frank yet dignified abandonment of all disguise, and her apology for her own unreserve are quite in Juliet's style:—

> "I ought to be less open, ought to hide
> My heart more from thee, — so decorum dictates:
> But where in this place wouldst thou seek for truth,
> If in my mouth thou didst not find it?

The same confidence, innocence, and fervor of affection distinguish both heroines; but the love of Juliet is more vehement, the love of Thekla is more calm, and reposes more on itself; the love of Juliet gives us the idea of infinitude, and that of Thekla of eternity; the love of Juliet flows on with an increasing tide, like the river pouring to the ocean, and the love of Thekla stands unalterable, and enduring as the rock. In the heart of Thekla love shelters as in a home; but in the heart of Juliet he reigns a crowned king, —"he rides on its pants triumphant!" As women, they would divide the loves and suffrages of mankind, but not as dramatic characters: the moment we come to look nearer we acknowledge that it is indeed "rashness and ignorance to compare Schiller with Shakespeare." Thekla is a fine conception in the German spirit, but Juliet is a lovely and palpable creation. The coloring in which Schiller has arrayed his Thekla is pale, sombre, vague, compared with the

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strong individual marking, the rich glow of life and reality, which distinguish Juliet. One contrast in particular has always struck me: the two beautiful speeches in the first interview between Max and Thekla, — that in which she describes her father's astrological chamber, and that in which he replies with reflections on the influence of he stars — are said to "form in themselves a fine poem." They do so; but never would Shakespeare have placed such extraneous description and reflection in the mouths of *his* lovers. Romeo and Juliet speak of themselves only; they see only themselves in the universe; all things else are as an idle matter. Not a word they utter, though every word is poetry, not a sentiment or description, though dressed in the most luxuriant imagery, but has a direct relation to themselves, or to the situation in which they are placed, and the feelings that engross them: and, besides, it may be remarked of Thekla, and generally of all tragedy heroines in love, that, however beautifully and distinctly characterized, we see the passion only under one or two aspects at most, or in conflict with some one circumstance or contending duty or feeling. In Juliet alone we find it exhibited under every variety of aspect, and every gradation of feeling it could possibly assume in a delicate female heart: as we see the rose, when passed through the colors of the prism, catch and reflect every tint of the divided ray, and still it is the same sweet rose.

I have remarked the quiet manner in which Juliet steals upon us in her first scene, as the serene, graceful girl, her feelings as yet unawakened, and her energies all unknown to herself and unsuspected by others. Her silence and her filial deference are charming: —

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"I'll look to like, if looking liking move;
But no more deep will I endart mine eye,
Than your consent shall give it strength to fly."

Much in the same unconscious way we are impressed with an idea of her excelling loveliness: —

"Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!"

and which could make the dark vault of death "a feasting presence full of light." Without any elaborate description, we behold Juliet, as she is reflected in the heart of her lover, like a single bright star mirrored in the bosom of a deep, transparent well. The rapture with which he dwells on the "white wonder of her hand;" on her lips,

"That even in pure and vestal modesty
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin."

And then her eyes, "two of the fairest stars in all the heavens!" In his exclamation in the sepulchre,

"Ah, dear Juliet, why art thou yet so fair!"

there is life and death, beauty and horror, rapture and anguish, combined. The Friar's description of her approach,

"O, so light a step
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint!"

and then her father's similitude,

"Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field,"

all these mingle into a beautiful picture of youthful, airy, delicate grace, feminine sweetness, and patrician elegance.

And our impression of Juliet's loveliness and sensibility is enhanced when we find it overcoming in the

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bosom of Romeo a previous love for another. His visionary passion for the cold, inaccessible Rosaline forms but the prologue, the threshold, to the true, the real sentiment which succeeds to it. This incident, which is found in the original story, has been retained by Shakespeare with equal feeling and judgment; and far from being a fault in taste and sentiment, far from prejudicing us against Romeo, by casting on him, at the outset of the piece, the stigma of inconstancy, it becomes, if properly considered, a beauty in the drama, and adds a fresh stroke of truth to the portrait of the lover. Why, after all, should we be offended at what does not offend Juliet herself? — for in the original story we find that her attention is first attracted towards Romeo by seeing him "fancy sick and pale of cheer," for love of a cold beauty. We must remember that in those times every young cavalier of any distinction devoted himself, at his first entrance into the world, to the service of some fair lady, who was selected to be his fancy's queen; and the more rigorous the beauty and the more hopeless the love, the more honorable the slavery. To go about "metamorphosed by a mistress," as Speed humorously expresses it; to maintain her supremacy in charms at the sword's point; to sigh; to walk with folded arms; to be negligent and melancholy; and to show a careless desolation, was the fashion of the day. The Surreys, the Sydneys, the Bayards, the Herberts of the time, all those who were the mirrors "in which the noble youth did dress themselves," were of this fantastic school of gallantry, — the last remains of the age of chivalry; and it was especially prevalent in Italy. Shakespeare has ridiculed it in many places with ex-

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quisite humor; but he wished to show us that it has its serious as well as its comic aspect. Romeo, then, is introduced to us with perfect truth of costume, as the thrall of a dreaming, fanciful passion for the scornful Rosaline, who had forsworn to love; and on her charms and coldness, and on the power of love generally, he descants to his companions in pretty phrases, quite in the style and taste of the day:—

"Why, then, O brawling love, O loving hate,
O any thing, of nothing first create!
O heavy lightness, serious vanity,
Misshapen chaos of well-seeming forms!"

"Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs;
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lover's eyes;
Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lover's tears."

But when once he has beheld Juliet, and quaffed intoxicating draughts of hope and love from her soft glance, how all these airy fancies fade before the soul-absorbing reality! The lambent fire that played round his heart burns to that heart's very core. We no longer find him adorning his lamentations in picked phrases, or making a confidant of his gay companions: he is no longer "for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in;" but all is consecrated, earnest, rapturous, in the feeling and the expression. Compare, for instance, the sparkling antithetical passages just quoted with one or two of his passionate speeches to or of Juliet:—

"Heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives!" etc.

"Ah, Juliet! if the measure of thy joy
Be heaped like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath

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This neighbor air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagin'd happiness, that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter."

"Come what sorrow may,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight."

How different! and how finely the distinction is drawn! His first passion is indulged as a waking dream, a reverie of the fancy; it is depressing, indolent, fantastic. His second elevates him to the third heaven, or hurries him to despair. It rushes to its object through all impediments, defies all dangers, and seeks at last a triumphant grave in the arms of her he so loved. Thus Romeo's previous attachment to Rosaline is so contrived as to exhibit to us another variety in that passion which is the subject of the poem, by showing us the distinction between the fancied and the real sentiment. It adds a deeper effect to the beauty of Juliet; it interests us in the commencement for the tender and romantic Romeo, and gives an individual reality to his character by stamping him, like an historical as well as a dramatic portrait, with the very spirit of the age in which he lived.

It may be remarked of Juliet as of Portia, that we not only trace the component qualities in each as they expand before us in the course of the action, but we seem to have known them previously, and mingle a consciousness of their past with the interest of their present and their future. Thus, in the dialogue between Juliet and her parents, and in the scenes with the Nurse, we seem to have before us the whole of her

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previous education and habits: we see her, on the one hand, kept in severe subjection by her austere parents; and, on the other, fondled and spoiled by a foolish old nurse, — a situation perfectly accordant with the manners of the time. Then Lady Capulet comes sweeping by, with her train of velvet, her black hood, her fan, and her rosary, — the very *beau idéal* of a proud Italian matron of the fifteenth century, whose offer to poison Romeo in revenge for the death of Tybalt stamps her with one very characteristic trait of the age and country. Yet she loves her daughter; and there is a touch of remorseful tenderness in her lamentation over her, which adds to our impression of the timid softness of Juliet and the harsh subjection in which she has been kept: —

> "But one, poor one! — one poor and loving child,
> But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
> And cruel death hath catched it from my sight!"

Capulet, as the jovial, testy old man, the self-willed, violent, tyrannical father, — to whom his daughter is but a property, the appanage of his house, and the object of his pride, — is equal as a portrait. But both must yield to the Nurse, who is drawn with the most wonderful power and discrimination. In the prosaic homeliness of the outline and the magical illusion of the coloring, she reminds us of some of the marvelous Dutch paintings, from which, with all their coarseness, we start back as from a reality. Her low humor, her shallow garrulity, mixed with the dotage and petulance of age, her subserviency, her secrecy, and her total want of elevated principle, or even common honesty, are brought before us like a living and palpable truth.

Among these harsh and inferior spirits is Juliet

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placed; her haughty parents and her plebeian nurse not only throw into beautiful relief her own native softness and elegance, but are at once the cause and the excuse of her subsequent conduct. She trembles before her stern mother and her violent father; but, like a petted child, alternately cajoles and commands her nurse. It is her old foster-mother who is the confidante of her love. It is the woman who cherished her infancy who aids and abets her in her clandestine marriage. Do we not perceive how immediately our impression of Juliet's character would have been lowered if Shakespeare had placed her in connection with any commonplace dramatic waiting-woman, — even with Portia's adroit Nerissa, or Desdemona's Emilia? By giving her the Nurse for her confidante, the sweetness and dignity of Juliet's character are preserved inviolate to the fancy, even in the midst of all the romance and willfulness of passion.

The natural result of these extremes of subjection and independence is exhibited in the character of Juliet, as it gradually opens upon us. We behold it in the mixture of self-will and timidity, of strength and weakness, of confidence and reserve, which are developed as the action of the play proceeds. We see it in the fond eagerness of the indulged girl, for whose impatience the "nimblest of the lightning-winged loves" had been too slow a messenger; in her petulance with her nurse; in those bursts of vehement feeling, which prepare us for the climax of passion at the catastrophe; in her invectives against Romeo, when she hears of the death of Tybalt; in her indignation when the nurse echoes those reproaches, and the rising of her temper against unwonted contradiction: —

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"*Nurse.* Shame come to Romeo!

Juliet. Blistered be thy tongue,
For such a wish! he was not born to shame."

Then comes that revulsion of strong feeling, that burst of magnificent exultation in the virtue and honor of her lover:—

"Upon *his* brow Shame is ashamed to sit,
For 't is a throne where Honor may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth!"

And this, by one of those quick transitions of feeling which belong to the character, is immediately succeeded by a gush of tenderness and self-reproach:—

"Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I, thy three-hours' wife, have mangled it?"

With the same admirable truth of nature, Juliet is represented as at first bewildered by the fearful destiny that closes round her; reverse is new and terrible to one nursed in the lap of luxury, whose energies are yet untried:—

"Alack, alack, that heaven should practice stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as myself."

While a stay remains to her amid the evils that encompass her, she clings to it. She appeals to her father, to her mother:—

"Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak one word!
. . . . . .
Ah, sweet my mother, cast me not away!
Delay this marriage for a month,—a week!"

And, rejected by both, she throws herself upon her nurse in all the helplessness of anguish, of confiding affection, of habitual dependence:—

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"O God! O nurse! how shall this be prevented?
Some comfort, nurse!"

The old woman, true to her vocation, and fearful lest her share in these events should be discovered, counsels her to forget Romeo and marry Paris; and the moment which unveils to Juliet the weakness and baseness of her confidante is the moment which reveals her to herself. She does not break into upbraidings; it is no moment for anger; it is incredulous amazement, succeeded by the extremity of scorn and abhorrence, which take possession of her mind. She assumes at once and asserts all her own superiority, and rises to majesty in the strength of her despair.

"*Juliet.* Speakest thou from thy heart?
Nurse. Aye, and from my soul too; or else
Beshrew them both!
Juliet. AMEN!"

This final severing of all the old familiar ties of her childhood,

"Go, counselor!
Thou and thy bosom henceforth shall be twain!"

and the calm, concentrated force of her resolve,

"If all else fail, — myself have power to die,"

have a sublime pathos. It appears to me also an admirable touch of nature, considering the master passion which, at this moment, rules in Juliet's soul, that she is as much shocked by the nurse's dispraise of her lover as by her wicked, time-serving advice.

This scene is the crisis in the character; and henceforth we see Juliet assume a new aspect. The fond, impatient, timid girl puts on the wife and the woman: she has learned heroism from suffering, and subtlety

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from oppression. It is idle to criticise her dissembling submission to her father and mother; a higher duty has taken place of that which she owed to them; a more sacred tie has severed all others. Her parents are pictured as they are, that no feeling for them may interfere in the slightest degree with our sympathy for the lovers. In the mind of Juliet there is no struggle between her filial and her conjugal duties, and there ought to be none. The Friar, her spiritual director, dismisses her with these instructions: —

> "Go home, — be merry, — give consent
> To marry Paris;"

and she obeys him. Death and suffering in every horrid form she is ready to brave, without fear or doubt, "to live an unstained wife;" and the artifice to which she has recourse, which she is even instructed to use, in no respect impairs the beauty of her character; we regard it with pain and pity, but excuse it as the natural and inevitable consequence of the situation in which she is placed. Nor should we forget that the dissimulation as well as the courage of Juliet, though they spring from passion, are justified by principle: —

> "My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven:
> How shall my faith return again to earth,
> Unless that husband send it me from heaven?"

In her successive appeals to her father, her mother, her nurse, and the Friar, she seeks those remedies which would first suggest themselves to a gentle and virtuous nature, and grasps her dagger only as the last resource against dishonor and violated faith: —

> "God join'd my heart with Romeo's, — thou our hands.
> And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,"

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"Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart, with treacherous revolt,
Turn to another, — *this* shall slay them both!"

Thus, in the very tempest and whirlwind of passion and terror, preserving, to a certain degree, that moral and feminine dignity which harmonizes with our best feelings, and commands our unreproved sympathy.

I reserve my remarks on the catastrophe, which demands separate consideration, and return to trace from the opening another and distinguishing trait in Juliet's character.

In the extreme vivacity of her imagination, and its influence upon the action, the language, the sentiments, of the drama, Juliet resembles Portia; but with this striking difference: in Portia, the imaginative power, though developed in a high degree, is so equally blended with the other intellectual and moral faculties that it does not give us the idea of excess. It is subject to her nobler reason; it adorns and heightens all her feelings; it does not overwhelm or mislead them. In Juliet, it is rather a part of her southern temperament, controlling and modifying the rest of her character, springing from her sensibility, hurried along by her passions, animating her joys, darkening her sorrows, exaggerating her terrors, and, in the end, overpowering her reason. With Juliet, imagination is, in the first instance, if not the source, the medium of passion; and passion again kindles her imagination. It is through the power of imagination that the eloquence of Juliet is so vividly poetical; that every feeling, every sentiment, comes to her clothed in the richest imagery, and is thus reflected from her mind to ours. The poetry is not here the mere adornment, the outward

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garnishing, of the character, but its result, or rather blended with its essence. It is indivisible from it, and interfused through it like moonlight through the summer air. To particularize is almost impossible, since the whole of the dialogue appropriated to Juliet is one rich stream of imagery: she speaks in pictures, and sometimes they are crowded one upon another. Thus in the balcony scene: —

> "I have no joy of this contract to-night:
> It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden,
> Too like the lightning which doth cease to be
> Ere one can say it lightens. Sweet, good night!
> This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
> May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet."

Again: —

> "Oh for a falconer's voice
> To lure this tassel-gentle back again!
> Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud,
> Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
> And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
> With repetition of my Romeo's name."

Here there are three images in the course of six lines. In the same scene, the speech of twenty-two lines, beginning,

> "Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,"

contains but one figurative expression, *the mask of night;* and every one reading this speech with the context must have felt the peculiar propriety of its simplicity, though perhaps without examining the cause of an omission which certainly is not fortuitous. The reason lies in the situation and in the feeling of the moment; where confusion and anxiety and earnest self-defense predominate, the excitability and play of

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the imagination would be checked and subdued for the time.

In the soliloquy of the second act, where she is chiding at the nurse's delay: —

> "Oh she is lame! Love's heralds should be thoughts,
> That ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,
> Driving back shadows over low'ring hills:
> Therefore do nimble-pinioned doves draw Love,
> And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings!"

How beautiful! How the lines mount and float responsive to the sense! She goes on: —

> "Had she affections, and warm youthful blood,
> She'd be as swift in motion as a ball;
> My words should bandy her to my sweet love,
> And his to me!"

The famous soliloquy, "Gallop apace, ye fiery-footed steeds," teems with luxuriant imagery. The fond adjuration, "Come, night! come, Romeo! *come, thou day in night!*" expresses that fullness of enthusiastic admiration for her lover which possesses her whole soul; but expresses it as only Juliet could or would have expressed it, — in a bold and beautiful metaphor. Let it be remembered that in this speech Juliet is not supposed to be addressing an audience, nor even a confidante; and I confess I have been shocked at the utter want of taste and refinement in those who, with coarse derision, or in a spirit of prudery, yet more gross and perverse, have dared to comment on this beautiful "Hymn to the Night," breathed out by Juliet in the silence and solitude of her chamber. She is thinking aloud; it is the young heart "triumphing to itself in words." In the midst of all the vehemence with which she calls upon the night to bring Romeo to her arms,

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there is something so almost infantine in her perfect simplicity, so playful and fantastic in the imagery and language, that the charm of sentiment and innocence is thrown over the whole; and her impatience, to use her own expression, is truly that of "a child before a festival, that hath new robes and may not wear them." It is at the very moment, too, that her whole heart and fancy are abandoned to blissful anticipation that the nurse enters with the news of Romeo's banishment; and the immediate transition from rapture to despair has a most powerful effect.

It is the same shaping spirit of imagination which, in the scene with the Friar, heaps together all images of horror that ever hung upon a troubled dream: —

"Oh, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower,
Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears;
Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house
O'ercovered quite with dead men's rattling bones;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave;
Or hide me with a dead man in his shroud, —
Things that to hear them told have made me tremble!"

But she immediately adds, —

"And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstained wife to my sweet love!"

In the scene where she drinks the sleeping potion, although her spirit does not quail nor her determination falter for an instant, her vivid fancy conjures up one terrible apprehension after another, till gradually, and most naturally, in such a mind once thrown off its poise, the horror rises to frenzy; her imagination re-

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alizes its own hideous creations, and she *sees* her cousin Tybalt's ghost.

In particular passages this luxuriance of fancy may seem to wander into excess. For instance: —

> " O serpent heart, hid with a flowery face!
> Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
> Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
> Dove-feather'd raven! wolfish ravening lamb," etc.

Yet this highly figurative and antithetical exuberance of language is defended by Schlegel on strong and just grounds; and to me also it appears natural, however critics may argue against its taste or propriety. The warmth and vivacity of Juliet's fancy, which plays like a light over every part of her character, which animates every line she utters, which kindles every thought into a picture, and clothes her emotions in visible images, would naturally, under strong and unusual excitement, and in the conflict of opposing sentiments, run into some extravagance of diction.

With regard to the termination of the play, which has been a subject of much critical argument, it is well known that Shakespeare, following the old English versions, has departed from the original story of Da Porta; and I am inclined to believe that Da Porta, in making Juliet waken from her trance while Romeo yet lives, and in his terrible final scene between the lovers, has himself departed from the old tradition, and, as a romance, has certainly improved it. But that which is effective in a narrative, is not always calculated for the drama; and I cannot but agree with Schlegel that Shakespeare has done well and wisely in adhering to the old story. Can we doubt for a moment that he

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who has given us the catastrophe of Othello and the tempest scene in Lear might also have adopted these additional circumstances of horror in the fate of the lovers, and have so treated them as to harrow up our very soul, had it been his object to do so? But apparently it was *not*. The tale is one,

> "Such as, once heard, in gentle heart destroys
> All pain but pity."

It is in truth a tale of love and sorrow, not of anguish and terror. We behold the catastrophe afar off, with scarcely a wish to avert it. Romeo and Juliet *must* die; their destiny is fulfilled; they have quaffed off the cup of life, with all its infinite of joys and agonies, in one intoxicating draught. What have they to do more upon this earth? Young, innocent, loving, and beloved, they descend together into the tomb; but Shakespeare has made that tomb a shrine of martyred and sainted affection consecrated for the worship of all hearts, — not a dark charnel vault, haunted by spectres of pain, rage, and desperation. Romeo and Juliet are pictured lovely in death as in life; the sympathy they inspire does not oppress us with that suffocating sense of horror which in the altered tragedy makes the fall of the curtain a relief; but all pain is lost in the tenderness and poetic beauty of the picture. Romeo's last speech over his bride is not like the raving of a disappointed boy; in its deep pathos, its rapturous despair, its glowing imagery, there is the very luxury of life and love. Juliet, who had drunk off the sleeping potion in a fit of frenzy, wakes calm and collected: —

> "I do remember well where I should be,
> And there I am. Where is my Romeo?"

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The profound slumber in which her senses have been steeped for so many hours has tranquillized her nerves and stilled the fever in her blood; she wakes "like a sweet child who has been dreaming of something promised to it by its mother," and opens her eyes to ask for it: —

"Where is my Romeo?"

She is answered at once, —

"Thy husband in thy bosom here lies dead."

This is enough: she sees at once the whole horror of her situation, — she sees it with a quiet and resolved despair; she utters no reproach against the Friar, — makes no inquiries, no complaints, except that affecting remonstrance, —

"O churl! drink all, and leave no friendly drop
To help me after!"

All that is left to her is to die, and she dies. The poem, which opened with the enmity of the two families, closes with their reconciliation over the breathless remains of their children; and no violent, frightful, or discordant feeling is suffered to mingle with that soft impression of melancholy left within the heart, and which Schlegel compares to one long, endless sigh.

"A youthful passion," says Goethe (alluding to one of his own early attachments), "which is conceived and cherished without any certain object, may be compared to a shell thrown from a mortar by night: it rises calmly in a brilliant track, and seems to mix, and even to dwell for a moment, with the stars of heaven; but at length it falls, — it bursts, — consuming and destroying all around, even as itself expires."

To conclude: love, considered under its poetical as-

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pect, is the union of passion and imagination, and, accordingly, to one of these, or to both, all the qualities of Juliet's mind and heart (unfolding and varying as the action of the drama proceeds) may be finally traced: the former concentrating all those natural impulses, fervent affections, and high energies which lend the character its internal charm, its moral power and individual interest; the latter diverging from all those splendid and luxuriant accompaniments which invest it with its external glow, its beauty, its vigor, its freshness, and its truth.

With all this immense capacity of affection and imagination, there is a deficiency of reflection and of moral energy arising from previous habit and education; and the action of the drama, while it serves to develop the character, appears but its natural and necessary result. "Le mystère de l'existence," said Madame de Staël to her daughter, "c'est le rapport de nos erreurs avec nos peines."

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IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

BY WILLIAM HURRELL MALLOCK.

THE apostles of modern progress claim many virtues for the present, which the unenlightened observer may be somewhat slow to detect in it. But it has one distinctive feature, at any rate, the reality of which can be denied by nobody, and which has needed but little heightening from the imagination of the optimist. That feature is the singular toleration of its temper amongst all that, apparently, can most excite intolerance. Every belief that life was once supposed to rest upon we see men calmly questioning and preparing to cast aside, and yet we most of us keep our tempers; we are neither afraid nor angry. Doctrines are swinging before us in the balance that seemed but yesterday to be fixed as mountains, not to be weighed at all; and yet no Brennus adds a sword to make his own scale heavier. There is, in fact, a greater intellectual struggle going on now about us than the world in its whole history has ever before witnessed; the difference that is at the heart of it is wider and more profound. And yet never in any past period has the philosophic and the theological hatred been felt so little, or been so well suppressed by the disputants while amongst the world at large, that intelligent

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watches the movement, and with interest abides the result of it, prejudice seems almost completely to be laid to sleep, and to have given place to a true judicial calm. Our avowed desire is simply to discover where truth lies, — not to discover that it lies either here or there. Truth is the pearl we want, and the divers may seek for it either in cess-pools or in crystal seas. Let them only prove to us satisfactorily where it is to be found. It is not by its locality that we shall judge of its value.

A toleration so catholic and so complete as this seems doubtless a very attractive thing, and is hailed by many wise and worthy men as the fairest and surest sign of a really enlightened age. It is to be feared, however, that in this view we flatter ourselves too much. In some small measure our toleration may indeed be a sign of our enlightenment, but in a far greater measure it is a sign and an effect of our ignorance. We are tolerant of various views, because we have grasped the full meaning of none of them. We are calm as we watch the battle, because we are happily unconscious of what hangs on the issue of it.

This unconsciousness is as easy to explain as it is difficult to excuse. It lies in the following fact. The seat of war, so to speak, is at present in a distant country. Our homes, our families, and the course of our daily lives are not disturbed by it. The questions now dividing the intellectual world are as yet unpractical and remote ones. They deal with the most distant things of the past, or the most elusive things of the present, — with the connection of mind and body, with the foundations of morality, with the descent of man, with the origin of life, with the composition of matter,

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with the existence or non-existence of a first cause. Such questions as these hardly ever occur to us; much less do we seriously think them over, except in times of leisure or retirement. When we are engaged in action, or when we are stirred by feeling, they recede entirely from us; we forget that we have ever known them. No questions, however, are simply abstract that are of any importance to the world at large, or that the world at large takes any genuine interest in. They may seem to be so, but they are not so; and the world by a keen instinct feels that they are not so, long before this feeling has become conscious knowledge, and before conscious knowledge has produced wisdom. Sooner or later, directly or indirectly, such questions will show their bearing on life. They will become capable of being expressed in terms of action; and we shall discuss the distant premises under the form of the near conclusion. And not this only; not only shall we thus discuss them, but it is this last discussion, this discussion of the conclusion, that will really be the decisive one. It may reverse in a moment all former judgments, and from it there will be no appeal. Philosophies, let us remember, exist for the world, not the world for philosophies; and philosophies can only rule the world by guiding it in directions which it is willing itself to take. Let them try to do it violence, and to force it, no matter on what grounds: it will argue back from the practical conclusions to the theoretical premises; and if it rejects the latter as repulsive it will wisely and inevitably condemn the former as false.

The world, then, is tolerant at present of all the rival theories that so much engage its attention, because it is not yet aware of the rival practical meanings which

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lurk below, but only a little below, the surface of them. I have no wish to pronounce on these any judgment of my own. To do so would be quite beside my point. My aim is a far humbler one. It is simply to awake others, and enable them to pass judgment for themselves. It is my aim to make them see what in these days we are really all debating about, and to show them that it is not only first causes, and natural selection, and the condition of the universe millions of years ago; but the tone and character of our human existence now, — our hopes, our fears, our affections, even our amusements, our relations with our wives and parents, and the education of our children. It is all under debate, — the entire scheme and conduct of our lives, the complexion of each short day of them from sunrise to sunset. But of this the world seems quite ignorant; and, being ignorant, it can easily afford to be tolerant.

Let us examine the matter more particularly, but first let us make our minds clear about one important point.

The schools of thought that are being now developed about us seem, from some points of view, to be very various. Theologies, moral philosophies, and materialisms distract our attention with their endless details, and, seen through a dim intellectual twilight, look even more confused and numerous than they really are. But there is one grand division to be made between them, at which they at once form into order, and are forced to group themselves into two classes, between which there is no sympathy and no connection, and between which the line of separation is sharp, distinct, and insuperable, and between which, if their difference have any meaning at all, accounts must first be settled

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before we can with profit proceed an inch farther. The one of these classes is distinguished by the affirmation, the other by the denial, of two dogmas, — the existence of a personal God, and the personal immortality of man. The distinct affirmation of these I shall call Religion, or Belief; the distinct denial of them I shall call Atheism, or Unbelief. I need not pause to defend this use of the words. For the present it is enough that I explain it.

It is true that Religion and Atheism represent opposite poles of thought, and that between these two certainties there are all gradations of doubt. But with none of these forms of doubt need we now concern ourselves, and for this reason: my aim is not now to deal with conditions of mind, but with the practical, with the active results which such conditions produce. If neither Religion nor Atheism have any practical effect on the conduct and character of life; if their axioms are mere barren propositions, beginning and ending with themselves, without any significance, be it ever so small, to the human race at large, it is a foolish waste of time to affirm or to deny either of them. They may serve to amuse the barbarous leisure of pedants, but all except pedants will wisely refuse a thought to them. If, however, on the other hand, they have any effect at all, then, in so far as certainty either way can direct or stimulate action, doubt in a like degree must paralyze and arrest it. But it is in action that man's life and health consist; what tends to hinder action is the beginning of death. The philosophy of complete doubt therefore stands self-condemned. It still exists, it is true; the sentence upon it has never been fully executed; but it exists as a disease, — a disease, indeed,

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from which some of us may ourselves be suffering, but which it seems hardly conceivable that any one in his senses should boast of, still less try to propagate; whilst, if the doubt be not complete, if it be not balanced perfectly in the centre, it must be always tending either to one pole or the other, and its right name would be incomplete religion or incomplete atheism, neither of which stages is final; and, the incompleteness being in each case an imperfection, it must be got rid of before we can do any justice to either side.

The matter, then, is thus far simplified. All minor differences, of whatever magnitude, for the present may be quite dropped. We will but busy ourselves with the greatest difference of all. As far as we are concerned, there are but two parties now contending, and these parties are Religion and Atheism, Belief and Unbelief, those fundamental opposites, those irreconcilable enemies. Such being the case, we may indeed find matter for wonder in the extreme forbearance with which the contest is conducted, and the impartiality, despite the interest, with which it is watched.

In former times, when Atheism was vague and stammering, incomplete and unorganized, it was condemned and suppressed with horror, anger, and indignation. Its apostles were execrated as monsters doomed to eternal torments. The world cast them out, and the Church burnt them. But now that Atheism is complete and organized, without concealment and without shame, its name is not even a term of mild reproach. On the contrary, its most notorious professors are honored and looked up to by the world in general, and are listened to with respectful patience by even their professed opponents. Deans avow friendship for men

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compared with whom Voltaire is orthodox, and cardinals with such men gravely discuss beliefs which Voltaire would have thought it horrible to question.

The reason of this is obvious. Atheism has come forward under changed conditions. It is based upon new foundations; it is animated with a new temper. For the first time it rests itself not on the private speculations of a rebellious intellect, not on the ravings of a vile Parisian populace drunk with the wine of politics, and suffering from political delirium tremens, but on the deep and broad foundations of research, experiment, and proof. It has thus lost all that insolence of private passion and of private judgment which used to make it as offensive to men's practical instincts as it was hostile to their theoretical convictions. Our modern atheists in profession, and to a great measure in fact, are entirely free of the old personal bravado; they claim to teach with authority, because they have been content to learn with humility. For they, too, have their church, their infallible teacher, to whom they profess an implicit and devout obedience. And this teacher is undoubtedly an august one. It is none other than Nature herself, as our powerful science compels her answers from her, — Nature, in the widest sense of the word, including the history of the universe and the history of the human race, and the laws in obedience to which this history has developed itself. Here, we are told, is our one source of knowledge; here we learn the truth, and the whole truth. Nature bears witness about every conceivable subject; there is no rational question which, if we do but ask it properly, she will not answer. She will require no faith from us; she will ask us to take nothing on trust. Every-

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thing that she teaches us she will prove and verify; and there is no variableness in her, nor any shadow of turning. "Come, then," — this is the appeal that our modern atheists make to us, — "and let us learn of Nature; let us listen to the voice of Truth!" And what does truth tell us? Among many things truth tells us two, which are of prime importance, and which are universally intelligible to the human race: there is no God, and there is no future life. The notion of the first is unnecessary, and that of the second is ridiculous. In the name of truth, then, let us cast these lies from us, however painfully for the moment we may feel their loss, however closely they may be bound up for us with memories of the past. But we are not left with this exhortation only. Something more is added to sustain and stimulate us. These lies, we are told, if we will but look them boldly in the face, instead of blinking at them out of deference to their supposed divinity, we shall see to be not lies only, but profoundly immoral lies. It is, therefore, in the name not of selfish indulgence, not of license and free-living, but of sacred truth and all the severest principles, that we are invited to accept the creed of atheism, and to cast out religion. Thus the atheism of to-day, though theoretically destructive, is practically conservative. It no longer assails society as it is, or any of those rules that sustain it, or the chastened affections that are supposed to make it worth sustaining. It is associated no longer with any dissolute wit, with any cruel and brilliant cynicism, or with the fascinations of lawless love. On the contrary, it is on the whole somewhat dull; and, to say the least of it, it is eminently respectable. It is the atheism of the vigil, not

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of the orgy; and its character when developed is solemn, almost puritanical. Study the language, the conduct, even the faces of its most eminent exponents, and signs will be apparent everywhere of gravity and of severe earnestness. These are men, we see in a glance, who hold life a serious thing, — a thing not to be trifled away in idleness, however harmless, or in licentious self-indulgence, however refined or graceful. What is really of value in life, what men should really strive for, are things to be reached only by self-denial and labor, and a vigilant rigor in the guidance and control of our passions. Those who pay no heed to the better part, but who saunter, who lounge, who smile, who sneer, through life, are condemned by the atheists even more grimly than by the believers.

Here, then, is the explanation of our modern tolerance. Both the opposing schools unite in one point; and this is the only point on which difference could not be forgotten, and on which agreement must be hourly felt and remembered. Both agree in their determination to enforce morality, to enjoin strictly on men one certain line of conduct, and by some means or other to persuade or constrain them to follow it. The two schools may differ as to minor details; this comparatively is of small moment. All that we need now remember is that they agree about the great premise, which, though often not expressed, is implied in all moral systems whatsoever, and without which it is manifest they must all fall to the ground. That premise is this: *Human life is a thing of solemn importance; it is of the utmost matter how we live it. Lived in one way, it is a hateful failure; lived in another, it is a beautiful success.* In other words, there is something

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in it of such consummate and incomparable value that its attainment will repair every possible cost to us of weariness, of patience, and of torture, and, once attained, will make us feel truly that we have not lived in vain. Thus human endeavor has a meaning, and, rightly directed, is sure of its own reward. Life is not vanity, it is not vexation of spirit. Of the existence of this precious something that gives life its value there is no question; that, by both parties, is taken for granted. The only question is as to its analysis, — what are its component parts, on what is its value founded? Thus the rival parties are agreed to share the treasure; their only contest is as to who shall protect the treasury.

There is one fact, however, which the unbelievers pass by. They are sometimes so ignorant that they do not know of it; they are sometimes so preoccupied that they forget it; they are often of what we should most of us call so fine a nature that they can but imperfectly understand it. At any rate, from whatever cause, they one and all ignore it; or when for a moment sometimes it is actually forced upon their notice, they only put it aside with anger and irritation. They will not even examine it. This fact, however, is one that must be dealt with, — that we must look fully in the face. Sooner or later we shall have to do so. We cannot dispose of it either by ill-temper or forgetfulness. Let us try to consider it, and calmly value its importance.

We can most of us, we can probably all of us, remember times in the course of our lives when we have felt like Macbeth or Hamlet in their most desponding moods. We have heard the rumor of life as it were an

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idiot's tale in our ears, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing; all the uses of the world have seemed weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable to us. We have thought that there was nothing worth striving for, that there was no profit under the sun. The splendor has gone from the grass, the glory from the flower. Knowledge, life, affection, — all these have ceased to appeal to us. We have felt that we must do something, but that it was no matter what we did. To some of us suicide has, no doubt, suggested itself; and to others the more popular philosophy, so tersely expressed by Byron, that,

"Man, *being reasonable*, must get drunk."

This view, however, even by most of those who hold it, has been felt to be really but a half view in the guise of a whole one. It has else been intentionally adopted as a kind of solemn affectation, or it has else been lamented as a miserable sad disease. It is a view, indeed, that healthy intellects have hitherto declined even to consider. Its advocates have met with neglect, contempt, or castigation, not with arguments; they have been pitied as insane, condemned as cynical, or passed over as frivolous. And yet but for one reason this view would have been to the whole modern world not only not untenable, but even obvious. The emptiness of the things of this life, their utter powerlessness to make us really happy, has been the theme equally of saints and sages. Commerce with the world and meditation in the cloister seemed to teach all of them the same lesson, — seemed to preach to them the same sermon *de contemptu mundi*. The view which eager monk began with the sated monarch ended

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But matters did not end here. There was something more to come, by which this view was completely changed and transmuted, and which made the wilderness and the waste place at once blossom as the rose. Judged of by itself, this life would indeed be vanity: but it was not to be judged of by itself. All its ways seemed to break short aimlessly in precipices, or to be lost hopelessly in deserts; they led to no visible end. True; but they led instead to ends that were invisible, — to spiritual and eternal destinies to triumphs, exceeding every hope, to terrible failures exceeding every fear. This all men might see if they would only choose to see. The most trivial of our daily actions became thus invested with an immeasurable meaning. Life was thus evidently not vanity, not an idiot's tale, not unprofitable; and those who affected to think it was were naturally disregarded by the world as either insane or insincere.

But now with the unbelievers all this is changed. They, too, hold that life is serious; as serious, they say, as the believers hold it, — nay, even more so. But they must base this faith of theirs upon quite new reasons; they must find quite a new answer with which to confute objectors. It is, in fact, their boast that they are obliged to do so. Not only do they think the old answers to be insufficient or beside the point, but they think them to be lies, — to be groundless lies, to be immoral lies. To destroy them, to cast them out, to cleanse the world of them, is with our new teachers the very beginning of progress. What, then, is the practical result, or rather the practical meaning, of this? An extreme value to life, we have seen, they are resolved — indeed, being moralists,

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they are obliged — to give; they will not tolerate those who deny this value. But they are obliged to find the value in a new place, — in the very place where hitherto it has been thought most conspicuous by its absence. It is to be found in no better and wider future, where injustice shall be turned to justice, trouble into rest, and blindness into clear sight; for no such future awaits us. It is to be found in life itself, in this earthly life, this life between the cradle and the grave, — there or nowhere; and within these limits they imply it assuredly is to be found, — found and attained also, for it is nothing if not attainable. Here, then, is a distinct intelligible task that the unbelievers have unintentionally set themselves; and when they realize what it is they may perhaps be startled at its boldness. They have taken everything away from life that to wise men hitherto has seemed to redeem it from vanity. They have to prove to us they have not left it vain. They have to prove those things to be solid which their predecessors thought hollow, those things serious which their predecessors thought contemptible; they must prove to us that we shall be content with that which has never yet contented us, and that the widest minds will thrive within limits that have hitherto been thought too narrow for the narrowest. They may be able to prove this; there is nothing on the face of it that is impossible. But at all events it requires to be proved. They must not beg the very point which is most open to contradiction, and which, when once duly apprehended, will be most sure to provoke it. If this life is not of itself incapable of satisfying us, let them show us conclusively that it is not. But they can hardly expect that, without any such showing

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all, the world will suddenly repel as a blasphemy what it has hitherto accepted as a commonplace.

If we consider the matter a little further, this will become more evident.

All systems of morality, we have seen, must postulate some end of action, — an end that is worth living for; an end that is supremely good for us to gain, and supremely ill for us to lose; an end that we can only gain by virtue, and that we must lose by vice. We have seen also that every system of morality that is not religious must place this end wholly within the present life. Life, this terrestrial human life, it premises, contains something in it that can satisfy man; and this *something* is to be reached only in certain ways, — ways that can be prescribed, and taught, and which are named morality. Now let us reflect a little about this *something*, and see generally what sort of *something* it must be, if it is to satisfy all the demands that will necessarily be made upon it.

In the first place, it is of course a *something* whose value can be, and is, recognized by those who follow it. Virtuous men are virtuous because virtue brings them something which they wish to be brought to them, — because the end it aims at seems to them the highest aim. But this is not all. It is not enough that to those who already know it, and who are already seeking and finding it, the *something* in question appears an adequate end of action. It must be capable of being put as such before those who already do not know it, and who have never sought it, but who have, on the contrary, always turned away from everything that is supposed to lead to it. It must be able, in her words, not only to satisfy the virtuous of the

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wisdom of their virtue; it must be able to convince the vicious of the folly of their vice. If it cannot fulfill this condition, the atheistic moralist can make no converts. Vice is only bad in his eyes because of the precious *something* we lose by it. He can only convince us of our error by giving us some picture of our loss. And this, if his moral system be worth anything, he must be able to do, and, in promulgating his system, he professes to be able to do. The physician's work is to heal the sick. His skill must not end in explaining his own health.

Here, then, is an important fact about the supreme *something*, — that *something* that alone makes life serious, and that is of necessity postulated by every unbelieving moralist. It is nothing, as we have already said, if not attainable. We now see that it is next to nothing if not describable.

Let us go a little farther.

One term of description we may at once apply to it, as about that there has been no question. The *something* we are in search of is some form of happiness. But it is not enough to call it happiness. For of happiness there are countless kinds; and one or other of these all men follow, and take very different paths in doing so. But it is plain that they are not for this reason moral. Else there would be an indefinite number of moralities, and we might multiply them at our own caprice. But this plainly is not the case. Of moralities, unless we give the word an entirely new meaning, there is fundamentally only one, and this is equally applicable to all varieties of men. Morality, then, is the art of one single kind of happiness; and this happiness will, when once known, be attractive †

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all alike, despite every difference of situation, taste, and temper. It will be attractive, too, in so superlative a degree that every pleasure will be gladly sacrificed and every pain gladly suffered for it by those who have once seen it in its true colors.

It thus appears, then, that all those who, dispensing with religion, would yet maintain morality, stand committed to the following statement, — that human life contains for those who seek it a certain kind of happiness so supreme and satisfying that if a man gain the whole world, and yet lose this, his entire career is but a calamitous failure. And this supreme kind of happiness is the same for all; it is within the reach of all; when once fully known it is irresistibly attractive to all; and by some means or other it is describable or presentable to all.

And now let us dwell once again on this last characteristic, and see a little more clearly how essential it is.

A code of morals is a number of restraining orders; it rigorously bids us walk in certain paths. But why? What is the use of bidding us? Because there are a variety of other paths that we are naturally inclined to walk in. The right paths are right because they lead to the highest kind of happiness; the wrong paths are wrong because they lead to lower kinds of happiness. But when men choose vice instead of virtue, what is happening? They are considering the lower happiness better than the highest; they are making a mistake as to the value of the end. It is this mistake that is the essence and the cause of immorality; it is this mistake that mankind is forever inclined to make; and it is the great *raison d'être* of a moral system that it can bring this mistake home to us, and so cure us of it, —

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that it can open our mind's eyes, and show us that the highest happiness is indeed the highest, and so make us sharply conscious of what we lose by losing it. This highest happiness must, then, be describable or presentable; and the men to whom we shall chiefly want to present it are not men who desire to see it, and will seek for it of their own accord, but men who are turned away from it, and on whose sight it must be thrust. And not this only. Not only must it be thus presentable, but when presented it must be able to stand the inveterate criticism of those who fear being allured by it, who are content as they are, and have no wish to be rendered discontented. These men will submit it to every test by which they may hope to prove that its attractions are delusive. They will ask what it is based upon, and of what it is compounded. They will submit it to an analysis as merciless as that by which their atheistic advisers and censors have destroyed religion. They will test it with reason, as we test a metal by acid. It must, therefore, be able to bear this fiery and fierce ordeal, and come out none the worse for it. Not only must it have a bloom of beauty on it at first sight, but this beauty must bear handling, and must be insoluble by reason, with which it is sure to be tested.

Now is this happiness a reality, or is it a myth? That is the great question. Can human life, cut off utterly from every hope beyond itself, — can human life supply it? If it cannot, then, evidently, there can be no morality without religion. But perhaps it can. But perhaps life has greater capacities than we have hitherto given it credit for. Perhaps this happiness may be really not far from any one of us, and we have only overlooked it hitherto because it was too directly before our ey

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If so, let it be pointed out to us. It is useless, as we have seen, if not presentable. To those who most need it, it is useless until presented. Indeed, until it is presented, we are but acting on our teacher's maxim by refusing to believe in it. And as yet it never has been presented. No image of any kind of terrestrial happiness has as yet been put before the world that can at all bear the weight that will be put upon it, as the foundation of morality, unless we give morality an entirely new and, in many points, an entirely inverted meaning.

I know that this statement will be contradicted by many, and, till it is explained further, it is only natural that it should be. It will be said that a terrestrial happiness, just of the kind needed, has been put by the unbelieving moralists before the world again and again. Is not virtue, it has been asked us, its own reward? Shall we only be generous, be kind, be brave, be true, for the hope of future payment, or the fear of future pain? Shall we not rather be all these things for the simple sake of being them? and shall not we find ample blessedness in this? I know that all this has been urged upon us, and that it is being urged upon us daily now. But with what results? With none, or rather with far worse than none. Not only has it done absolutely nothing towards clearing up the matter, but it has, on the contrary, completely disordered and confused it. It has reduced it to a state in which it is impossible to pass any judgment on it. And the reason why is simple. It begs the answer in the very terms in which it propounds the question.

This hitherto has been the fault of all the unbelieving moralists. They will never state their own posi-

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tion clearly. I have said they will not, but it must be more true to say they cannot. They apparently only mystify others, because they have first honestly mystified themselves. At any rate, the first thing to be done, before we proceed farther, is to extricate the question from all those irrelevant surroundings which so completely hide its features as it is at present presented to us.

As it is necessary before all things that this be done thoroughly, I will not contend with the vague representative generalities which I just now put into the mouths of the unbelievers. I will take the very words of one of themselves, and these words shall be the most favorable and complete specimen I am able to find of their way of putting the case. They shall show in its best and most alluring light the code of atheistic ethics as it is offered to us by our modern atheists. We shall then see distinctly with that we have first to deal.

The following verses are George Eliot's :—

"Oh, may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead, who live again
In minds made better by their presence . . . .
So to live is heaven; . . .
To make undying music in the world,
Breathing us beauteous order that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man.
So we inherit that sweet purity
For which we struggled, groaned, and agonized
With widening retrospect that bred despair. . . .
That better self shall live till human time
Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky
Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb,
Unread forever. This is life to come,
Which martyred men have made more glorious

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> For us who strive to follow. May I reach
> That purest heaven, and be to other souls
> That cup of strength in some great agony,
> Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
> Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,
> Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
> And in diffusion ever more intense;
> So shall I join that choir invisible,
> Whose music is the gladness of the world."

In these remarkable verses we have the whole gospel of atheistic ethics, as it is now preached to us, presented in an impassioned epitome. All that our unbelieving moralists say we have condensed here, and condensed in such a way that it shall look at its very best, — that it shall look as beautiful and as alluring as it possibly can be made to look. Indeed, the objection might readily suggest itself that it was too beautiful, too highly strung, — that it was fit only for saints and heroes. This objection, however, is a completely false one. It would apply equally well to any system of morality that tended to raise men. Our professions must be above our practice, else our practice would soon sink below our professions. We are only not worse than we are, because we know we ought to be better. A morality will never save sinners that will not satisfy saints, and the sentiments of a system must be always suited to the most exalted of those that live by it. In fact, it is these that, before all others, it must suit; for it is they, though in numbers a minority, that are the primary sources of all moral power. The world may be divided into two classes. The first is composed of the great mass of men without strong ambitions, without strong principles, without either the need or power to think things out for themselves.

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They are content to live, as it were, from hand to mouth, — in so far as they are virtuous doing their duties, in so far as they are vicious avoiding them, with no inquiry into the deeper reasons of things and the fundamental difference between vice and virtue. The second class is a comparatively small one, though its limits cannot be defined with any great exactness. It consists of men with minds and wills so active that they cannot take things thus quietly. There are two questions, one of which they will ask, and very often both of them: What meaning can be wrung out of life? and, How can we ourselves wring out this meaning? These are the men who, in a greater or less degree, approach the ideals of sanctity, of heroism, or of genius. These are the salt of the earth, the little leaven hid in a barrel of meal, — the men who have subdued kingdoms, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness been made strong, and have put to flight the armies of the aliens. These are the Pauls of the world, and the Voltaires also, the Loyolas and the Benthams. These are that gifted minority by whom men's blind instincts are converted into clear governing principles, and principles shown in action by example, by whom the world is taught and whom the world follows. To such men George Eliot's verses could not be in any way unsatisfactory on the score of their elevation. And such men, let us remember, are all that we need now consider. For it is these a system must first move and satisfy, before it can move and satisfy any others. If the morality of atheism cannot attract them, we may be quite sure it will attract nobody else. If they are convinced that religion is false, that without religion there can be no power to enabl

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us to overcome temptation, and no reason for desiring to do so; that in a moral sense life is worthless; and that wisdom and folly are all one, much more will the world at large be convinced, to whom wisdom is naturally irksome and folly easy.

And now, before recurring to George Eliot's verses, let us nctice carefully one essential characteristic of the conduct of this minority to whom the verses are primarily addressed. Every human action must have a motive; it must aim at some end which the agent desires to attain. But with the sort of men we are now considering it is not enough that the act has a *motive;* it must have also a *justification.* They must be assured that the ends they aim at are right and worthy ones. This being the case, we may divide their actions into three classes. In the first the motive and the justification are essentially inseparable. The former supplies the latter. The motive is its own justification. The end, in other words, is good for its own sake. That is all we can say. We can defend our desire for it no further. In the second class of action the motive and the justification are inseparable also. But here matters are reversed. The latter supplies the former. The justification is the only motive. The end, in other words, is in no sense good for its own sake, but only as leading to some other good that is. Lastly, there is a third class, in which the motive and the justification are separate and distinct things. Here the reasons for which we choose an act are different from the reasons for which we allow ourselves to choose it. It is specially important that this should be understood rightly ; I will therefore give a few examples of what I mean. Let us take the matter of politics. A polit-

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ical career has for many men an irresistible fascination. They pursue it with an appetite and an eagerness that seems utterly unconnected with anything else beyond. The only motives they are conscious of are excitement and ambition. But these strong motives are not sufficient. They need a justification to clinch their power. The justification is that politics are not absorbing only, but necessary; not exciting only, but useful. Once let this justification go, once disconnect the success of the statesman from the improvement of the state, once make it self-evident that in following his own interests he is ministering to no interests beyond them, and the whole charm of politics will be gone. They will have become nothing but a game, and a foolish vapid game, at which no one will care to play. There is, to take another instance, a certain set of excellent women, who are continually being moved to giving advice and telling the whole truth to their friends. What can be more distinct than motive and justification here? The justification is the good they do; the motive is the annoyance they give. Or, to come to a commoner matter yet, let us take the matter of eating. Nine times out of ten our immediate motive for eating is the immediate pleasure which the process gives us. As far as we are conscious at the moment eating is for the most part a simple self-indulgence. But, if eating were nothing more than that, conscientious men would never devote the time to it which they do at present. It has, however, a justification; it is necessary for maintaining life. We do not remember this each time we eat; we do not, perhaps, remember it so often as once a twelve-month; but the knowl-

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edge is always latent, and by this knowledge the self-indulgence is justified.

Here, then, are three distinct classes of action. In the *first* the motive supplies its own justification; in the *second* the justification is the only motive; in the *third* the motive and the justification are distinct and separate. If we lived to eat, eating would belong to the first class; since we eat to live, eating does belong to the third class. But there is this exception: nauseous food is sometimes taken medicinally, and then eating belongs to the second class. To one or other of these classes every act must belong which any moral man can desire to practice, and every act which any moralist can enjoin. It will be seen further that the whole justification, the whole moral character, in fact, of the last two classes of acts is derived ultimately from their connection with the first. In other words, every moral act that we can do is either an act that aims at some end good for its own sake, and that thus stands solely and simply on its own merits; or else it is only moral in so far as it tends to produce, to facilitate, or to multiply such acts. Such acts, then, acts of the first class, acts of which the motive supplies the only justification, are the only acts that are of themselves good, or virtuous, or high, or moral. It is from them that the others derive their whole ethical character. And, accordingly, in testing the soundness of ethical systems, it is with them only that our first concern lies. Everything else will stand or fall with these.

And now, remembering this, let us turn to George Eliot's verses, and get rid of every act commended in them which is not in itself moral, of which the motive is not its own justification. In this way the matter

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will be rapidly simplified, and we shall see somewhat more clearly what is the real point at issue. Now the principle and the virtue that George Eliot most dwells upon, and upon which she relies mainly for exciting our sympathies and enlisting them in her cause, is self-sacrifice and heroism, and a losing of our individual lives in the larger life of our own beloved race. It is thus that she professes to offer us a higher kind of morality altogether than the old religious kind, which was, compared with this, a selfish, hireling thing, bought by a splendid promise of future heavenly wages. George Eliot herself, it is true, offers us a reward; but her reward is quite different. Though our own, it will yet not be our own. Our good will be the good of others; our life will be the life of others. For us will be agony, and groans, and struggling; but we shall welcome them as glorious, we shall choose them gladly; for by them we mix ourselves with the better self of the whole great world, we become notes in its undying music. All this, no doubt, sounds very fine indeed. A class of actions is here commended to us that are in many ways very powerfully attractive. But to what class do they belong? They belong all of them to those two classes we have been just considering, of which the motive is entirely distinct from the justification, or else for its force altogether depends upon it. They are not actions which stand on their own merit. They are not self-luminous. It is quite true that men will often suffer and die, and earn the name of heroes, because it seems *dulce et decorum* to them so to do. That is the motive. But there must also be the latent justification, that to themselves at least the end has seemed a worthy one. Else, if the end have not so seemed, if they have un-

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dergone suffering for ends which they themselves recognized to be frivolous, we shall certainly not call them heroes ; on the contrary, we shall call them fools and madmen. If a Christian were to be crucified that he might turn the world from vice to virtue, he might well be called a hero, or something yet higher ; if he were to be crucified that the world might prefer dry champagne to sweet, he might well be called a fool, or anything lower. It is evident, then, that all this groaning, this agony, this sacrifice of ourselves for others, depends for its value on the results it is designed to compass. No unbeliever would pretend that agony was good for itself, that groaning was good for itself, or that heroism without an object was heroism at all. It is on the object that the whole matter depends. Granted that the object is good, the paths that lead to it are of course good also; and the harder and more rugged they are, the more shall we admire those who traverse them, and who assist others to traverse them. About this there is no question. What do these paths lead to? That is the only point there can be any serious dispute about. And I here take occasion to protest, with all the emphasis I may, against a certain practice of our unbelieving moralists which, if its deceit were not evidently unintentional, and if they themselves were not the first victims of it, would demand the hardest epithet that the moral vocabulary can supply. They always speak, they apparently always contrive to think, of this self-abnegating heroism, to which they give such prominence, as a virtue that is something new and peculiar to their own systems; that it is cherished by unbelief, and that religion stunts it. It is difficult to conceive an assumption more utterly un-

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true than this, and not only more untrue, but more groundless. Indeed, it can only have imposed on any one by its inconceivable audacity. Heroism and self-abnegation, as a moment's unruffled thought will show us, are parts of religious morality just as much as of atheistic. It is about the object only of the heroism that the two systems differ. Both have for their end true human welfare, the truest human happiness; but the one connects such happiness with something beyond this life, — with something higher, purer, and more complete; the other explicitly bounds it by this life, which contains, it teaches, all the elevation, purity, and completeness of which the loftiest human nature is capable. Here is the only difference. George Eliot says, "I desire to be immortal in the beneficial effects of my life; I desire to live on in the higher lives of others." Well and good; so she may desire it. But the desire is not peculiar to those who desire nothing more than this. The believer has just the same desire. He would just as gladly spend and be spent for humanity. He only connects humanity with something better than itself, and so makes it better worth his being spent for. Let us, then, for the present at least, quite put out of our heads all these providing, these provisional virtues, these virtues not self-luminous, not self-justified, which are common to both systems. There need be no discussion where there is no disagreement. Let us consider only the self-justified object which the unbelievers give their virtues, and from which alone they gain their virtuous character. For here it is that the heart of the difference lies. And what on this point does George Eliot tell us? What is all her heroism, all her self-devotion, to conduce to? To making men

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better, to making undying music and beauteous order in the world, to diffusing sweet purity and smiles that have no cruelty in them. Here we come to the point. This is the thing we want to know. We want to know what is the precious thing we are to strive for, not to be told again and again that we must heroically strive for something precious. The foundation, then, of the unbeliever's ethics is not the fact that heroism is good and that self-sacrifice is good, but that kind smiles are, and sweet purity is, and the world's better self is.

Such is George Eliot's answer; and such, in substance, is the answer of all her school of moralists. But this is not enough. This sort of answer practically is absolutely valueless. We have here a lot of fine phrases. But what do these fine phrases mean? They may mean anything, or they may mean nothing. They name a *something*, it is true ; but, in the act of naming it, they shroud it in a vapor of praise. We want this vapor cleared away. We wish to see the praised *something* plainly. We want to know in detail what the phrases mean. We want them translated into terms of life and action. For it is according to the value of the exact meaning of them that the system they belong to stands or falls. We know what self-sacrifice and unselfishness mean well enough. In the world's "better self" we find no meaning but what we bring. "Beauteous order" is of course "beauteous." But we do not want it to be thus named by others; we want to be shown it, so that we may be forced so to name it ourselves. Whilst as to "undying music," we want to hear it first before we know whether its continuance would be a blessing or a torture. And here in passing we may notice another hallucination of our moralists.

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They seem to think that the excellence of their end is guarantied and heightened by the trouble which, they tell us, must be taken to arrive at it. They forget that music fit for an orgy may be just as hard to play as music fit for the mass. The musician may have to struggle, groan, and agonize as much in one case as in the other. At present the unbeliever's system of morality is like a rugged Ararat, which we are bidden climb and help others to climb, for the sake of an ark that is said to rest on the peaks of it. But the peaks are hidden by clouds, the ark can be seen by none below; and those who profess to have reached it can give no distinct account of the treasures they profess to have found in it. Why should men then not remain on the level plains, and live at will there quietly with the flocks and herds, if there is nothing to assure them but a vague, bewildered rumor that they will gain anything better by the pains and perils of mountaineering?

Once again let me repeat, it is the ultimate end of action we want to know about, which is quite distinct from our painful efforts to secure it. What is this precious *something*, this peculiar kind of happiness, that we ought to live for? What is it that we gain by virtue and seriousness, and lose by vice and frivolity? It must be something, and it must be something definite. Else why is the moralist pleased with the serious, and why is he angry with the frivolous? He can only tell us why by presenting to us this end of action; and by presenting it to us in such a way that we see it to be its own justification, that we realize it to be attainable, and that we feel it to be attractive.

I am quite aware that it is easy to state these things

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on paper, and to win from the reader a certain kind of assent to them; but that it is quite a different matter, and often a very difficult one, to produce a really fruitful, a really living, conviction. I will therefore adduce a very singular example to prove that what I have been saying about atheistic ethics is the simple, sober truth, — true not only on paper, but in actual life and practice. And I shall take the example from the confessions of one of the atheists themselves, — one of the most distinguished, the most earnest, the most influential among their number: he shall be my witness.

"From the winter of 1821," writes John Stuart Mill in his "Autobiography," "when I first read Bentham, ... I had what might truly be called an object in life, — to be a reformer of the world. . . . . I endeavored to pick up as many flowers as I could by the way; but as a serious and permanent personal satisfaction to rest upon, my whole reliance was placed on this. . . . . But the time came when I awakened from this as from a dream. . . . . It occurred to me to put the question directly to myself: 'Suppose that all your objects in life were realized; that all the changes in institutions and opinions which you are looking forward to could be completely effected at this very instant; would this be a great joy and happiness to you?' And an irrepressible self-consciousness distinctly answered, 'No!' At this my heart sank within me; the whole foundation on which my life was constructed fell down. . . . . The end had ceased to charm, and how could there ever again be any interest in the means? I seemed to have nothing left to live for. . . . . The lines in Coleridge's 'Dejection' . . . . exactly describe my case: —

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"'A grief without a pang, void, dark, and drear,
A drowsy, stifled, unimpassioned grief,
Which finds no natural outlet or relief
In word, or sigh, or tear.

. . . . . .

Work, without hope, draws nectar in a sieve,
And life without an object cannot live.'"

And the teaching of this account is pointed by the following comment on it: "Though my dejection, honestly looked at, could not be called other than egotistical, produced by the ruin, as I thought, of my fabric of happiness, yet the destiny of mankind in general was ever in my thoughts, and could not be separated from my own. *I felt that the flaw in my life must be a flaw in life itself; and that the question was whether, if the reformers of society and government could succeed in their objects, and every person in the community were free and in a state of physical comfort, the pleasures of life, being no longer kept up by struggle and privation, would cease to be pleasures.* And I felt that unless I could see some better hope than this for human happiness in general, my dejection must continue."

Surely this passage must speak for itself. It can need but little comment. Here is the truth of all that I have been saying confessed by one of the unbelievers themselves, and confessed not as an abstract, not as a theoretical truth, but as a truth whose full bitterness he has himself felt. He has acknowledged it by months of misery, by intermittent thoughts of suicide, by years of recurring melancholy. Some ultimate end of action, some kind of satisfying happiness, — this, and this alone, can give any meaning to work, or make possible any kind of virtue. Without this we must be

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content to live as the beasts, or we can never be content to live at all. All this Mill distinctly acknowledges. What is the end, — the last end of action? That is the vital question. Any answer that stops short of this will be but postponing the difficulty, not meeting it, and will leave us in no better condition than that of the Eastern cosmogonists, who first explained the earth's stability by saying that it rested on an elephant; and, being asked on what the elephant rested, answered, On a tortoise.

Mill, however, though he fully felt the difficulty in question, did not long succumb to it. He was determined that he would conquer it, and he at last persuaded himself that he had done so. He contrived to make life again bearable, and to convince himself that it contained something worthy of his self-devotion. It will be instructive to see how he does this, as a further light will be thus thrown on those subtle deceptions which the unbelievers practice on themselves, and their contrivances for veiling that question whose naked face they seem even afraid to look at. The process, then, of Mill's moral convalescence, as he himself understood it, took the form of two new discoveries. In the first place, he tells us that though he never "wavered in the conviction that happiness is the test of all rules of conduct, and the end of life," he now thought that this end was only to be attained by not making it the direct end. "Those only are happy . . . . who have their minds fixed on some object other than their own happiness, — on the happiness of others, on the improvement of mankind, even on some art or pursuit, followed not as a means, but as itself an ideal end." Now what does Mill gain by this? Is he meet-

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ing the difficulty? Not in the slightest; he is simply wriggling out of it. For, firstly, as to any "art or pursuit, followed not as a means, but as itself an ideal end," if happiness is the test of all rules of conduct, the following of these arts or pursuits can only be justified because they promote happiness. Every path in the ethical labyrinth leads back to that. Nor, next, is any difficulty overcome by bidding us follow the happiness of others instead of our own. For the question still remains unsettled: What kind of happiness for others is it that it will be worth our while to promote? We are merely thus removing the matter to a little distance, in the hopes of gaining a clearer view of it. But that no clearer view of it can ever be got this way the following pithy passage out of More's "Utopia" is sufficient to remind us: "For a joyful life, that is to say, a pleasant life, is either evil; and if so then thou shouldest not only help no man thereto, but rather as much as in thee lieth withdraw all men from it, as noisome and hurtful; or else, if thou not only mayest, but also of duty art bound to procure it for others, why not chiefly for thyself? — to whom thou art bound to show as much favor and gentleness as to others." And Mill, with a curious inconsistency, seems to have admitted and felt that this was really true. For no sooner had he come to the conclusion we have been just considering, — that men should not seek their own happiness, — than he went on to inquire, with the utmost anxiety, in what this happiness consisted. He took some time in discovering this, and was at first not a little perplexed about it. But at length light broke upon him; the discovery at length was made. And what, according to his own account, was it? The

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"perennial" happiness, for which men are to live, which is to make life desirable "when all the greater evils . . . . shall have been removed," consists, he tells us, "in states of feeling, and of thought colored by feeling, under the excitement of beauty." This is the only description, the most accurate and complete description, he can give us of the one thing by which all conduct is to be tested, and the hope of attaining which is alone to make life liveable. Mill is as vague as George Eliot. His answer is just as worthless. If some special kind of happiness is the one thing we are to work for, we must know so exactly what this happiness is that we can, without error, distinguish it from all other kinds. It must be such, too, that we shall be prepared to admit that all acts will be moral that conduce to it; and that no act will be immoral that does not keep ourselves or others from the possession of it. Now are "states of feeling, or thought colored by feeling, under the excitement of beauty," an end so definite that any man can work for it? Or could they form a test even, were they so, by which we could condemn any gratification, however base or abnormal, which we might passionately and persistently long for? Or granting, even, that such longings did stand condemned as distracting us on our course, should not we in this case best conquer temptation by yielding to it? Mill, it is true, thought this vague happiness definite enough and attractive enough. But then, let us remember, he was determined to do so. He was an ethical Don Quixote in search of a mistress; and we should find, probably, could only this Dulcinea be identified, that her charms existed nowhere but in the imagination of her knight.

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Here, then, is a fact which is surely not without significance; here is a lesson which he that runs may read, and which may well give pause to our voluble modern teachers. Mill's experience should at once show us that the very possibility of an atheistic morality is at least not self-evident; that even the earnest and benevolent, who long to give life a serious meaning, are bewildered when they try to discover any source for its seriousness; nay, that, bounded as our teachers bound it by itself, the chances are that all erelong will grow to acknowledge its vanity.

What! — it will be asked, — and do they all go for nothing, the utterances of our eminent teachers? Our modern atheistic moralists have been men of blameless life, of set and solemn purpose, of subtle and of powerful intellects. They have worked, and thought, and written. They have won the ear of the world. All these men tell us confidently that life is serious. And shall not their confidence be some assurance to us? In this matter of opinion, is not these men's authority of the greatest weight?

I answer, No; and for a reason that we shall do well to consider.

Nearly all our great modern unbelievers, the men on whose speculations and discoveries unbelief in our days has based itself, have been men of letters, of research, or of science. They have won their eminence in the study, or the laboratory, or the dissecting room; and they have there come to conclusions which they proclaim loudly to the world as fatal to all religion. But the knowledge which has qualified them to destroy religion has no bearing whatever on the knowledge that will qualify them to replace it. They have taken away

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the happiness of heaven. They replace it by the happiness of earth. But if heavenly happiness be a myth, may not earthly happiness be a myth also? No eminence gained in the laboratory or the study will make a man an authority upon this question. If he be an authority upon it at all, he will have acquired his qualifications in very different places; and he will have acquired them not in virtue of his success as a specialist, but in spite of it. Would we judge about the happiness that life can yield, life is the one thing we have to study. We must study men and women as they are around us, and the varied impulses under which they act. Now not only will lonely thought and study necessitate in general a certain withdrawal from life, and a consequent ignorance of it; but devotion to any special pursuit, that is possible only for the few, will tend to distort the judgment, and will lead a man to put the personal *motive* of his own career in place of the ultimate and general *justification*. Such men, indeed, live surrounded by *idola specûs*. Interests which absorb them and give their lives a meaning, they imagine will affect the world at large in a like way; unconscious that the world at large has other interests which they know of but by empty names; that it is allured by pleasures, and that it has to battle with passions, to which education and temperament have alike made them strangers. There is indeed something grotesque in the notion of a *savant* emerging from an examination of a beetle's wing, or a speculation upon parallel lines, before men and women of the world, flushed or embittered with the joys, the passions, or the pains of life, led by the bright or dark allurements of ambition, or of vanity, or of love, to instruct them on the strongest

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motives to action, and the real secret of making the most of this life. Men of science, for instance, talk continually about moral matters as though scientific research were the great thing to live for. But when they talk like this it is plain they cannot know what they are saying. It would be attributing a too unworldly simplicity to them, to fancy that they supposed really that the mass of men would ever follow science for its own sake, or that even could they, they would ever wish to do so. Nor, granting even that this were possible, can we imagine any one bold and blind enough to accept the conclusion that would inevitably follow. For if scientific research be the true end of life, and the test of conduct, nothing can then be immoral that does not interfere with scientific research. It is hard to see what fabric of ethics could be reared upon this foundation: it is hard to conceive that the world in general could desire to raise any. And the end of action which we demand is an end of action for the world in general. It must be that, or it can be nothing. It must be an end that will attract equally the politician and the professor; the fashionable *femme incomprise* famishing for some mad distraction; and the shy profound student, as incapable of understanding passion as he is of inspiring it. It must be an end that will inspire the passionless and restrain the passionate. It must, when we are once within the sphere of its attraction, be the strongest magnet of our lives of power to counteract the force of all our selfish instincts, and of all the fierce desires which many of the holiest men have hardly resisted, and to which most of the world's greatest men have notoriously yielded.

That such an end as this is possible for the world in

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general, those only who know the world can be in a position to say. The religious moralist might well be a recluse, for the source of his morality was essentially without this life. The atheistic moralist must emphatically be a man of the world ; for the source of his morality is essentially within it. He must, indeed, enter into the pursuits of men, with the same diligence as that with which the other avoided them. A knowledge attained thus is an absolute necessity for him. That he may be qualified to deny the necessity of a first cause will not qualify him to assert the possibility of human happiness, or to understand its nature. And in refusing to believe in this matter any mere thinkers or discoverers, however morally good, or however intellectually eminent, we are refusing them none of that deference which they may so justly claim. Frederick the Great we may think contemptible as a poet; but we do not for that reason think him the less extraordinary as a man of action.

And I now come to the last point that I have here to notice; a point which is really the source of the whole confusion. Our atheistic moralists do, as we have seen, name certain things in life, which when looked at from a distance, and not examined too closely, have for many the appearance of adequate moral ends. But there is this great fact to be remembered. Our moralists, when they deal with life, profess to exhibit its resources to us wholly free from the false aids of religion. They profess, if I may coin a word, to have *de-religionized* it, before they deal with it. About this matter, however, they betray a most strange ignorance. They seem to think that religion exists nowhere except in its pure form, in the form of distinct devotional feeling, or in the conscious assents of faith. These once got rid of,

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they think that life is *de-religionized*. The process, however, is really only begun; indeed, as far as immediate results go, it is hardly even begun. For it is really but a very small proportion of religion that exists pure. The greater part of it has entered into combination with the common acts and feelings of life, thus forming, as it were, a kind of amalgam with them, giving them new properties, a new color, a new consistence. To *de-religionize* life, then, it is not enough to condemn creeds, and to abolish prayers. We must also sublimate the beliefs and feelings, which prayers and creeds hold pure, out of the lay life around us. Under this process, even if imperfectly performed, it will soon become clear that religion in greater or less proportions is lurking everywhere. We shall see it yielded up even by things in which we should least look for it — by wit, by humor, by secular ambition, by our daily light amusements; and as it leaves them, their whole aspect will change. Much more shall we see it yielded up by heroism, by purity, and by love of truth — by all those great things which our Atheists name with praise. Professor Tyndall calls theologians "Jacobs," who "have deprived matter of its birthright." He had best beware lest he and his fellows be found out to be Rachels, who have run away with the gods of theology, and, sitting on them in their tents, have quite forgotten the theft. Life at any rate must be searched and purified of the faiths we are relinquishing, as none of our atheists have yet searched it. Then, but not till then, shall we be able to estimate its resources, when bounded by itself, and cut off from every hope beyond; when all its ports, so to speak, are blockaded, so that no treasure can be smuggled into

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them from any foreign country. Then, and not till then, shall we be in any way fit to judge as to whether it contains materials for any kind of happiness which can give it a serious and universal meaning, and make any system of morality possible.

Here is the real matter at stake. Here is the real issue that is trembling in the balance. Here is the real question about which we pride ourselves upon being tolerant, or, in other words, about being calm and quite indifferent. For unless, let our Atheists remember, we can find such an end in life as that which we have been demanding; unless we can find some supreme, some universal, some attainable end to strive for whose beauty shall outshine passion, and withstand the dissolving force of reason, that shall be forever urging us onward like a steady pilot star, and forever urging us onward like a favorable wind, we shall be like dismasted ships, without sail and without rudder, left to welter on a sluggish sea of small and weary impulses, with no escape from the shoreless accursed surface, till at last, and one by one, we sink forever under it.

I am writing for practical people; I am dealing with practical matters. When I speak of life, and of the worth of it, I am referring to common things, to things of daily experience. I am referring to the joys, the sorrows, and the occupations that give their quick color to the hours; and to the loves, the ambitions, and the interests, that slowly give their color to the years. These are the things that surround all of us. We cannot escape from them. In them we live and move and have our being; and all science and wisdom, and all the pursuits of intellect, must either culminate in teaching us how to deal with these, or else must humbly

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take their place amongst them. Be we men of thought or action, be we saints or libertines, we have each of us a daily course to shape through a throng of conflicting impulses. And unless we are to be the passive prey of these, some plain principles must be ours to guide us. Now, hitherto, such a set of principles we have had, all of us. They were readily understood; they were readily applied. Amongst the choices and refusals that beset us momently, they left us little in doubt as to the right course; and if we refused to take it, we refused with our eyes open. But times are changed. The old principles, we are told, are obsolete; they are no longer of the least use to us. Principles, we are told loudly, we need just as much as ever; but we are offered a new set of them. Now it is plain that the new set will be useless, unless it can take the place of the old. The difficulties we want help in, remain just the same; they are just as definite as ever. We shall want our new rules of life to be just as definite as our old.

Here comes a pressing and practical question. Are they so? or can they ever be made so? Vaguely stated they may sound well enough. But vaguely stated, they are practically useless. Let our modern moralists give them some definite meaning. Let them show us some particular rules deduced from their general principles. We have heard their principles often enough. What I am now to consider is the detailed application of them. We want no more vague messages sent to us out of the study or the laboratory, about the nature of right and wrong. Let the senders themselves come out to us, and illustrate their meaning by examples in the world at large. Let us confront them with men and women as they appear in action. Let us select for them a variety

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of particular instances. Consider this man, let us say, or this woman; consider this mood of mind, this pursuit, this pleasure, this way of spending the day or night. Put your finger upon this case, and on that case; tell us which is wrong, and which is right; and when you condemn any voluntary human action, tell us exactly why you condemn it from your own point of view, and how you would persuade the offender to condemn it also from his.

Now I have pointed out, in my former paper, that all possible answers to this question are reducible to one simple form. If they have any meaning at all, they must mean this — an act, a habit is wrong; a pleasure, a mood of mind is wrong, because by it we are robbed of *something*, or hindered in attaining to *something*, which we can all discern, unless we close our eyes to it, as the one thing that is indeed desirable — the one thing that will make us really happy. And the first task of the moralist is to put this *something* before us.

That this is at least one way of stating the case, has been often acknowledged by our modern teachers themselves. I have already quoted J. S. Mill as an instance; and the doctrines of to-day are being couched perpetually in this very form. Thus Professor Huxley concludes one of his late addresses by solemnly telling us that the last end of education is to promote "morality and refinement, by teaching men to discipline themselves, and by leading them to see that the highest, as it is the only content, is to be attained, not by groveling in the rank and steaming valleys of sense, but by continually striving towards those high peaks where, resting in eternal calm, reason discerns the undefined but bright ideal of the highest good — 'a cloud by day,

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a pillar of fire by night.' " And these words are an excellent specimen of the moral exhortations of our new school of teachers.

Now this is all very well as far as it goes; and were there not one thing lacking, it would be just the language that the occasion craves. But the one thing lacking is enough to make it valueless. It may mean a great deal. But there is no possibility of saying exactly what it means. Before we can begin to strive towards the "highest good," we must at least know something of what this "highest good" is. We must make this "bright ideal" "stand and unfold itself." If it cannot be made to do this, if it vanishes into mist as we near it, and takes a different shape to each of us as we recede from it still more, if only some can see it, and to others it is quite invisible — then we shall simply set it down as an illusion, and waste no more time in pursuit of it. But that it is not an illusion is our moralists' great claim for it. Heaven and the love of God, they say, were illusions. The "highest good" they offer us stands out in clear contradiction to these. It is an actual attainable thing, a thing for flesh and blood creatures; it is to be won and enjoyed by them in their common daily life. It is, as they distinctly and unanimously tell us, some form of happiness that results in this life to us from certain conduct; it is a thing essentially of the present; "and it is obviously," says Professor Huxley, "in no way affected by the abbreviation or prolongation of our conscious life." This being the case, then, it is no unreasonable demand to ask for some explicit account of it. When Professor Huxley speaks of the highest happiness, what meaning does he attach to the word? Has he ever enjoyed it himself,

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or does he ever hope to do so? If so, when, where, and how? What must be done to get it, and what must be left undone? And when it is got, what will it be like? Is it something mystical, rapturous, and intermittent, as the language often used about it might seem to suggest to one? Is it known only in brief moments of Neoplatonic ecstasy, to which all the acts of life should be stepping-stones? It certainly cannot be that. Our modern moralists are essentially no mystics, and their highest happiness must be something far more solid than transcendental ecstasies. Surely, therefore, if it exists at all, we must somewhere be able to lay our hands upon it. It is a pillar of fire by night; it will be surely visible. It is a city set on a hill, that cannot be hid. It is to be lifted up, and is to draw all men unto it. It is nothing if not this; and if, after a careful search, we fail to find it, there will be nothing left us but to conclude that it is nothing, or that, at any rate, this life does not contain it. If we are still resolved to find it, we must seek elsewhere for it. We must once again have recourse to religion, and import it into the natural order from a supernatural order that we postulate.

I have stated, as plainly as I can, the question I want answered. I shall now go on to point out how utterly unsatisfactory are the answers that have hitherto been given to it. These answers divide themselves into two classes, which, though continually confused by confused thinkers, are really quite distinct and separable. And what I must first do is to show that one of these classes consists of what are really no answers at all, and that we must put them altogether aside before we can consider the matter clearly.

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Professor Huxley shall give us an example of both, He is going to tell us, let us remember, about the "highest good" — the happiness, in other words, that is the secret of our life's worth: and the test of all our conduct. This happiness he divides into two kinds. He says there are two things that we may mean when we speak about it. We may mean the happiness of a society of men, or we may mean the happiness of the members of that society. And when we speak of morality, we may mean two things also; and these two things must be kept distinct. We may mean "social morality," of which the test and object is the happiness of societies. We may mean "personal morality," of which the test and object is the happiness of individuals. And the answers which our modern moralists make us, I divide into two classes, according to the sort of happiness they refer to. It is before all things important that this division should be made, and be kept quite clear in our minds, if we would see honestly what our modern moral systems amount to. For what makes them at present so difficult to deal with is the fact that their exponents are perpetually perplexing themselves between these two sets of answers, first giving one and then the other, and imagining that, by a kind of confusion of substance, they can both afford solutions, of the same question. Thus they continually speak of life as though its crowning achievement were some kind of personal happiness; and then, being asked to explain the nature and basis of this, they at once shift their ground, and talk to us of the laws and the conditions of social happiness. Thus Professor Huxley, starting with the thesis that *both* sorts of morality, personal and a social, are strong enough to hold their own,

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he conceives he has established this by simply proving that *one* is. "Given," he says, "a society of human beings under certain circumstances; and the question whether a particular action on the part of one of its members will tend to increase the general happiness or not, is a question of natural knowledge, and as such is a perfectly legitimate subject of scientific inquiry. . . . If it can be shown by observation or experiment that theft, murder, and adultery do not tend to diminish the happiness of society, then, in the absence of any but natural knowledge, they are not social immoralities."

Now here is a clear and complete epitome of one of those two classes of answers that our modern moralists give us. And what I am going to point out is, that these answers are really no answers at all, and to offer them to us creates simply useless confusion. It is as if we asked for a fish, and were offered a scorpion. The scorpion might distract our attention; it certainly would not satisfy our appetite. The question we ask is, what is the test of conduct? in other words, what is happiness? And what are we answered? That happiness is the happiness of men — that it is the general happiness — that it is the happiness of men in societies — that it is happiness equally distributed. But what does this avail us? The word *happiness* is still a locked casket. We know nothing as yet of its contents. A happy society neither does nor can mean anything but a number of happy individuals. Granted that we know what will make them happy, then we shall know what will make society happy. Then social morality will be, as Professor Huxley says, a perfectly legitimate subject of scientific inquiry. Then, but not till then. When we say that a society is happy as a body, we can only

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mean that it secures for its members their happiness as individuals. What do the individuals want? We must know that, before we can try to secure it for them. But this is what our moralists are perpetually losing sight of. The reason of this confusion is not far to seek. Observation and experiment, it is quite true, will guide us to certain clear and constant rules with regard to conduct. They will show us that there are certain actions which we must never tolerate, and which we must join together, as best we may, to suppress. But what sort of actions are these? They are simply such as disturb the negative conditions of all happiness. They touch neither the loss nor gain of any kind of happiness in particular. Of this class are theft and murder. If we are to be happy in any way, we must, of course, have our lives secured to us, and, next to our lives, our possessions. But to secure us these does not secure us happiness. It simply leaves us free to secure it, if we can, for ourselves. Once let us have some common agreement as to what this happiness is; we may then be able to formulate other rules and other laws, by which we may be helped in attaining it. But, in the absence of any such agreement, the only possible aim of social morality is not to promote any kind or kinds of happiness, but to secure the conditions without which all happiness would be impossible. Suppose the human race were a set of canaries in a cage, and that we were in grave doubt as to what seed to give them — hemp-seed, rape-seed, or canary-seed, or all three mixed in certain proportions. That would represent accurately the present state of our case. That is the kind of question we are now in doubt about. Surely it is evident that in this perple

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ity it is absolutely nothing to the point to tell us that the birds must not peck each other's eyes out, and that they must all have access to the trough that we are ignorant how to fill. The real fault, then, of our moralists, that I am now dealing with, is this. They confuse the negative conditions of happiness with the positive materials of it. Professor Huxley, in the passage I have just now quoted, is caught, so to speak, in the very act of committing it. "Theft, murder, and adultery," all these three, it will be remembered, he classes together, and seems to think that they stand on the same footing. But from what I have just pointed out, it is plain that they do not do so. We condemn theft and murder for one reason. We condemn adultery for quite another. We condemn the former, because they are incompatible with any form of happiness. We condemn the latter, because it is a supposed violation of one particular form of happiness, or rather, perhaps, the substitution of a supposed lower kind for another supposed higher kind.

We may observe accordingly, that if happiness be the moral test, what Professor Huxley calls "social morality" — the rules, that is, for producing the negative conditions of happiness — are not in themselves morality at all. They only become so when the inner sense that we are conforming to them becomes one of the positive factors of our own personal happiness. Then they suffer a kind of apotheosis; they are taken up into ourselves, and become part and parcel of our personal morality. But to tell us simply that happiness is social happiness is to tell us nothing at all. Social happiness is a mere set of ciphers till the unit of personal happiness is placed before it. A man's

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happiness may of course depend on other beings, but it is still none the less contained in himself. If our greatest delight were to see each other dance the *can-can*, then it would be morality for us all to dance, that we might enjoy the sight of each other. None the less would this be a happy world, not because we were dancing, but because we each rejoiced in the sight of such a spectacle. The happiness of the individual, as I have said, must be ever the unit of happiness. We may talk as much as we like about distributing it in the present, but we must first be clear as to its present value. We may talk as much as we like about increasing it in the future, but we must first be clear how its present value is capable of expansion.

Surely one might have thought that this was plain enough — that even a child could understand it. And yet it would seem that it is not so. For here are all our modern English moralists making daily the same blunder; and not only making it, but proclaiming it aloud with ever-increasing vehemence. Thus Professor Huxley, not long since, said that that state of man would be "a true *civitas Dei*, in which each man's moral faculty shall be such as leads him to control all those desires which run counter to the good of mankind" — a sentence which means nothing, unless the "good of mankind" be defined first of all as the divine good of each individual man. We shall never get to a *civitas Dei* from mere order and coöperation. These will take us some way, it is true, but it is a part of the way only; and that they will take us as far as they do is perfectly self-evident, and has no need of all this emphatic reassertion. There must be order amongst thieves, as well as amongst honest men. Let an arm

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be sent on a holy war or an accursed one, the discipline will be the same that we shall need in it. There can be an orderly brothel as well as an orderly nunnery; and all order rests on coöperation. We presume co-operation; we require an end for which to coöperate.

Let us then, once and for all, set aside all this talk about social morality, as at present nothing to the point. Let us remember that the end we are asking for is, in the first place, a strictly personal end. Can our moralists show us any one highest personal good, towards which, as Professor Huxley says, we may be "continually striving?" That is the one question that really calls for an answer. What shall I do? — and I? — and I? — and I? What do you offer me? — and me? — and me? This is the great question that mankind is asking. "You must promise something to each of us," it says, "or very certainly you will be able to promise nothing to all of us." Nor is there the least loophole left for escape in telling us to work for others, and to find our happiness in that. The question merely confronts us with two other facets of itself. What sort of happiness shall I procure for others? and what sort of happiness will others procure for me? What will it be like? Will it be worth having? Let us be sure about that first. For it will certainly give me no delight to procure for others what I should feel no delight in if procured by others for me. The coin itself must have some intrinsic value. It will never acquire it by being merely shuffled about from one hand to another. A million dull individuals will not make a happy state; nor will a million million dull individuals make a glorious humanity, any more than, as we often know to our cost, twenty dull individuals will make a

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brilliant dinner party, or a hundred average church-goers a fervent congregation.

We have thus arrived, then, at the true heart of the question. When I am inquiring into life's value, I am inquiring into the highest kind of personal happiness that life can be made to yield to us.

I must now examine the answers that our moralists have made to this. It is with these answers that our real concern lies. With the former class it was easy enough to deal. They were not false; they were simply not to the point; and we had nothing to do but to put them on one side. But the fault that vitiates these is far subtler. The question here is no longer evaded. The answers are straightforward and are singularly plausible; and until we look at them very narrowly, it is hard to say that they are not in a great measure satisfactory. The problem, let us remember, is to give us something worth living for, some goal to work towards when the very notions of a God and a future life shall have left us, and have evaporated even out of our imaginations. Now many of our new teachers begin by frankly admitting to us that the loss of a belief in God, and the hope of a future life, may be some real loss to us. Others again contend that this loss is a gain. Their views on this point, however, are not much to the present purpose. What we have now to remember is that, even according to those who admit life to have lost most in this way, the loss is not a very important, still less is it a fatal one. It will still leave us a life that is worth living. The character of our aims and pleasures will not be radically changed by it. The *good* is still to be an aim for us; and our devotion to it will be more valuable, because it will

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now be quite disinterested. Thus Professor Tyndall tells us that, though he has now rejected the religion of his earlier years, yet, granting him proper health of body, there is "no spiritual experience," such as he then knew, "no resolve of duty, no work of mercy, no act of self-renouncement, no solemnity of thought, no joy in the life and aspects of nature, that would not still be (his); and this without the least regard to any purely personal reward or punishment looming in the future." The same is the implicit teaching of all George Eliot's novels. So, too, Professor Huxley tells us, that come what may to our "intellectual beliefs and even education," he "sees no reason to doubt" that "the beauty of holiness and the ugliness of sin" are, for those that have eyes to see them, "no mere metaphors," but "real and intense feelings." And Mr. Sully tells us in his late work on Pessimism, that "lives nourished and invigorated" by a purely human ideal "have been and still may be seen amongst us, and the appearance of but a single example proves the adequacy of the belief." It is plain that such utterances as these enunciate practically no new system at all. They merely redirect our attention to the old one; they again point to the old practical ends and courses of action, and tell us that these in themselves are their own reward and their own sufficient motive. Such is the teaching of our modern moralists. There is, too, another school of teachers to be dealt with, though at present not openly popular, who would give us a rule of life, but who would yet hardly call themselves moralists at all. These would still distinguish probably between vice and virtue, and admit that the pleasures they give us are of a different quality. But they would deny that

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one practically was better than the other. They would call nothing common or unclean; they would make us free to eat any fruit in the garden; and the greater variety, they would say, we could enjoy of these, so much the better for us. This teaching is at present more often implied than stated. But at least one of this school, in our day, has been clear enough on the matter; and he explicitly bases his teaching on the teachings of modern science. "Each moment," says Mr. Pater, "some form grows perfect in hand or face; some tone on the hills or sea is choicer than the rest; some mood of passion, or insight, or intellectual excitement, is irresistibly real and attractive for us." And thus, "while all melts under our feet," he goes on, "we may well catch at any exquisite passion, or any contribution to knowledge, that seems by a lifted horizon to set the spirit free for a moment, or any stirring of the senses, strange dyes, strange flowers, and curious odors, or the work of the artist's hand, or the face of one's friend."

Here then are two sets of teachers, who profess, without any aid from religion, to secure for us some real value in life. The one finds this value in one set of pleasures only, and maintains that the art of happiness is to renounce all other pleasures for these. The other finds this value in all pleasures alike, and maintains that the art of happiness is to select as many of all kinds as is possible. And it will be necessary for us to consider both of these views. For, supposing we can show that morality vanishes with the vanishing of religion, still it does not follow that happiness does. And if men can be really thoroughly happy without morality, nothing will convince them that they are losers by having ceased to be moral.

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And now what I am about to point out is this — that both these classes of teachers have committed hitherto one radical fault, by which all their after conclusions, be they never so accurate, are of necessity completely vitiated. They both profess to give us a rule of life without religion — without a God whose will we may do here, and whose vision we may enjoy hereafter. But they think that the task is far simpler than it is. They think, it would seem, that they have but to kill God, and that his inheritance shall be ours. Accordingly they strike out the beliefs in question, and then turn instantly to life; they sort its resources; count its riches; and then say, "Aim at this, — and this, — and this. See how beautiful is holiness; see how rapturous is pleasure. Surely these are worth seeking for their own sakes, without 'any reward or punishment looming in the future.'" They find, in fact, the interests and the sentiments of the world's present life — all the glow and all the gloom of it — lying before them like the colors on a painter's palette; and they think they have nothing to do but to set to work and use them. But let them wait a moment. They are in far too great a hurry. The palette and its colors are not nearly ready for them. One of the colors of life — religion, that is — a color which, by their own admission, has hitherto been an important one — they have swept clean away. And let them remember exactly why they have done this. It may be a pleasing color, or it may not. This is a matter of taste. But one thing all our modern teachers assure us — it is not a fast color. It is found to fade instantly in the new sunlight of knowledge. It is rapidly getting dim, and dull, and dead. It is worse than the "flying colors," as Peter Pindar

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called them, of Sir Joshua Reynolds. When once it is gone, we shall never be able to restore it; and all future pictures of life must be tinted without its aid. They therefore profess loudly to us that they are going to employ it no longer. But there is this point — this all-important point that has quite escaped them. They have rejected the color in its pure state, and they think that they have altogether got rid of it. They seem not to suspect that it may be mixed up with the colors they retain, and be the secret of much of their depth and lustre. Let them analyze these colors before they use them. Let them see whether religion be not lurking there, as a subtle coloring principle in all their pigments, even one grain of it being perceptible in its effects. Let them only begin this analysis, and it will very soon be clear to them that to cleanse life of religion is not so simple a process as they seem to have fancied it. Its actual dogmas may be readily put away from us; not so the effect which these dogmas have worked during the course of centuries. In disguised forms they are round us everywhere; they confront us in every human interest, in every human pleasure. They have beaten themselves into all life; they have eaten their way into it; like a secret sap they have flavored every fruit in the garden. They are as a powerful drug that has got into our whole system.

But there is this great fact to remember. There have been always forces in the system working this drug out of it; only hitherto fresh doses have been continually administered. Once, however, let us destroy our stock of the drug, and what must follow will be evident. The drug will in time work altogether out of the sys-

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tem, but it will not work out immediately. Its effect will not stop suddenly the moment we cease to administer fresh doses of it. The result will be very gradual, though very sure.

If then we would appraise the vigor and value of life, independent of religion, we must not draw conclusions from it while religion is yet in its system. Our modern moralists, therefore, in taking life as it is, are building on an utterly unsound foundation. A fatal error is the kernel of their first premises. Mr. Sully is thus emphatically wrong when he says that a single example in the present day (or, for the matter of that, any number of examples) either goes or can go any way towards proving the adequacy of any non-religious formula. Equally wrong, too, are the other writers I have quoted. Let them analyze what they mean by the "beauty of holiness," "resolves of duty," and "solemnity of thought;" or by "insight," "passion," and "intellectual excitement." And let them bring to this spiritual analysis but a little of that skill that has been attained to in the analysis of matter. In our late experiments on spontaneous generation what untold pains have been taken! With what laborious thought, with what emulous ingenuity, have we struggled to completely sterilize the fluids in which we are to seek for the new production of life! How jealously have we guarded against leaving there any already existing germs! Surely spiritual matters are worthy of an equally careful treatment. For what we have here to study is not the production of the lowest forms of animal life, but the highest forms of human happiness. These were once thought to be always due to religion. The new doctrine is that they are producible without

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such aid. Let us treat, then, the "beauty of holiness" and "intellectual excitement" as Professor Tyndall has treated the infusions in which life has been said to originate. Let us boil them down, so to speak, and destroy every germ of religion in them, and then see how far they will generate happiness. And let us treat in this way vice no less than virtue. Having once done this, we may honestly claim whatever yet remains to us; then we shall see what materials for happiness we can, as atheists, call our own; then our atheistic ethics, if any such be possible, will begin to have a real value for us — then, but not till then.

Such an analysis must be naturally a work of time. And it is indeed more my purpose to point out its necessity, than to attempt myself to perform it. But a certain part of it is a work of comparative ease; and even this will yield us results that will be very suggestive to us.

The things of life as they appeal to us, either singly or woven together by the imagination and the memory, would be separable naturally into two groups, according as they repel or please us. And a merely natural happiness can be measured by nothing but by what we obtain of the naturally pleasant, and by what we avoid of the naturally painful. But if we examine life as we actually now find it about us, we shall see that this natural classification has been traversed by another. Many things naturally repellent have received a supernatural blessing; many things naturally pleasant have received a supernatural curse. Thus in what at present passes muster as the highest happiness, there are many elements of pain; and in what passes muster as the profoundest misery, there are many elements of

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pleasure. Thus, whereas happiness naturally would be the test of right, right is now supernaturally the test of happiness. And so completely is this notion ingrained in the world's present consciousness that in all our deeper views of life, no matter whether we be saints or sinners, right and wrong, not happiness and misery, are the conceptions that first appeal to us. A certain supernatural moral judgment, in fact, has become our primary faculty; and it mixes its voice spontaneously with every estimate we form of the world around us.

Now here we have religion in its commonest concrete form. I shall show this more fully by and by. But I must first exemplify the fact on which I have just been dwelling — I must exemplify how everywhere and in everything, let us turn where we will, let us fix our eyes on what we will, this supernatural sense is always with us; and that to it is due every keener pleasure and every deeper interest that we at present find life.

This might seem at first sight a hard task to perform — the interests we have to deal with are so varied and so many in number. But there is one special interest that will here assist us, an interest which forms, as it were, an epitome of all the rest, and through which we shall be enabled at once to deal with them. I mean art. For let us consider what art is and why it pleases us. Its pleasures are strictly relative to the pleasures of life. We must care, for instance, for the human face, or we should never care for portraits of it. We must care for living womanhood, or we should never care for marble goddesses. We must care for love, or we should never care for love-songs. And so on with all the rest of life's resources. Art may send us back to these with an in-

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tenser appreciation of them ; but we must bring to art from life the appreciations we want intensified. Art is a factor in human happiness, because by its means ordinary men are made partakers in the vision of exceptional men. Great art is a speculum reflecting life as the keenest eyes have seen it. All its images are of value only as this. Taken by themselves, "the best in this kind are but shadows." In examining a work of art, then, we are examining life itself, and not life merely, but, as it were, a quintessence of life — life with its resources magnified and intensified to their utmost.

And now remembering this, let us turn to some of the world's greatest works of art — I mean its dramas ; for poetry is the most articulate of all the arts, and the drama is the most comprehensive form of poetry. Let us turn, for instance, to Sophocles, to Shakespeare, and to Goethe, and consider some of their greatest plays, and how they present life to us. If we do this, it will need but little thought to show us that all these are addressed primarily to the supernatural moral judgment; that this judgment is perpetually being expressed explicitly in the plays themselves; and still more, that it is always presupposed in us. In other words, these plays are all of them presentations of men struggling, or failing to struggle, not after natural happiness, but after supernatural right; and it is always presupposed that we, on our part, recognize this struggle as the one supreme thing that gives life its importance. And this importance, primarily and essentially, is based not upon the social consequences of conduct, but upon its personal consequences. In "Macbeth," for instance, the main incident, the tragic coloring-matter of the drama, is the murder of Duncan. But in what aspect of this

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does the real tragedy lie? Not in the fact that Duncan is murdered, but that Macbeth is the murderer. What appalls us, what purges our passions with pity and with terror as we contemplate it, is not the external, the social effect of the act, but the personal, the internal effect of it. As for Duncan, he is in his grave; after life's fitful fever he sleeps well. What our minds are made to dwell upon is not that Duncan shall sleep forever, but that Macbeth shall sleep no more. We see in "Hamlet" precisely the same thing. The action that our interest centres in is the hero's struggle to conform to an internal personal standard of right, utterly irrespective of use to others or of natural happiness to himself. In the course of this struggle, indeed, he does nothing but ruin the happiness around him; and this ruin adds infinitely to the pathos of the spectacle. But we are not indignant with Hamlet as being the cause of it. We should have been indignant rather with him if the case had been reversed, and, if instead of sacrificing social happiness for the sake of personal right, he had abandoned personal right for the sake of social happiness. In "Antigone" again we have an explicit statement of the supernatural moral axiom on which that whole marvelous tragedy rests — that the one rule we are to live by, and not to live by only, but to die for, is no human rule, is no standard of our own, nor can it be altered by what will make either ourselves or others happy; but it is "the unwritten and the enduring laws of God, that are not of to-day or yesterday, but they live from everlasting, and none can declare the mystery of their generation." Would we see the matter pushed to a yet narrower issue, let us turn to "Measure for Measure" and to "Faust." In both these plays, we can

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see at once that one moral judgment, not to name others, is presupposed before all things. This is a hard and fixed judgment with regard to female chastity and the supernatural value of it. It is because we assent to this judgment that Isabella is heroic to us; Margaret is unfortunate in our eyes for the same reason. Isabella has kept, Margaret has lost, her "eternal jewel." Let us for a moment suspend this judgment, and what will become of the two dramas? The terror and the pity of them will vanish all at once like a dream. The fittest name for both of them would be "Much Ado about Nothing." The deepest feelings that such works could then arouse in us would be pity for people who were so disturbed about trifles, or wonder at people who, having pleasure before them, deliberately refused to take it, or, having taken it, deliberately made it bitter by cursing it.

It will thus be seen — and the more we consider the matter the more plain will it become to us — that the supernatural moral judgment is the first faculty in us that art appeals to; that in all great art the suppressed premise is this: The grand relation of man is not first to his brother men but to something beyond humanity; to this first, and to his brother men through this. We are not our own; we are bought with a price. Our bodies are God's temples, and if these are profaned, some unimaginable ruin is sure to overtake the profaner. Such are the solemn and profound beliefs, whether conscious or unconscious, on which all the great art of the world has based itself. All the profundity and solemnity of this art is borrowed from these, and is in exact proportion to the intensity with which men hold them.

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Nor is this true of sublime and serious art only. It is true of cynical and profligate art as well. It is true of Congreve as it is true of Sophocles. The supernatural moral judgment is essential to the character of the libertine as it is to the character of the saint. The libertine is the spirit who denies. But he must have some affirmation for the denial to prey upon. He hates the good, and its existence piques him; but he must know that the good exists none the less. "I 'd no sooner," says one of Congreve's characters, "play with a man that slighted his ill-fortune than I 'd make love to a woman who undervalued the loss of her reputation." In this one sentence lies the whole secret of profligacy. We have here the exact counterpart to the words of Antigone that I have already quoted. For just as her life lay in conformity to "the unwritten and enduring laws of God," so does the life of the profligate lie in the violation of them. To each the existence of the laws is equally essential. For profligacy is not merely the gratification of the appetites, but the gratification of them at the expense of something else. Beasts are not profligate — we cannot have a profligate goat. Nay, even in cases where men do their best to sink below the level of the profligacy, and to plunge deepest in the pleasures that are most entirely animal, the supernatural element, unsuspected by themselves is still present, and is really what gives the mad rage to their passion. We may detect its presence even in such abnormal literature of indulgence as the erotic work commonly ascribed to Meursius. It is perfectly evident that such pleasures as are there dealt with are supposed to enthrall men not in proportion to their intensity (for this would probably

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be pretty nearly equal), but in proportion to their lowness — to their sullying power. Degradation is the measure of enjoyment; or rather, it is an increasing numeral by which one constant figure of enjoyment is multiplied. Such pleasures are sought only in "twilights," where virtues are vices and their votaries are ever ready to ask —

> "Ah, where shall we go then for pastime,
> If the worst that can be has been done?"

Thus, if we look at life as it is, in the mirror of art, we shall see how the supernatural is ever present to us. If we climb up into heaven, it is there; if we go down into hell, it is there also. We shall see it at the bottom equally of two opposite sets of pleasures, to one or other of which all human pleasures belong. The source of one is an impassioned struggle after the supernatural right, or an impassioned sense of rest upon attaining it; the source of the other is the sense of revolt against it, which flatters us in various ways. In both cases equally the primary sense appealed to is the supernatural moral judgment. All the life about us is colored by this; and if this is destroyed or weakened, the whole aspect of life will change to us.

I will now explain why I call this judgment supernatural. I call it so because natural sense cannot supply it; because no interrogation of Nature can either support or verify it; because, tested by scientific tests of reality, it at once melts into air like the vainest of vain dreams. To see that this is so, we have but to consider two of its essential characteristics. In the first place this judgment is absolute. It discriminates between right and wrong with a menacing and imperi-

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ous dogmatism, from which there is no appeal; and it applies the same standard to all men. In the second place, the difference it asserts between right and wrong is one not of degree but of kind; and the difference is thus in its nature infinite. Let us take for example, the moral judgment on purity. In the first place this judgment asserts that purity is better than impurity for all men, making no allowance either for taste or temperament. In the second place it asserts that the choice between this worse and this better is of an importance that is quite incalculable. These two characteristics, our non-theistic moralists, on their own admission, are utterly unable to supply. But throughout their whole teaching they are perpetually forgeting this acknowledgment. They have explicitly reduced virtue to a taste, but they are forever speaking of it as if it were more than a taste. They have evidently a meaning and a feeling for which they can find no place in their reasoned system. They have a feeling that not the greatest happiness is the real test of conduct; and they hold this highest good up to men, as though no one existed who might not grow to discern its goodness. Thus Professor Huxley, as we have seen, absolutely condemns the "rank and steaming valleys of sense." He speaks as if he had some canon of happiness, independent of all the various and veering tastes of those whom he addresses. And such is the language, and such is the position, of all our atheistic moralists. Their meaning is clear enough; their reasoning is clear enough; but their reasoning is utterly incapable of giving any support to their meaning. And they are themselves, in a confused way, conscious of this confusion. For let them be only

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pushed hard enough, they surprise us, one and all, by a sudden desertion of their own premises, and they clutch convulsively at a support of which hitherto they had made no mention. They start one and all with the axiom that happiness is the test of conduct, that happiness is the object of morality. But as soon as this test shows signs of failing them, they directly quit it for another. Thus Professor Huxley admits that the belief in a God always by us, to see that we are faithfully seeking after our own happiness, might be doubtless very useful, if we could only believe it to be true. But, he goes on, if no proof of its truth be forthcoming, and if, in its absence, the human race lapse below the beasts in their bestiality, we shall at least, he says, have one comfort in knowing that men will "not have reached the lowest depths of immorality," so long as they hold to the plain rule of not pretending to believe what they have no reason to believe, because it may be to their advantage so to pretend. Now, by a simple substitution of terms, we can see what an utter absurdity is contained in this sentence. According to the modern definition, immorality can have no conceivable meaning but unhappiness, or, at least, the means to it, which in this case are hardly distinguishable from the end. And thus, according to this rigid reasoning, the human race will not have reached its lowest depths of misery so long as it rejects the one thing which, *ex hypothesi*, might render it less miserable.

The reason of this confusion is plain. Our moralists are beginning with one test of conduct; they are ending with quite another. They are beginning with subjective happiness; they are ending with objective truth.

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And now here is a plain question, which may be answered in one of two ways, but which, on the atheistic hypothesis, cannot possibly be answered in both. Is truth valuable only because it conduces to happiness? or is happiness only valuable when it is based on truth? If the latter, truth, not happiness, is the test of conduct. If our teachers really mean this, let them explicitly and consistently say so. Let them keep this test, let them reject the other; for the two cannot be fused together. Apparently they have some dim superstition that the attainment of truth will, in some unexplained way, coincide with the attainment of happiness. But, as we have just seen, the moment this notion is really brought to the test, its falsehood becomes apparent. Truth may sometimes subserve happiness, but at other times it is absolutely opposed to it. Never at any time are the two to be identified

ὄξος τ' ἄλειφά τ' ἐγχέας ταύτῳκύτει
διχοστατοῦντ' ἂν οὐ φίλοιν προσεννέποις.

And if we do but consider the matter a moment, it will be plain that this not only is so, but that it must be so. For what does truth mean as our modern teachers speak of it? It means the apprehension of the facts, the sequences, of the natural order, as observation and experiment reveal them to us. It means the knowledge of Nature. But, viewed from a natural stand-point, what is Nature? Nature, as Mill has so well pointed out, is a thing that can have no claim either on our reverence or our approbation. Judged of by any human standard, Nature is a monster. There is no crime that men abhor or perpetrate that Nature does not commit daily on an exaggerated scale. She knows no sense

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either of justice or of mercy. In what way then can it be a holy, a noble, a moral thing to study the ways of this monster, unless, the test of all morality being human happiness, we can lay it down as an axiom that an intimacy with this eternal criminal will make us happiest? I am speaking of this purely from the atheistic stand-point. The believer, of course, admits that truth is a sacred thing; and he believes that truth will never militate against the highest happiness, but will always guide him to it, when apprehended fully. But his belief rests on a foundation that has been renounced altogether by his opponents. He values truth because, in whatever direction it takes him, it takes him either to God or towards him. He sees Nature to be cruel when viewed by herself. But behind Nature he sees an all-merciful God, in whom mysteriously all contradictions are reconciled. Nature for him is God's, but it is not God. "Non enim vasa," he says in the words of Augustine, "quæ te plena sunt, stabilem faciunt; quia etsi frangantur, non effunderis. . . . . Ubique totus es, et res nulla te totum capit." "Though God slay me," says the believer, "yet will I trust in Him." This trust can be attained to only by an act of faith like this. No observation or experiment will be enough to give it; nay, without faith observation and experiment will do nothing but undermine it. Thus a belief in the essential value of truth is as strictly an act of religion as is the belief in any article of an ecclesiastical creed. It is simply a concrete form of the beginning of the Christian symbol, "I believe in God, the Father Almighty." It rests on the same set of proofs, neither more nor less. Nor is it too much to say that without a religion, without a belief in God, no fetish worsh

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was ever more ridiculous than this cultus of natural truth. There are many true facts, of course, which it is plainly good for us to know ; and the discovery and publication of these are of course praiseworthy from the utilitarian stand-point. But this electicism in the search for truth is not devotion to truth for its own sake. It is devotion to it for the sake of its consequences, not in scorn of them; and we are thus simply sent back again to the place we came from. We are sent back to happiness — to that test which we found so shifting. It is only in the devotion to truth for its own sake that we find anything absolute. And this devotion is, as I say, in its very essence religious and supernatural; or if not that, it is utterly mad, aimless, and irrational, nor can it possibly long continue to hold its own in the world.

Thus again we come to religion. As it was embodied in our praise of purity, so is it embodied also in our praise of truth. Let us struggle in what way we will to produce a moral judgment, we shall find that without religion it is impossible for us to do so. This being the case, the moral judgment is a thing of which we must in imagination rid ourselves; we must look on life uninfluenced by it, if we would see what life can offer us out of its own resources, and what prospects we can hold out to the world when it has got rid of all that reason can rid it of, and when it believes nothing but what it can support by proof.

It is absolutely necessary that this should be done, and that it should be done thoroughly. What the new school of teachers are now introducing amongst us is the reign of reason, or it is nothing : it is a reign of reason, as opposed to a reign of faith. But they seem

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to forget somewhat what reason is. Reason will do much for us; but what will it do? Reason itself is nothing but a mill. If we bring grist to it, it will grind. If we bring no grist to it, it can but turn and turn; it will never bring any grist to itself. It will manufacture conclusions out of premises that we supply to it; but we must get our premises from elsewhere. Natural science gets these from the senses, and bids reason grind out of them what happiness it can. But the senses themselves are not reason. It is not reason that tells us that sweet is sweet, and that sour is sour. Still less is it reason that discerns the beauty of holiness, or "the undefined but bright ideal of the highest good." The lower goods are discerned by the senses. The highest good is discerned by faith. And here we see the great difference between the two. The lower goods are indisputable. The higher goods are disputable. No one can talk us out of our five senses; but the value of truth and holiness has been disputed and denied by millions all through the world's history. If, therefore, we are to believe in nothing but what cannot rationally be doubted, reason at once tells us thus much, that the absolute good is a thing we are not to believe in. Accordingly, were one of our new teachers to talk to me about his highest good, I should answer him with his own arguments. I should tell him that no doubt it might seem as fine a thing as he said it did, but that my first step was "to ask for a proof of its existence," and that if no such proof were forthcoming, I had his own authority for setting it down as a dream. Can he bring, I should ask, any better proof of his "highest good" than the believers can of their "most high God?" It is evident that he cannot; it is evident

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from his own admission, and from the admission of all his school. And what will be the result of this? By the same warrant by which theism is taken from us, the right to our moral judgment is taken likewise. We cannot keep the last, if we are resolved to get rid of the first. Our moralists will intercede in vain for it with the judge they have chosen. They have appealed to reason. To reason they must go. Nor will reason let them out of its presence till they have rendered up to it the very uttermost farthing. They go to it saying, "We will assert nothing, we will be certain of nothing, but what we can prove and verify." And reason at once answers that in their eyes God must be a dream, a fancy. But reason does not stop there. When they say before it that love is better than lust, that truth for its own sake is better than falsehood, or that it is a higher pleasure to look at a beetle through a microscope than at a ballet-girl through an opera-glass, reason again answers, "This is a dream and a fancy too. If a few men happen to think some pleasures better than others, there is a fact to notice. It is not worth much; still it is a fact. But if you mean that such tastes have any claim on men who do not possess them, or in whom they are counterbalanced by other tastes,

> This is the very coinage of your brain.
> This bodiless creation ecstasy
> Is very cunning in.

This is simply disease — hysteria; and on your own ground, men will attach no more worth to it than you do to the stigmata on hysterical peasant girls, or to the visions of the blessed Margaret Mary."

And now having seen what reason will take away

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from us, let us see what it will leave to us. It will leave us, as I have said, the natural senses; and it will guide us to the production of such social order as may leave us free for these senses to serve us as we will. It will always be a delicious thing to drink when we are thirsty, and to sleep when we are tired. The cool wind will be always grateful to hot foreheads. The smell of flowers will please us; and animal spirits may come to us in the spring. But over all these enjoyments that will be left to us a heavy change will come. In the absence of the super-natural moral judgment, they will all be reduced to a dead level. The heights of life will be lowered; its valleys will be filled up. There will be no hollows full of shadow, and no summits gleaming, as at present, with lights from another land. The chiaro-oscuro will have gone from life; it will present to us no more moral scenery, at least none such as we know at present. The same thing will happen to life that we have seen will happen to art. Take away the moral judgment, and all its interests fall to pieces, just as the interest does of "Faust" or of "Measure for Measure," and just as the wit does of Congreve. Laughter and gravity become silent side by side. "We say of laughter it is mad, and of mirth, what doth it?" The same blow is fatal both to the sublime and ludicrous.

Thus, therefore, without reference to any prejudice in favor of either vice or virtue, here is one effect of atheism that will be of equal import to all. The first thing now to impress on the world in general is not that these new principles will inaugurate a reign of immorality — that, to half the world, would be no bad news — not that, but that they will inaugurate a reigr

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of dullness. Vice and virtue will deaden down to one neutral tint; every deeper feeling either of joy or sorrow will lose its vigor, and will cease any more to be resonant. There will be no contrast; there will be no variety; there will be no solemnity of thought for the Tyndalls; there will be no levity of thought for the Voltaires. The worn curate toiling hard to save souls in the East End, the intriguing wife toiling hard to ruin her own in Belgravia, will each find a sustaining power gone out of their lives. The object that each sighed for and that excited each will be gone. Indeed the state of things that modern thought seems to promise us, and which it is in some degree actually even now bringing upon us, is one that was long ago predicted, with an accuracy that seems little short of inspired, at the end of Pope's "Dunciad." All that he says of dullness may be said of our modern atheism. Its teachers are one and all the precursors of this new kingdom; they are preparing the way before it. They may deny this as loudly and as honestly as they please. They may pit as they please the practice they have inherited from their fathers against the principles they are bequeathing to their children; but it will be

> "In vain, in vain. The all-composing hour
> Resistless falls: the muse obeys the power.
> . . . . . .
> Before her fancy's gilded clouds decay,
> And all the varying rainbows die away.
> Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires:
> The meteor drops and in a flash expires."

Such literally is the effect with which atheism threatens the present resources of life. In our own day, about us in England, we may see the prophecy begin-

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ning to fulfill itself. We may see in many quarters dullness and lassitude already setting in, and the very notion of content and happiness vanishing. And yet we are being told that our new aim in life is happiness, and that even if we cannot procure it for ourselves, we can help to procure it in a brighter future for others. We are told that the happiness of heaven was an idle dream, a vapid figment; that it vanished when we tried to conceive it; but that this human happiness is something that is solid and certain. If so, what is it? Even at present it is hard to procure, with all the interests of life at their present intensity. Much more will it be hard to procure when these interests lose their strongest hold upon us, and when all life's finest flavors shall have gone from it, as I have shown they must go with the final going of religion. When therefore our moralists talk about humanity, and the glory of its earthly present, and still more of its earthly future, I reply to them in the very words that one of themselves has used with regard to its heavenly future. I say to them as Mr. Frederic Harrison says to his opponents, "My position is this. The idea of a glorified energy in an ampler life is an idea utterly incompatible with exact thought: one which evaporates in contradiction — in phrases which, when pressed, have no meaning." What, I ask, will the ideally happy man be like? What will he long for? What will he take pleasure in? How will he spend his days? How will he make love? What will he laugh at? Let us have some picture of this nobler, ampler, glorified being of the future. Let him be described in phrases which, when pressed, do not evaporate in contradictions, but which have some distinct meaning, and which are compatible with exact

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thought. Perhaps such a being *may* emerge in the future. I can only say that I defy any one to imagine him, or seriously to hope for his production. If we really do believe that he is in store for us, the belief is as much an act of faith as the belief in heaven; it is as vague; it is even more grotesque; and what discredits the one equally discredits the other. For myself, I can conceive no more ludicrous spectacle than any possible picture of one such radiant being, except it were a whole race of them. In a life bounded by itself, in a life with no hope, no outlook beyond itself, in a life from which religion, the present salt of the earth (and I mean here, by salt, the *flavoring* as well as the *preserving* element), has been taken, it is impossible to imagine what any such radiance could be about. If a heaven with God is a state of blessedness that is unthinkable, a Utopia on earth without a God is much more so.

As far, then, as observation and experiment will carry us, the one conclusion that we come to is this: — All the higher, indeed all the strictly human, pleasures of life — human as distinct from animal — depend, and have always depended, on the supernatural moral judgment; on the sense not that we are doing our own will, but the will of a Power above us, who is greater and more sublime than we, and yet is, in a sense akin to us. Nor in saying this do I confine myself to the Christian centuries, nor to nations nor to ages that have risen to any higher kind of theism at all. The same tending towards a personal God is to be traced in all the great civilizations of the world. There has been the same moral passion, though it has been utterly unable to explain itself to itself. To understand this,

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it is enough to hint a comparison. This longing for God, man's strongest spiritual passion, has its analogue in his strongest physical passion. And as the latter is a mystery to itself in the youth of the individual, so is the former a mystery to itself in the youth of race.

Our present school of moralists are men who would still retain the moral passion, but at the same time they deny the existence of its only possible object, and set up others that are utterly inadequate either to excite or to appease it. Such is the enthusiasm of humanity, which is now offered as an explanation of it. This is really nothing but the desire of God, which will not confess itself. George Eliot's books, to turn to a striking instance, are really instinct with a latent theism, with an unacknowledged religious dogmatism of the most absolute and severest kind. George Eliot is really, as Spinoza was, a person intoxicated with God. Mr. Frederic Harrison is another case in point. He, too, like George Eliot, is a suppressed theist. He is full of a longing for God that declines to own itself; and when he tells us that all his fine feelings are due to the teaching of Postivism, the best reply we can make to him is in the lines of Byron, with the alteration of a single word:

> If you think philosophy 't was this did,
> I can't help thinking *theism* assisted.

I am not speaking at random. I am simply calling attention to a fact as capable of investigation and proof as any other — that is, the intimate connection of morality and religion, or rather their essential identity, not their mere connection. They are, in fact, but different aspects of the same thing. "I desire to be

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pure in heart" is only another way of saying "I desire to see God." Neither the value of purity nor the existence of God is a thing that can be proved; but this fact can be, that they stand and fall together. We can get rid of both if we like, but we cannot keep the one and reject the other. What destroys one will destroy both.

The practical question, then, that is really before us is this: Has life, as we have hitherto viewed it, been viewed under a false aspect, a deceiving glamour? Are all its pains and pleasures but a mixture of a nightmare and an ecstasy, giving to everything an exaggerated value both of joy and sorrow? Is the moral life only a dream we have been dreaming, and from which, in groups less or larger, we are now at last awakening?

This is a question that reason cannot answer. The answer must be sought in a deeper part of our nature. The choice is between premises, not between conclusions. Shall we set our affections on nothing but what cannot be doubted? If so, we shall set them on nothing but the pleasures of sense. And this is what the entire science of the last three centuries has been schooling the world to do, though the real import of its teaching is only now at last slowly becoming apparent.

At present, beyond a doubt, it is the world's tendency to accept this teaching. Indeed, in a great measure it has already accepted it. What I am trying now to point out is the certain practical result of this acceptance. That result is a paralysis of the moral judgment — the paralysis, that is of the sense by which all life's keener interest has been hitherto apprehended.

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And what will be the state of those on whom, one by one, in the world now about us, this paralysis seizes, as it is seizing day by day? They will be men looking before and after. They will see the life that the world has lived hitherto, but is now leaving behind it. They will see the life the world is drifting into. The old *feeling* for virtue will still remain with them. They will still carry with them the importunate notion that life might have some high and worthy meaning. They will still have the wish to struggle after righteousness. Personally, very likely, they will still continue to do so. But all the while the conviction will haunt them, corroding their whole nature, that this struggle is, after all, an unmeaning one; and they will feel that to other men they can give neither blame nor praise. They will be forced to look with a desponding impartiality on the higher impulses that are yet surviving, and on the lower impulses that will always remain a constant quantity. They will not call the virtuous foolish, nor the vicious wise. They will praise one set of men no more than the other. They will merely say to each with the same listless impartiality: "Do as you please, so long as you do not interfere with your neighbors. If a man has principles, let him live by them. The principles are a dream, but no matter — to him practically they are facts." They will say the same to the man with no principles: "Follow your vices; follow your passions; be a beast if you choose to be — do just as you like."

They will not deny that to many life may have a balance of pleasures. But this they do say — that if this balance be not realized here, and on this side the grave, then life has no meaning for us, and can ha-

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none. To the unsuccessful they will have no word of comfort. They can only say to such, "The end will come soon. Then draw the curtain; the weary farce will be over."

No denial of life's worth can be more complete than this. It is all the more forcible, because it affects no impossible universality. It will leave life the worth of a toy for those that care to play with it; but to those who have outgrown toys it will leave nothing. This pessimism is very different from that of Schopenhauer. Schopenhauer's has been attributed to some form of mental disease — to some abnormal depression of spirits that made all life look black to him. But this pessimism is of a different kind. It will be impossible for the most healthy and most joyous temperaments, as well as for the most morbid. It will darken the brightest moods as well as it will harmonize with the darkest. It will be ready to assail us in all our business and in all our pleasures, touching us with ever-recurring qualms of lifesickness. It is so simple that all can accept it. It is a kingdom into which even little children may enter. It may leave us mad; but to get a hold on us, it assuredly will not need to find us so.

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